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Julian Street—Isaac F. Marcosson—David Lawrence—Ever
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Del Monte
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PEACHES

DEL MONTE
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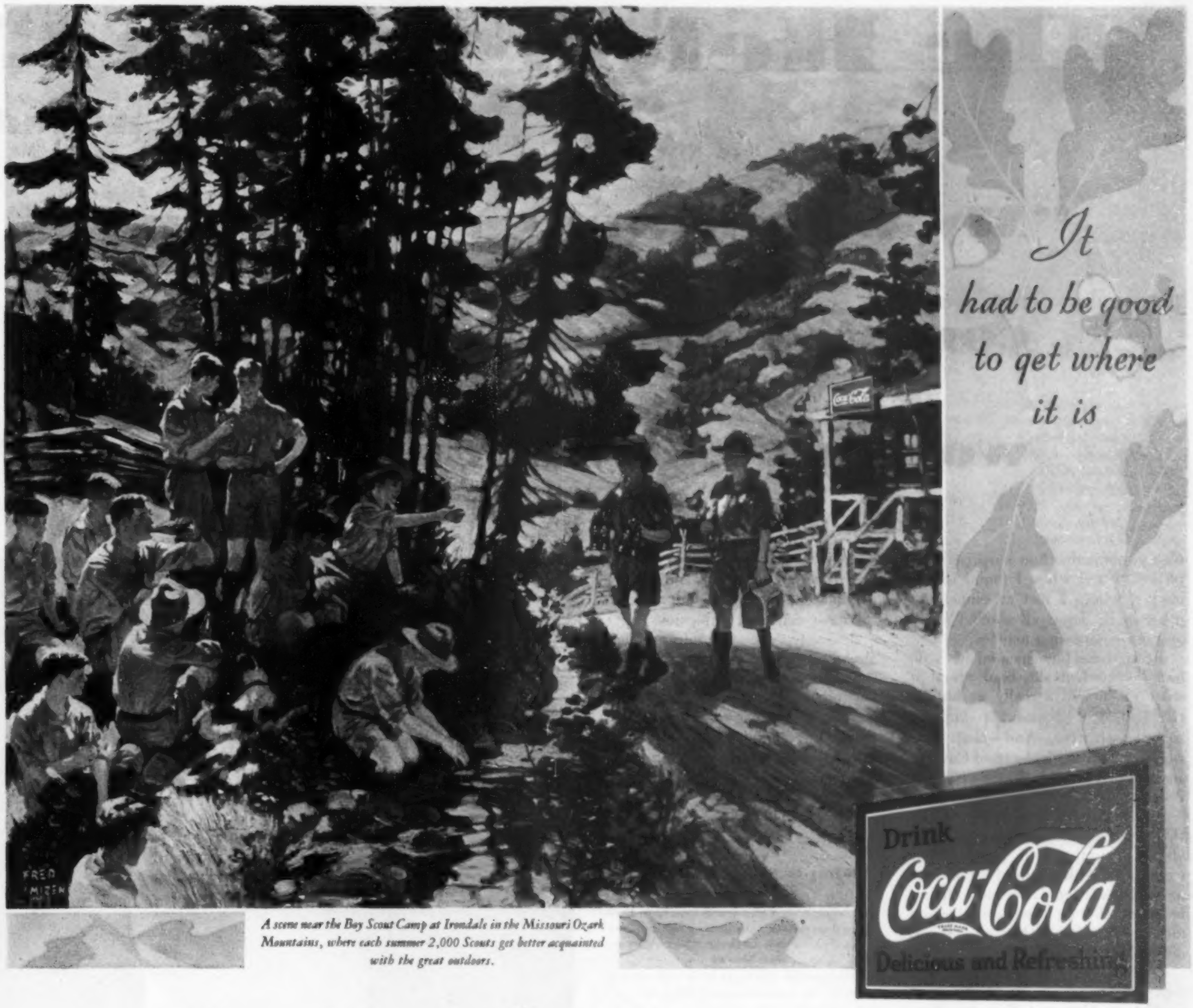

A scene near the Boy Scout Camp at Irondale in the Missouri Ozark Mountains, where each summer 2,000 Scouts get better acquainted with the great outdoors.

The best of good scouts must come to a halt *–pause and refresh themselves*

MERRILY they swing down the road early in the morning. Squirrels chattering. Birds singing. But Old Sol soon catches up. Hot and dusty grows the road. Tiring the miles. Squirrels and birds rest in the shade. Then the welcome signal, "Halt!" "I-yi-yi!" On the road side the little red Coca-Cola sign answers the watchword, "Be Prepared." Stretched on the grass with such a drink—that's when a fellow knows what *the pause that refreshes* really means. • • So it is everywhere. You find Coca-Cola ready ice-cold wherever thirst calls and whenever a pause will mean the most. That tingling, delicious taste and its cool after-sense of refreshment packs a big rest into a little minute and gets you off to a fresh start.

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NINE MILLION A DAY

nose, [illegible]
business day, as
usual, by sorting

"The Helen Chase?" the lawyer asked

"My wife always reads your complexion articles—and won't use any soap but Camay"

Can you imagine how surprised and pleased I was when I found that a lawyer, whom I met at dinner the other night, knew all about Camay and my complexion articles?

He told me how pleased his wife had been when she read about a soap which had a really authoritative approval, because her skin was so very sensitive. And—that, ever since the first week she tried Camay, she had been most enthusiastic about its gentleness.

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Helen Chase

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Wm Allen Pusey M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

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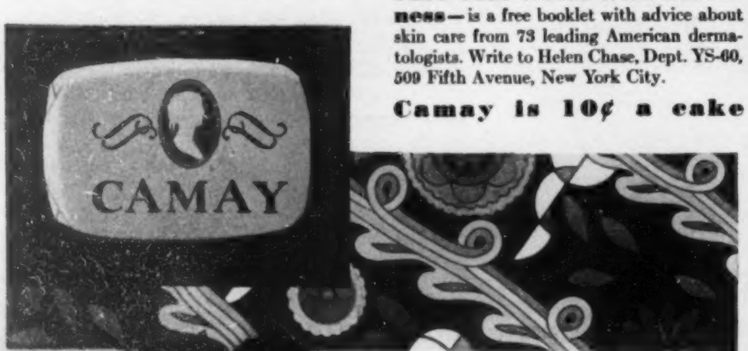
Camay is 10¢ a cake



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CHRISTMAS IN BAGDAD

By JULIAN STREET

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"IF YOU want to know what I think," announced Grace Perry, setting down her empty coffee cup, "I think you're in love with him." In the kitchenette, a knife ceased suddenly to scrape a piece of toast, and the indignant face of Edna Perry looked out at her sister.

"How can you say such an outrageous thing?"

"Well, why else won't you go abroad with me this summer?"

"I've told you," said Edna in a weary tone, "that Mr. Sutphen is going abroad, and that I've got to stay and watch things for him at the office."

"And last summer you had to stay because he wasn't going abroad. It's one thing to be a man's secretary, Edna, and another to be his slave."

Edna came swiftly from the kitchenette and slammed a plate of toast upon the table.

"You're not to talk that way! Mr. Sutphen doesn't make a slave of me! He's the finest man I've ever known. Just think of all he's done for me! Think of a man in his position taking time to see to my investments. Why, if I wanted to, I could retire right now."

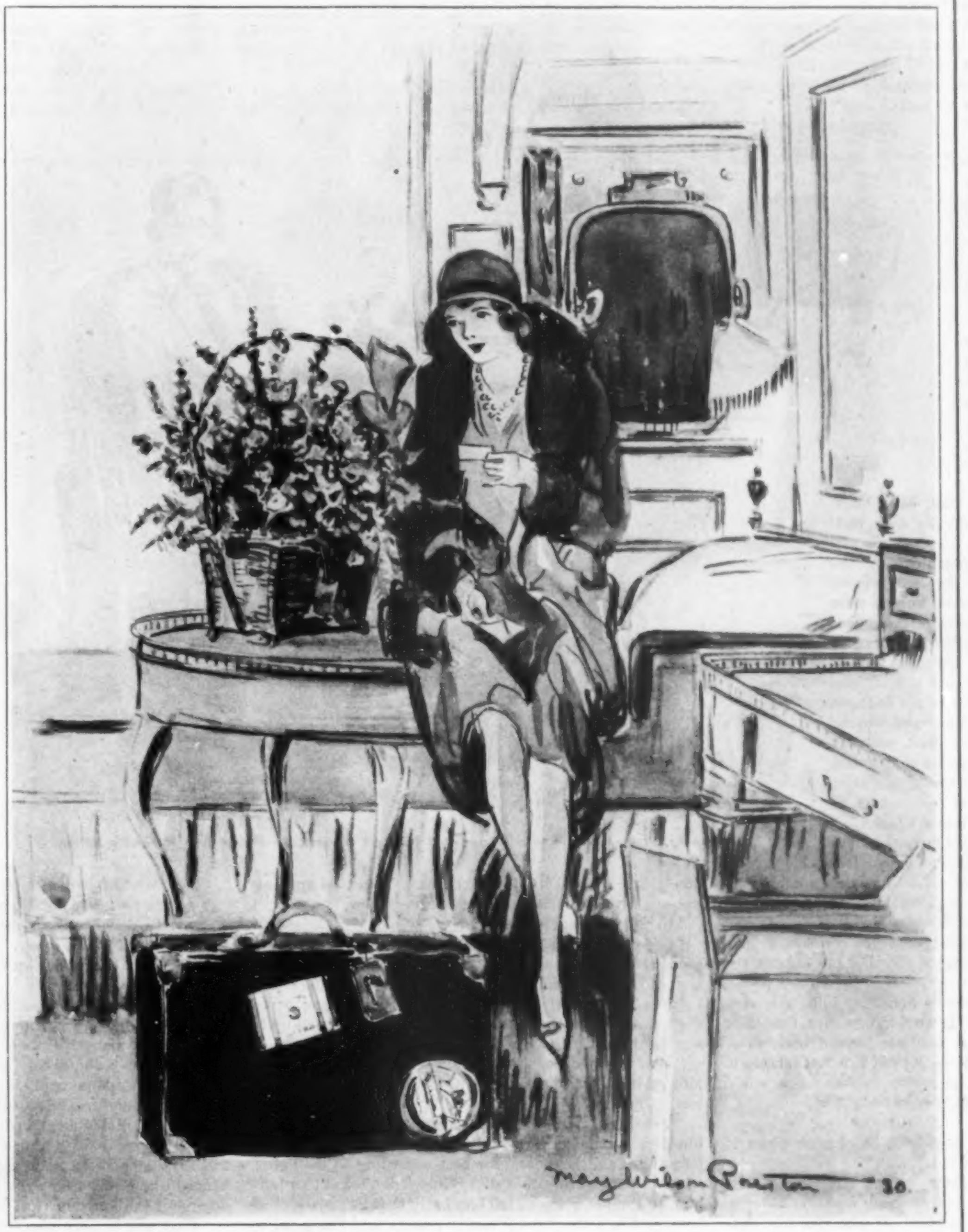
"Why don't you do it, then, and get some fun out of life?"

"I am getting fun out of life, but what kind of creature would I be, after all his kindness, to leave him when he needs me?"

Grace was standing at the mirror, putting on her hat.

"The same old cry," she said. "It's always, 'Mr. Sutphen needs me.' I tell you you're in love with the man, Edna. Harry Pullen thinks so too. He thinks that's why you wouldn't marry him."

"I wouldn't marry him for the simple reason that he bores me."


May Wilson Preston 30.

No Secretary Had Been Told to Order These Flowers, She Thought Exultantly

"That's just it," said Grace, as she took up her umbrella and moved toward the door. "Everybody bores you except your wonderful Mr. Sutphen. . . . So long, Edna. See you tonight, if I don't get drowned."

In bitter silence, Edna gulped her breakfast and set out through the wet March gale, and it was not until she reached her office in a towering building near the Battery that her angry thoughts took flight before the morning's tasks.

In her eighteen years as private secretary to Craig Sutphen, Edna Perry had seen him rise from a minor position to the presidency of a vast corporation. Her knowledge of the business world in which he moved was to the last detail complete, and she had also an intimate yet detached knowledge of his social world. In the latter category belonged gentlemen who came to the office, but their wives and the other women of their group figured in Edna's mind as disembodied names, each with its individual handwriting and tendencies and tastes. One lady, she could have told you, liked costly caviar from Gaston's, another favored yellow orchids, another Château Yquem, and still another must have violets to bring out the color of the famous eyes Edna had catered to, but never seen.

Women ran after Mr. Sutphen, but time had revealed him to Edna as a man of caution, and it amused her to think how much better she understood his attitude toward certain ladies than they themselves understood it.

With her horn-rimmed spectacles mounted on her capa[illegible] nose, Edna began [illegible] business day, as usual, by sorting

Mr. Sutphen's mail, marking certain business letters with cabalistic signs for reference to various departments, stamping others for Mr. Sutphen's attention, and setting aside, unopened, those which looked purely social; among them, one addressed in his sister's handwriting; another, postmarked Sorrento, in Mrs. Cassell's hand; and a third, from Palm Beach, in Maud Naylor's lazy scrawl. Miss Naylor's writing irritated Mr. Sutphen, and this letter, Edna knew, would presently come back to her desk, opened, with a request for a "translation." It would begin "Craig, dear." All Miss Naylor's letters began that way.

From one of the last envelopes in the pile, Edna drew a bill, and as she glanced at it, her breathing seemed suddenly to be arrested. The charge was for a diamond ring—a solitaire—at fifteen thousand dollars. It could mean only one thing. Had it been a bracelet or a bar pin, there might conceivably be another explanation, but a solitaire at such a price could mean only one thing.

The telephone rang.

"Yes, Mr. Winthrop. . . . About the Moscow matter? Mr. Sutphen will see you at 2:30."

She noted the appointment on the engagement list and proceeded with her duties, but all the time her mind was centered on the ring. She had been stupid, she told herself, not to be prepared for this. So many little signs had pointed to something of the kind—unexplained charges for flowers and for theater tickets, and that bill last month for three hundred dollars' worth of neckties.

Carrying his letters to the private office, she placed them on his desk where he would find them when he came down, and returning, spoke crisply to Miss Vogt, his stenographer, whose desk stood near her own.

"Put more clips in his tray, Miss Vogt, and don't just dust around his date pad; take it up."

Since Miss Vogt's engagement to the young man in Brooklyn, she had become absent-minded. How different women were from men when their affections were engaged! In Mr. Sutphen's bearing there had been no sign to indicate a change. Only the bills.

Why had that bill upset her so? It was none of her business whether he got engaged or not. To be sure, she had enjoyed looking after household matters for him, and she supposed that when he married that would have to stop, but in a way it would be a good thing; it would give her more time to herself; perhaps she'd take up her music again.

She wished that he had told her—that was all. His not having told her made her feel shut out, and in all the time she had worked for him she had never felt shut out before. Until now, she had not fully realized how her absorption in every detail of his life had supplied the color of her own; not that she was in love with him, as Grace had charged, but that life outside the office didn't greatly interest her.

Checking over Mr. Sutphen's February bills, she wondered who the woman was. It wouldn't be Mrs. Cassell or Miss Naylor; she knew his attitude toward both those ladies. Miss Drake? Not if she looked like that picture in the Spur—Mr. Sutphen liked pretty women. She would be somebody young; probably somebody new.

Again the telephone.

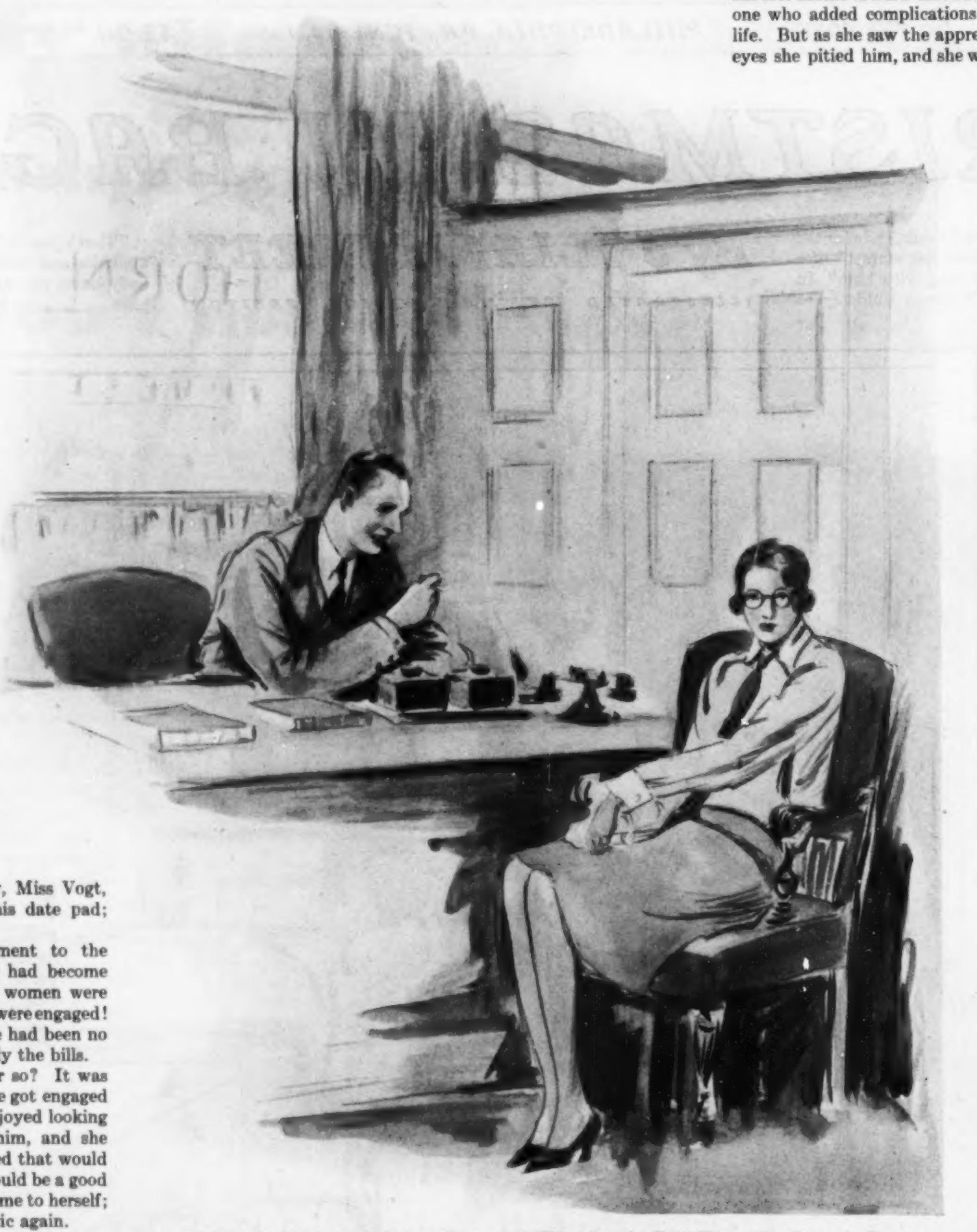
"No, he's not here, Mr. Bosworth, but I expect him at any moment. . . . Yes, I'll tell him."

She hoped the wrong woman hadn't got hold of Mr. Sutphen. He was shrewd, but no man, however shrewd, was safe against designing women. If men like Mr. Sutphen only knew it, they would be so much better off with wives who had faced the actualities of life and were equipped to understand their problems, but almost always they married the other kind.

A muted buzzer sounded its refined note beside her desk. Mr. Sutphen had arrived. With the engagement pad and the bills, Edna went to his office.

"Good morning, Miss Perry." He looked up from a letter, and Edna found herself admiring, as she so often had before, the open gaze of his blue eyes and the fine contours of the head so nobly poised on his wide shoulders.

"There are some items here I don't understand, Mr. Sutphen." She laid the bills before him on the desk. "If you'll O. K. them I'll draw the checks. Your first appointment is with Mr. Idwal. He's out there now."



Obediently Edna Sank Into a Chair and Waited to be Told What She Already Knew

Mr. Sutphen made a wry face.

"It's unpleasant," Edna told him firmly, "but it's one of those things that can't be avoided." Always, in a situation of this kind, she had to drive him just a little.

"Yes," he sighed, "I suppose so." He rose and paced the rug, as he was wont to do when screwing himself up to a painful duty.

"You've tried to show him where he fails," she reminded him, "but he can't see it, and there's nothing to do but let him go."

"I've been thinking about Idwal, Miss Perry." Mr. Sutphen continued to pace the rug. "He's been with us a long time, and he's done his best according to his lights, which I admit are rather dim. But I don't want to hurt him, so I'm not going to tell him flatly that he's fired. I've been getting folders about health resorts, and I'm going to send him to a place in Arizona and see if they can't fix up his neuritis."

"It's arthritis."

Mr. Sutphen acknowledged the correction with a nod. "Well, anyway," he said, "I'm going to send him out to Arizona. Do you think a year's salary is enough?"

"I should call it very generous. He's comfortably off."

"Yes, thank God. Well, tell him to come in."

As Edna went to the reception room to summon Mr. Idwal, she thought how curious it was that a man so full of force as Mr. Sutphen should show this strain of softness in dealing with incompetence. She was critical of this quality in him, yet it appealed to her protective instinct and made her feel hostile toward Mr. Idwal, as she did toward anyone who added complications to Mr. Sutphen's crowded life. But as she saw the apprehensive look in Mr. Idwal's eyes she pitied him, and she was glad to see him brighten when, instead of addressing him, as usual, by his surname, Mr. Sutphen clapped him heartily upon the shoulder and called him Jim.

A little later Mr. Idwal left the private office.

"And don't you get so interested in golf out there," Edna heard Mr. Sutphen say to him at the door, "that you forget your friends back here in New York. We'll expect to hear how things are going."

Mr. Idwal went away beaming, and Edna smiled as she looked after him. It was not the first time she had seen Mr. Sutphen work the magic of his tact in such a case. He was actually able to discharge a man and make him like it.

Again the muted buzzer sounded.

"These bills are all right," said Mr. Sutphen, handing them to her, "and I wish you'd get me five hundred dollars cash."

"You had five hundred dollars Saturday, you know," she reminded him.

"I was afraid," he answered with a grin, "that you'd scold me about that."

"Why, Mr. Sutphen," she protested, flustered, "I wouldn't dream of ——"

"Oh, yes, you would. You bully me."

"Mr. Sutphen!"

"I'll come clean, Miss Perry." He was still grinning. "I lost it at bridge."

"Mr. Sut-phen!"

"And there's something else that's going to get me in wrong with you. I can't keep that 2:30 appointment with Winthrop."

"Shall I change it to four?"

"No, I may not get back at all this afternoon. You'll have to talk to him yourself."

"But, Mr. Sutphen, it's that Moscow matter, and he ——"

"You're perfectly able to attend to it." He reached for a cigarette, slowly tapped and lighted it. "I want to tell you something, Miss Perry. Sit down, won't you?"

Obediently Edna sank into a chair and waited to be told what she already knew.

"I suppose you noticed that jeweler's bill? Well, I'm going to be married." There was a hint of shyness in his smile. "Her name's Harriet Comstock, and she's grand. You'll be crazy about her—everybody is."

"I certainly hope you'll be happy." Edna felt the need of saying something more, but could think of nothing.

"Thanks. It's going to be announced at a dinner at my house tonight, and I'd appreciate your getting the flowers and arranging them. Harriet is coming in about six. Of course, I've told her how you've helped build up this job of ours, and she's anxious to know you."

"That will be very nice."

While Mr. Sutphen explained about the seating of the dinner guests, Edna was thinking that, if possible, she would rush home and change her dress before going to meet Miss Comstock. But, as things turned out, she hadn't time to do so, for Miss Comstock—a stranger to the lower part of New York—came down to luncheon with Mr. Sutphen, and their subsequent sight-seeing occupied the entire afternoon and prevented Edna's leaving.

The day had cleared, and as she prepared to go uptown she looked ruefully at her raincoat and the dark woolen dress she wore on stormy days. She had intended to press the dress last night and do a little mending, but had taken some papers home from the office, and by the time she had gone over them she was tired; so she had let the pressing and the mending go. Oh, well, what did it matter, anyway?

II

AT MR. SUTPHEN'S apartment, Edna found, as usual, much to do; by the time she had admonished the cook about the heavy milk bills, gone over the table linen with Parkes, the butler, and authorized the purchase of new napkins, the gray spring twilight had deepened to night outside the windows, and she was hurrying the arrangement of the flowers in the dining room when she heard Mr. Sutphen's voice behind her, and turned to find him standing in the doorway with Miss Comstock.

Looking into the other woman's face as they were introduced, Edna saw intelligent hazel eyes and a smiling mouth, much too red, she thought, for the pallid skin.

"I'm delighted to meet you, Miss Perry."

Edna was aware of a costly blending of greens and browns—a smart green *cloche* matching a dress of soft faille visible at the opening of a voluminous mink coat which accentuated the color of the eyes and the auburn tint of a lock of hair escaping the margin of the little hat.

"Mr. Sutphen has told me how indispensable you are," Miss Comstock continued. "You and I must be good friends, and if I'm ever puzzled about managing him, I'll come to you for advice." Over her shoulder she smiled at Mr. Sutphen. "Between the two of us," she told him archly, "we'll keep you straight."

Mr. Sutphen smiled back at her, and his smile took an expression slightly fatuous—which Edna had never seen upon his face before.

"And you always arrange the flowers for his dinner parties, don't you?" Miss Comstock raised a lorgnette of platinum and diamonds, and surveyed the table. "Charming, charming."

As the three moved from the room, Edna was speculating on how Miss Comstock would look if she had to wear horn-rimmed spectacles instead of peering through that jeweled trinket. In the living room the young lady slipped off her coat and gloves, and Edna saw the ring. It was the largest diamond she had ever seen—almost as big as a postage stamp—and she observed that the weight of the stone made the ring turn, and that Miss Comstock continually flipped it back into place with the next finger.

"I must say something to her about her engagement," Edna kept telling herself, but Miss Comstock had a lively flow of small talk and the opportunity did not come.

"Today, Miss Perry, I saw your part of the city for the first time since my childhood. It must be wonderful to feel yourself a part of that great mass of constructive energy. I quite envy you going down there every day."

Edna had a humorous vision of Miss Comstock struggling into a subway train at half-past eight of a rainy morning, wearing fifty thousand dollars' worth of furs and diamonds and lorgnettes. "Yes, you do!" she would have liked to say, but she only smiled and murmured: "It's very nice."

"It's so splendid," continued Miss Comstock, "that in our day women are able to take their part in large affairs. Mr. Sutphen tells me he doesn't know a man who could do your work as you do it."

Edna flushed, and feeling herself flushing, flushed the more. "That's very kind of him."

"There's no kindness in merely stating a fact," observed Mr. Sutphen. "If our directors ever find out how much you know, and how much I don't know, I'll be out of a job and you'll be president of the company."

Edna smiled, but nothing she thought of saying seemed to fit. She felt as if her brains had evaporated, leaving a resounding vacuum inside her head, and she had a resentful feeling that, in some inexplicable way, this elegant young lady, so full of airy chatter, was responsible for the evaporation. Repeatedly she realized that they were trying to draw her into conversation, but she could never take advantage of the openings they made for her, so gradually they gave her up and talked across her until she fairly ached to get away.

At the first lull she rose.

"It's been so nice to meet you, Miss Comstock, and I hope ——"

There, however, the little speech of felicitation she had planned was interrupted.

"I have to be leaving too," Miss Comstock said. "My car's outside and I'd love to send you anywhere you want to go, if you don't mind dropping me at home first. I have to dress for dinner and there isn't too much time."

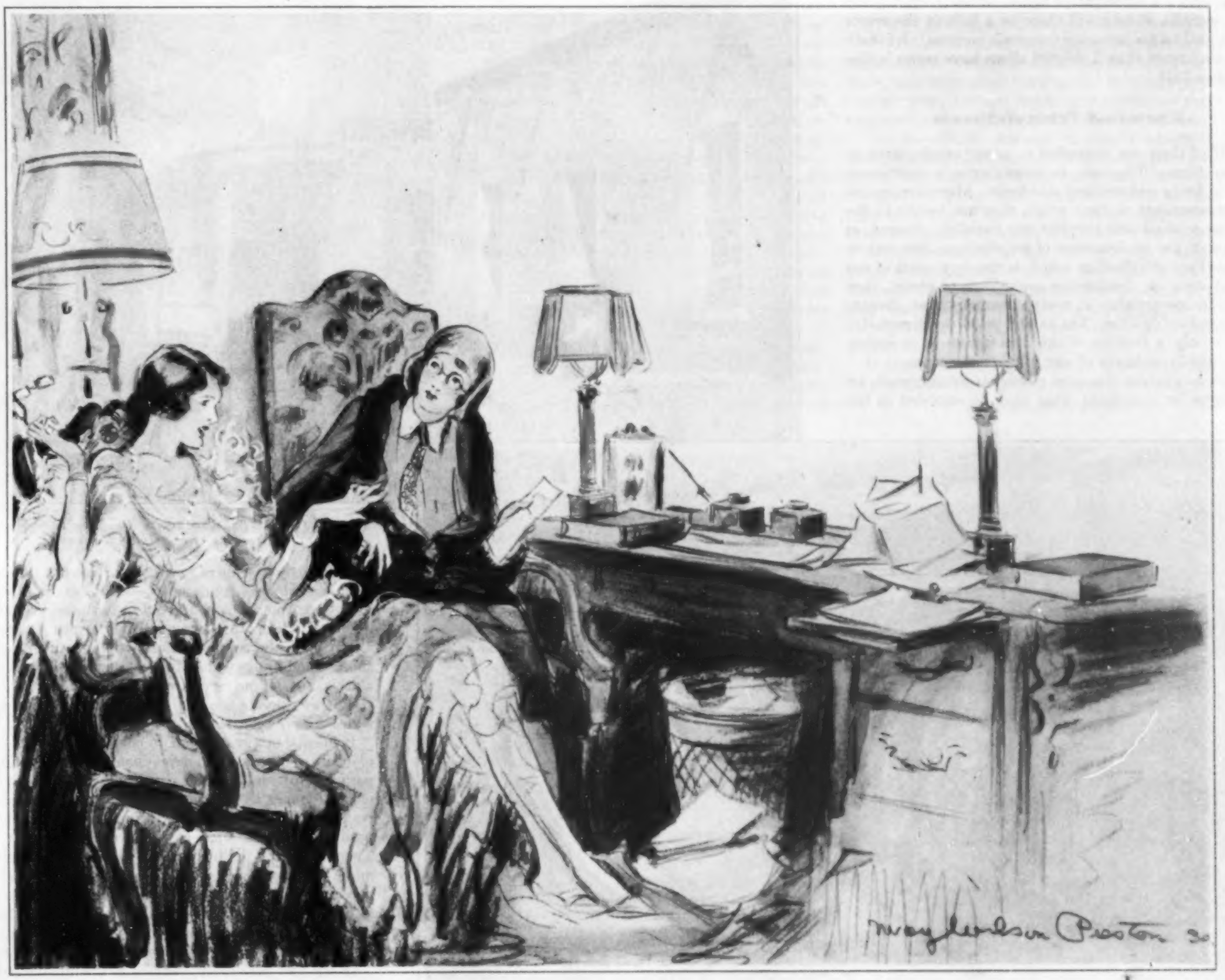
"You're very kind, but I think I'll walk."

While Mr. Sutphen was helping his fiancée into the rich fur garment, Edna moved to the hall and slipped quickly into her raincoat, and she was pulling on her rubbers when the two emerged from the living room.

"Oh, let me help you." Mr. Sutphen hurried forward.

"No, thanks, Mr. Sutphen. I've got them on."

(Continued on Page 56)



"It's Kind Enough of You to Attend to the Accounts, Without Bothering Over My Domestic Problems Too"

The Alien and Unemployment

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

NO ONE need be told that for the first time in a decade we have become reacquainted with the problem of the idle on a considerable scale. To the average man, particularly if he does not feel the pinch of joblessness, unemployment is largely a matter of statistics which are apt to be misleading. In such a crisis, to borrow Grover Cleveland's historic remark, "It is a condition which confronts us—not a theory." More essential is the task to find and remove the sources of the evil.

The trouble with the usual probe into the mainsprings of panic and the inevitable labor dislocation is that too often only the obvious and familiar contributory factors are disclosed. We all know that the usual reasons for the recurrent cycles of depression are seasonal influences in many businesses and industries; the casual nature of some work and workers; waste, extravagance, inflation, overexpansion, speculation, management failure and inefficient production.

These are the temporary elements, each fulfilling its sinister mission of widespread economic disintegration, that are compounded, as it were, in the pot of periodic unemployment. Behind them, working every day in every year, are the permanent hazards. For the purpose of contrast, I shall deal with only two. One is what has come to be called technological unemployment, which means the displacement of personnel by labor-saving machinery. The other, and, unhappily, the least considered, is the alien worker. Any post-mortem on the crisis of 1929 must include a consideration of the danger to the standardization of our stability embodied in the immigrant, whether he gets in legally or illegally. So long as 175,000 bootleg foreigners—this is a conservative figure—crash the gate every twelve months, so long will there be a hole in the armor that we gird on for defensive economic purpose. It is estimated that more than 2,000,000 aliens have come in illegally since 1921.

Wanted—A Panic Antitoxin

MOST of them are compelled to accept employment on any terms. They are, in consequence, a continuous threat to living and working standards. Moreover, by the very circumstance of their origin they are hostile to the ideals upon which this republic was founded. Reared, as many are, in the environment of paternalism, they seek to frustrate the individualism which is the very spirit of our national advance. Instinctive capitalizers of unrest, they have been conspicuous in every unemployment demonstration in our big cities. The annual list of the deported—they are only a fraction of the deportable—is an indictment of the inadequacy of our restriction system.

Before we analyze this alien menace to employment, let us examine for a moment what may be regarded as the psychology of panic and its aftermath, because it bears directly upon the theme of this article. We will first take up the temporary causes of unemployment that I have enumerated. They are eliminated and even forgotten with the inevitable business comeback. In the buoyancy of recovery today, we forget the perils of yesterday. Optimism invariably dims the perspective, with the result that we are inclined to let well enough alone. "Business as usual" is seldom a stimulus to introspection.

Though it is true that out of every panic ordeal there has emerged some constructive benefit, whether in the shape of sound money, a Federal Reserve System or a cure for commodity inflation—such were the by-products respectively of the 1893, 1907 and 1921 upheavals—the fact remains that we do not always attack all the fundamentals of the situation from which we have escaped. We are like individuals who, convalescent from a serious sickness, neglect the precautions that would have made for a large degree of immunity.

Panic is a national illness. Yet in an age of preventive measures, medical and otherwise, we have not gone the whole way in prevention of the one malady that touches every citizen in some way. Our prosperity-bred poise enabled us to meet the latest crisis with better mental and other equipment than any previous kindred emergency. In other years we might have turned to Congress or some kind of administrative edict to create reassurance. We might have introduced the pernicious institution of the dole and thereby subsidized idleness as Britain has done. Instead, leadership was dramatized under a historic presidential initiative and the defensive economic forces of the country mobilized as never before. Resources were rallied and large-scale spending accelerated. For the first time in a similar emergency, no wage reduction was imposed. What has well been called the "collective common sense" of the nation was applied to a situation which, in the last analysis, requires only sane and orderly command.

A New Business Philosophy

WHAT does it profit us to register such an unprecedented recuperative achievement if we jeopardize its permanency by failure to remove one menace to its fruits? We can regularize employment until Kingdom Come. We can talk ourselves breathless about the basic soundness of the country. We can impress the lesson of the Wall Street crash and show the absurdity of trying to make the nickel earn a dollar instead of the dollar earn a nickel. We can devise new legislation under which the executive branches of government in states and in the nation can function more expeditiously in time of emergency. We can practice that newest panic-bred philosophy—as Julius H. Barnes put it—"that Americans in and out of business, provided with accurate information stripped of alarmist exaggeration, would have the common sense, courage and prudence to shorten and limit any ill effects of depression." We can do all this, but, let me repeat, we fall short of our full remedial task if we tolerate the kind of perennial influx of aliens to which I have referred.

PHOTO. BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

A Street Scene in Santa Fé, New Mexico, Showing the Adobe Houses

F. & A. PHOTO.

Aliens Leaving the Train at a Jersey City Pier, Prior to Deportation

It means, in a word, that to check the age-old tradition of cycles of inflation and depression, and thus minimize the period of distress in employment, we must aim at the root of this danger by making restriction not a phrase but a reality. It lies, first of all, in adjusting immigration to our productive needs with a selective system that selects. There is not the slightest reason why Europe should determine the type of immigrant we need. Second is the necessity to stop the border leaks and prevent the infiltration of cheap-labor undesirables and worse. This is no cure-all for unemployment, to be sure, but it would put just another prop under the normal prosperity structure.

Of the two permanent dangers to unemployment that I have cited, the technological is the lesser evil. The miracle of mechanization is, of course, self-evident. Every year witnesses some new manifestation of its displacement potentialities. The latest, for example, is in a Middle-Western State where a huge plant is filled by what is really a single machine. It turns out completed automobile frames almost without the aid of the human hand. The frame remains on conveyors nine-tenths of the time required for manufacture. Only 200 men are needed to operate a plant which produces from 7000 to 9000 frames a day. In a Central European factory 200 men devoted to the same kind of production can account for only thirty-five frames a day.

Translate this individual case into larger terms, and there is revealed a nationwide superseding of men by mechanical devices. The outstanding example is in the automobile industry, which now requires less than one-third as many workers to produce a given number of cars as it did in 1914. The procedure serves to explain why, regarding our manufacturing as a whole, 71 wage earners in 1925 produced the same volume of output as did 100 men in 1914. The assumption is that the man-power requirement today is even smaller.

Absorbing Machine-Freed Workers

THIS state of affairs has, naturally, contributed to an alarmist state of mind which is altogether without actual basis. In the first place, we cannot turn back the mechanical clock, because that would defeat progress. Secondly, an orderly, expert-born readjustment is harmonizing the difference. As one expert has analyzed it: "Though 71 men in 1925 did produce as much as 100 men in 1914, the demand for manufactured goods at their lowered production cost and selling cost expanded sufficiently to absorb not only the workers theoretically released but, in addition, called 1,500,000 more workers into manufacturing production."

PHOTO. BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS, INC.

Job Seekers at the New York State Employment Bureau, Department of Labor

Just how the assimilation of mechanically displaced workers is going on in new fields tributary to the increasingly mechanized industries is shown from an array of facts presented in a report entitled Mechanization of Industry and Economic and Social Progress, made by Magnus W. Alexander, president of the National Industrial Conference Board, which stated:

"It must be borne in mind that mass production requires a largely increased sales and distribution organization. Thus, estimates recently made by the United States Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce indicate that the number of persons engaged in servicing and distribution of automobiles in the last eight years increased by about 750,000; that the newborn radio trade, exclusive of manufacturing operations, absorbed at least an additional 125,000; motion-picture theaters and services, exclusive of production, another 125,000; and hotels and restaurants upward of 500,000 to possibly 1,000,000 additional men and women. Insurance agents, during the same period, increased by about 100,000, and another 100,000 was added to those employed in servicing electric refrigeration, light and power and oil-heating plants. Barbers and hairdressers increased by about 170,000. In other words, from one and one-half to over two and one-third million persons have been absorbed in service and distribution in these seven branches of trade and service alone, not counting many former employes who have gone into business for themselves during that period."

Turn to the illegally entered alien and you find no economic-readjustment formula. Instead of highly specialized industries, you have our whole world of labor open to infection. It is the domain which first feels the stress of panic strain. Here assimilation cannot provide the way out, because the Mexican influx, both legal and illegal, for example, is mostly illiterate and unassimilable.

A Roadside Mexican Settlement on American Soil

What most people do not realize is that the Mexican and his latest full brother in immigration undesirability, the Filipino, comprise only part of the infiltration which clogs the channels of productive toil. Deserting seamen, for example—they are permitted by law to remain in this country sixty days after signing off their ships—have accounted in some years for as many as 35,000 illegal additions to the ranks of workers. In numerous cases they are highly skilled mechanics. Because of our failure to have compulsory registration of aliens, they slip easily and unobtrusively into the labor ranks. So, too, with tourists "temporarily in the United States for business," and alleged students. All swell the illegal roster, because they often stay, once they get inside.

Furthermore, not less than 7,000,000 unnaturalized aliens live within the confines of the United States. Of these, approximately 2,000,000 are ineligible for citizenship, mainly because they have not lived the required five years here. All constitute just so much undigested foreign material. The total given does not include those who have been bootlegged in.

The whole alien business, viewed from every angle, therefore constitutes both a problem and a warning. At a time when we are emerging from a period of unemployment and taking stock of the underlying causes, it is important to remedy the shortsightedness which permits an already crowded labor market to be further congested. The crux of the matter was stated in a communication addressed to the House Committee on Immigration under date of March fifth last, by the California Joint Immigration Committee. Among other things, it said:

"Other nations, practically without exception, protect their citizen labor and national living standards from the menace offered by entrance of competitive alien labor by a policy of exclusion rigidly enforced. The United States, in the face of an unemployment estimated as high as 4,000,000—this has since been reduced—tolerates the admission every year of 450,000 or more aliens, most of them compelled to accept employment on any terms and conditions offered. American citizens are forced, thereby, out of employment, and a dangerous menace is created to the maintenance of high wages and living conditions, which are recognized as the foundation of our national prosperity."

Weakness of the Immigration Law

"NO PLAN suggested, whether it be the adoption of a dole system, or general speeding up of production, or the inauguration of a six-hour work day and a five-day working week, can have more than partial or temporary effect in curing unemployment while this additional flood of unemployed are added annually to our population.

"Of the 450,000 referred to, approximately two-thirds enter under provisions of the present law, some under quota from Europe and the remainder from the Western Hemisphere under that provision which permits practically unrestricted entrance of native citizens of states of that hemisphere. One-third or more of the 450,000 enter, or stay, in violation of the law, and many hundred thousands are permitted to remain until they become immune to deportation, because the law does not provide the necessary machinery and adequate appropriation for apprehension, punishment and deportation of those violating its provisions."

If you want concrete evidence of this constant peril to employment, just take a glance at these resolutions,

(Continued on Page 149)

P. & A. PHOTO

They Came With a Cargo of Coffee From Brazil

PLUMES

By MARJORY STONEMAN DOUGLAS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

TWO-GUN GEORGE JOHNSON gave it out around the Cape Sable and Shark River country that he was watching the egret rookery at Cocos Lake. That meant that everyone else, in the code of that country, would courteously lay off.

There was some little surprise that the long whites had gone back to Cocos in numbers enough to make it worth one's while to shoot. Its great rookeries that had once whitened the blistering blue Florida sky with their tens of thousands had been shot out and forgotten long ago. Besides, with the American law on, there was no market at all, except in Europe, by way of Havana, and no prices to speak of even for Grade A live plumes, in comparison to the great days of the plume industry.

But Two-Gun was keen for any extra money he could pick up in addition to that which he earned by mackerel seining and occasional sponging; so the word went out. Only one man in all that last end of Florida, where the low green land goes back to the green-running sea that made it, received the word with something other than casual acquiescence. He was the one man of all of them to whom it was dangerous to feel anything else.

He called himself John Pinder. Once, years ago, he had come down the East Coast on a house-boat trip, now only a half-forgotten, glamorous memory, and it was then that he had picked up, carelessly, the idea that to be taken for granted down the keys one should be named Bethel or Pinder or Sands or Roberts or Curry. He sat in his dinghy and stared with narrowed eyes at the wake of the passing fish boat from which the word about Cocos had come, and felt in himself a ripping shock of anger that was so different from every emotion to which he had schooled himself in the past three, the past ten years, that he could only cling to his battered gunwale and grind his teeth together and shake. He was an escaped convict. He was a man in whom the shadows of bars lay burned across his heart. He might not have, he could not possibly allow himself to have, any sort of emotion beyond the extremes of constant watchfulness, of constant caution, beyond a silent, aloof, moment-by-moment hoarding of the immense fact of freedom. He crouched here in his boat on the free and glistening water, raging, and told himself savagely he was a fool.

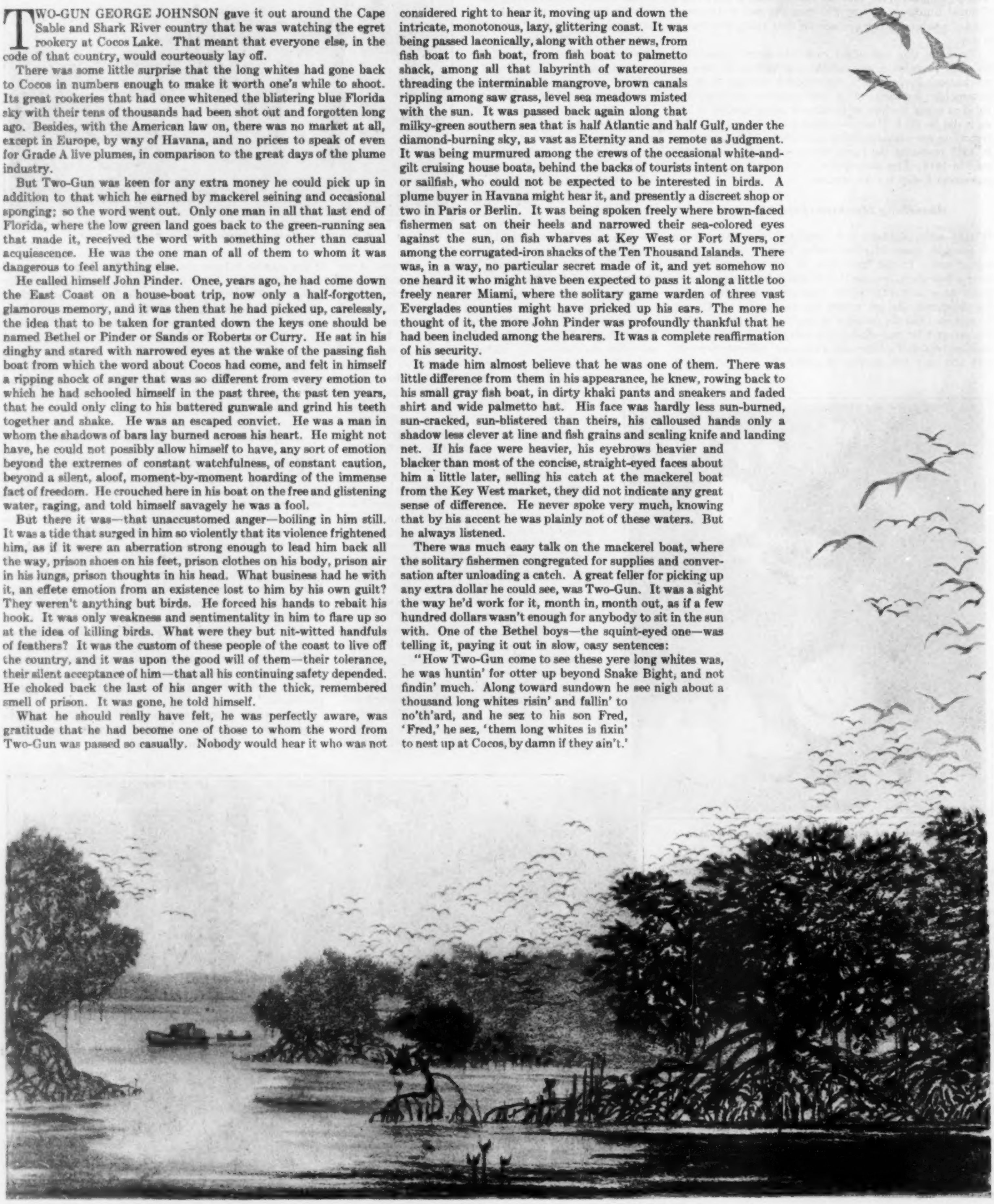
But there it was—that unaccustomed anger—boiling in him still. It was a tide that surged in him so violently that its violence frightened him, as if it were an aberration strong enough to lead him back all the way, prison shoes on his feet, prison clothes on his body, prison air in his lungs, prison thoughts in his head. What business had he with it, an effete emotion from an existence lost to him by his own guilt? They weren't anything but birds. He forced his hands to rebait his hook. It was only weakness and sentimentality in him to flare up so at the idea of killing birds. What were they but nit-witted handfuls of feathers? It was the custom of these people of the coast to live off the country, and it was upon the good will of them—their tolerance, their silent acceptance of him—that all his continuing safety depended. He choked back the last of his anger with the thick, remembered smell of prison. It was gone, he told himself.

What he should really have felt, he was perfectly aware, was gratitude that he had become one of those to whom the word from Two-Gun was passed so casually. Nobody would hear it who was not considered right to hear it, moving up and down the intricate, monotonous, lazy, glittering coast. It was being passed laconically, along with other news, from fish boat to fish boat, from fish boat to palmetto shack, among all that labyrinth of watercourses threading the interminable mangrove, brown canals rippling among saw grass, level sea meadows misted with the sun. It was passed back again along that milky-green southern sea that is half Atlantic and half Gulf, under the diamond-burning sky, as vast as Eternity and as remote as Judgment. It was being murmured among the crews of the occasional white-and-gilt cruising house boats, behind the backs of tourists intent on tarpon or sailfish, who could not be expected to be interested in birds. A plume buyer in Havana might hear it, and presently a discreet shop or two in Paris or Berlin. It was being spoken freely where brown-faced fishermen sat on their heels and narrowed their sea-colored eyes against the sun, on fish wharves at Key West or Fort Myers, or among the corrugated-iron shacks of the Ten Thousand Islands. There was, in a way, no particular secret made of it, and yet somehow no one heard it who might have been expected to pass it along a little too freely nearer Miami, where the solitary game warden of three vast Everglades counties might have pricked up his ears. The more he thought of it, the more John Pinder was profoundly thankful that he had been included among the hearers. It was a complete reaffirmation of his security.

It made him almost believe that he was one of them. There was little difference from them in his appearance, he knew, rowing back to his small gray fish boat, in dirty khaki pants and sneakers and faded shirt and wide palmetto hat. His face was hardly less sun-burned, sun-cracked, sun-blistered than theirs, his calloused hands only a shadow less clever at line and fish grains and scaling knife and landing net. If his face were heavier, his eyebrows heavier and blacker than most of the concise, straight-eyed faces about him a little later, selling his catch at the mackerel boat from the Key West market, they did not indicate any great sense of difference. He never spoke very much, knowing that by his accent he was plainly not of these waters. But he always listened.

There was much easy talk on the mackerel boat, where the solitary fishermen congregated for supplies and conversation after unloading a catch. A great feller for picking up any extra dollar he could see, was Two-Gun. It was a sight the way he'd work for it, month in, month out, as if a few hundred dollars wasn't enough for anybody to sit in the sun with. One of the Bethel boys—the squint-eyed one—was telling it, paying it out in slow, easy sentences:

"How Two-Gun come to see these yere long whites was, he was huntin' for otter up beyond Snake Bight, and not findin' much. Along toward sundown he see nigh about a thousand long whites risin' and fallin' to no'th'ard, and he sez to his son Fred, 'Fred,' he sez, 'them long whites is fixin' to nest up at Cocos, by damn if they ain't.'



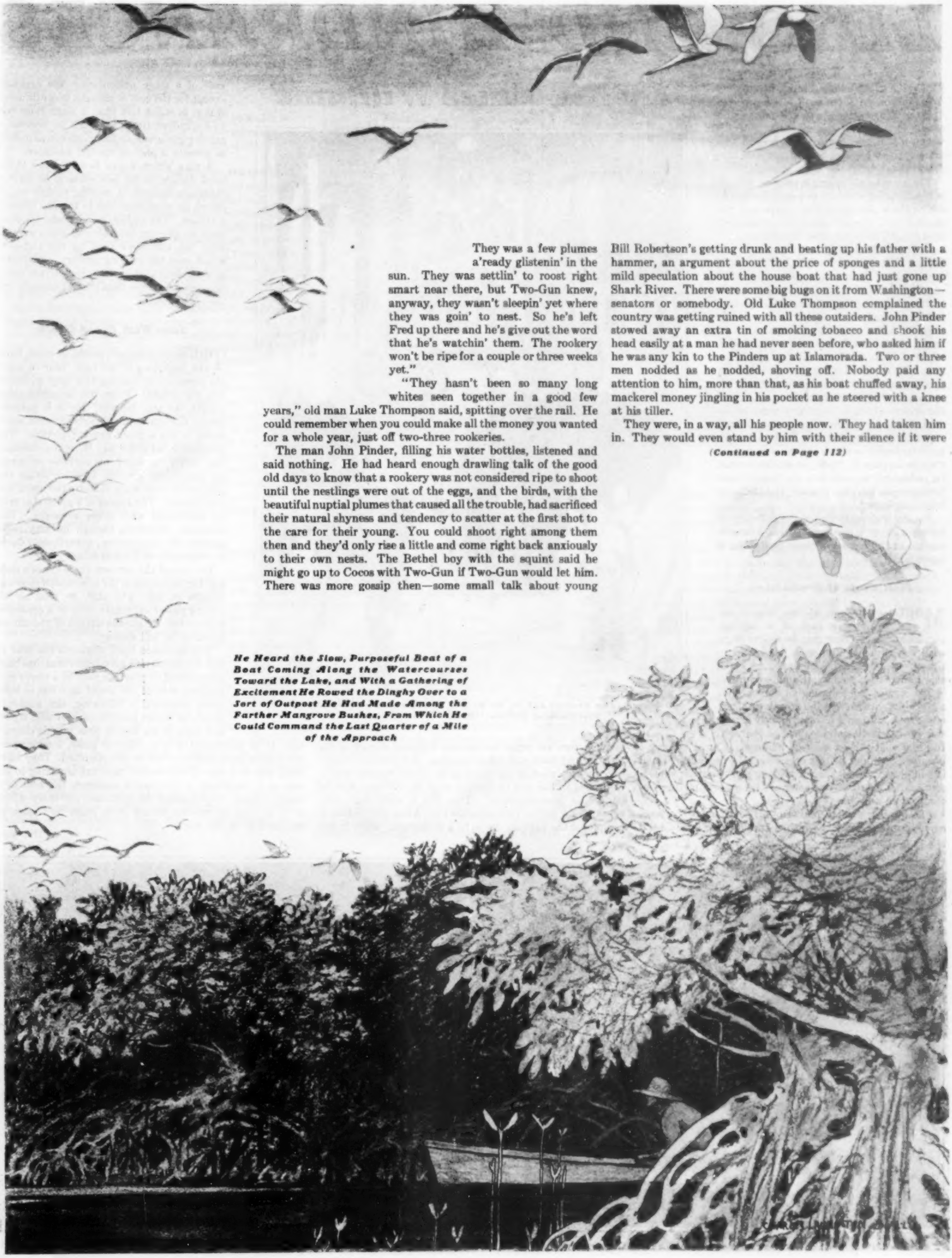
They was a few plumes a'ready glistenin' in the sun. They was settlin' to roost right smart near there, but Two-Gun knew, anyway, they wasn't sleepin' yet where they was goin' to nest. So he's left Fred up there and he's give out the word that he's watchin' them. The rookery won't be ripe for a couple or three weeks yet."

"They hasn't been so many long whites seen together in a good few years," old man Luke Thompson said, spitting over the rail. He could remember when you could make all the money you wanted for a whole year, just off two-three rookeries.

The man John Pinder, filling his water bottles, listened and said nothing. He had heard enough drawling talk of the good old days to know that a rookery was not considered ripe to shoot until the nestlings were out of the eggs, and the birds, with the beautiful nuptial plumes that caused all the trouble, had sacrificed their natural shyness and tendency to scatter at the first shot to the care for their young. You could shoot right among them then and they'd only rise a little and come right back anxiously to their own nests. The Bethel boy with the squint said he might go up to Cocos with Two-Gun if Two-Gun would let him. There was more gossip then—some small talk about young Bill Robertson's getting drunk and beating up his father with a hammer, an argument about the price of sponges and a little mild speculation about the house boat that had just gone up Shark River. There were some big bugs on it from Washington—senators or somebody. Old Luke Thompson complained the country was getting ruined with all these outsiders. John Pinder stowed away an extra tin of smoking tobacco and shook his head easily at a man he had never seen before, who asked him if he was any kin to the Pinders up at Islamorada. Two or three men nodded as he nodded, shoving off. Nobody paid any attention to him, more than that, as his boat chuffed away, his mackerel money jingling in his pocket as he steered with a knee at his tiller.

They were, in a way, all his people now. They had taken him in. They would even stand by him with their silence if it were

(Continued on Page 112)



He Heard the Slow, Purposeful Beat of a Boat Coming Along the Watercourses Toward the Lake, and With a Gathering of Excitement He Rowed the Dinghy Over to a Sort of Outpost He Had Made Among the Farther Mangrove Bushes, From Which He Could Command the Last Quarter of a Mile of the Approach

LETS AND HINDRANCES

By Ben Ames Williams

THE art of telling a story in moving, talking pictures is, of all the related arts, probably the most complex and arduous. And as if this inherent difficulty were not enough, the practitioners of this art are beset by innumerable lets and hindrances.

The process of making a moving picture is like nothing so much as a steeplechase in which there are successive jumps and obstacles, each of which must be surmounted. And at each one a fall must mean disaster.

The art of making moving pictures is inextricably entangled with the business of selling them. The whole process must be considered as one. From the point of view of the producing organization, this process consists roughly of six steps: First, a story must be found, and translated into a scenario. Second, a director must be selected whose abilities fit him to tell this particular story. Third, a cast of actors must be chosen to bring the characters in the story to life upon the screen. Fourth, the actions and the speech of these characters must be recorded on the film in consecutive, logical and interesting sequences. Fifth, a theater must be found in which the moving picture may be displayed. Sixth, an audience must be persuaded to come into the theater, and having come into the theater, the audience must be pleased.

To any understanding of the difficulty of telling a story in moving pictures, a consideration of the nature of these limitations is essential.

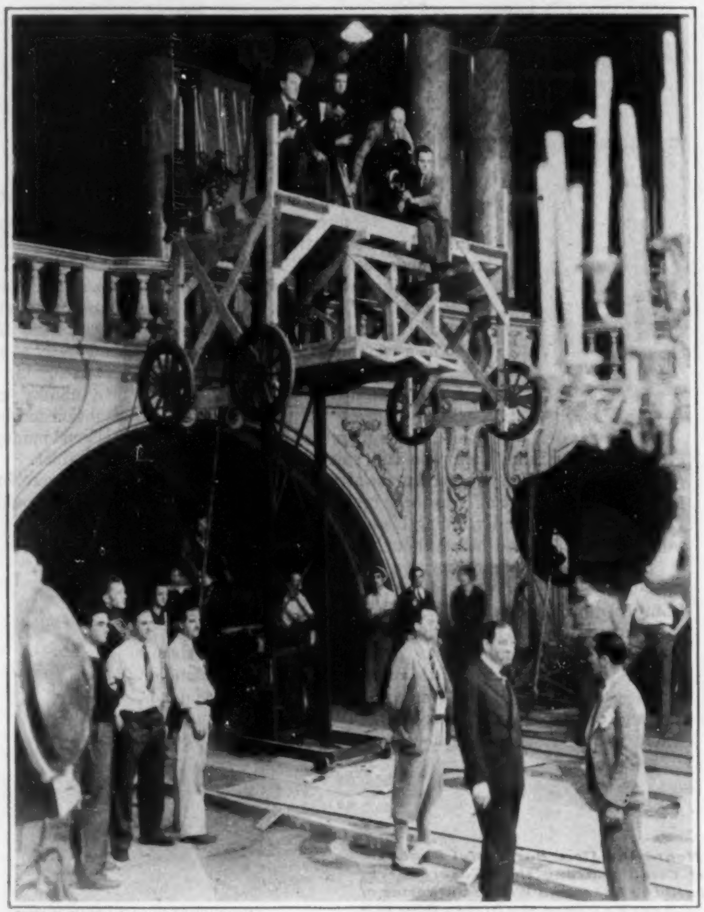


PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

Director John Francis Dillon, on Raised Platform, Directs the Mob in a Forthcoming Picture, "Bride of the Regiment"

First Costs of Production

MOST people have, at one time or another, formed a part of a moving-picture audience. So it may be well to begin with the audience and work backward to the source of the moving-picture story which this audience is asked to see and to approve.

The necessity for finding an audience for a given film arises from the fact that the art of moving pictures is a tremendously expensive one to practice, and so must be financed. In order that the art may be financed, it must become a business; and out of this necessity—the necessity that in the long run the making of moving pictures must show a profit—the essential character of the moving-picture audience does arise.

The moving picture must appeal to an audience large enough so that the sum which that audience pays to see a given picture will repay the expense involved in making the picture, and show a dividend besides. A legitimate drama may be presented on the stage at an initial expense which, compared to the cost of making even an ordinary moving picture, is inconsiderable. This fact is somewhat compensated for by the circumstance that when the picture is completed the expense drops to a minimum; while in the case of a stage presentation the expense, except for the cost of the sets, is continuous. But it is still a fact that it costs from ten to a hundred times as much to present a moving picture to its first audience as it does to present a play to its first audience.

A play which draws two hundred thousand dollars to the box office is at least a moderate success. A moving picture which draws no more than this to the box office is a failure. The audience which sees the play pays an average price several times greater than the admission paid by the audience which sees the moving picture. Therefore it is obvious that the moving-picture audience must be larger than that which supports the older theater.

Stars With Fixed Orbits

THE moving-picture producer must, from the beginning of his task, bear in mind the necessity of drawing this large audience into the theater. From this necessity there results the star system; for it is preëminently the star who attracts the first audiences to see a given moving picture. The producer must either pay the star a substantial salary to enlist his services or spend an equivalent amount in advertising the picture in other ways than by the use of the star's name. The appeal of a given star may be calculated with some accuracy. The producer, therefore, though he may rebel against the star system, nevertheless turns it constantly to his advantage.

But out of this system there arises a definite limitation upon the selection of moving-picture stories. The star, so long as his pulling power continues, may to a considerable extent dictate the nature of the stories in which he will appear.

The audience itself supports the star in this dictation. If a given individual has been accustomed to play the part of a suave and polished man of the world, and has in such parts attracted a following, the audience which he draws into the theater will expect and hope to see him in rôles of this character. If he be presented in a different guise, a major part of his most loyal audience will be disappointed. They have liked him as a man of the world; they are unwilling to see him as a vagabond, a locomotive engineer, the boss of a lumber camp. So, to please the audience, the story which is to be told in moving-picture form must be chosen or modified to fit the star.

PHOTOS. BY COURTESY METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

Sam Wood Photographs William Haines and Leila Hyams in an Automobile Scene

Cecil B. de Mille Rehearsing a Scene From "Madame Satan"

The producer may seek to attract an audience in other ways than by the use of a star. He may choose as the basis of his projected film a popular novel or a successful play; a work which has already become so familiar throughout the country that audiences will come to see it for itself, rather than for the sake of the actors who may appear in the picture. Or the producer may depend on advertising to attract his first audiences.

But from the moment when he undertakes to make his picture, he must have definitely in mind the necessity of bringing an audience into the theater to see it after it is done.

Having drawn his audience into the theater, the producer must please that audience, in order that a good report of the picture may go abroad. Out of this necessity to attract and also to please a large audience, there arises a further limitation upon the character of the story which the picture must tell. A small audience may have many common denominators. If a play appeals to any one of these, it has a fair chance of success. But the larger the audience, the fewer common traits it will present. Therefore, the moving-picture story must shoot at a more limited target. It must aim at fundamental, rather than sophisticated, emotional springs. It must, to have a wide success, be as interesting to an audience in the Argentine as to an audience in New York City; as appealing to an audience in Prairie City as to an audience in London. Within this limitation the producers of moving pictures are constrained to work.

But in his efforts to please the audience which he has attracted into the theater, the producer meets another difficulty. He desires to attract and please a large number of people; and since this is the case, there is a persistent temptation to base the appeal of his product on human traits and characteristics of the baser and more universal sort. So there has arisen the defensive mechanism called the censorship. This censorship begins within the industry itself. It is continued by boards and individuals with the authority of the law behind them, and to a certain extent even by the theaters.

He Laughs Best Who Laughs Timely

THE result of this censorship is that many subjects which are fit and proper material for dramatic and fictional treatment are forbidden to the moving-picture producer; or his use of these subjects is restricted, so that when he enters these forbidden fields, his becomes an art of subterfuge and of compromise. A schedule of forbidden subjects recently accepted by the industry itself would bar as screen material many of the great novels of the world. Madame Bovary treats of the fruits of adultery; The Brothers Karamazov deals with insanity; in David Copperfield there is portrayed cruelty to children; and the list might be extended. Likewise in the drama, from the great Greek tragedies down to the most powerful works of the modern stage, the finest plays must often be neglected or denatured in order to come within the limitations accepted by the motion-picture studio.

The producer is bound within this rule. He must submit. He must even establish and maintain a censorship infinitely more extensive than that which burdens any other art.

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF UNIVERSAL PICTURES

A Cast on Location

And in his efforts to please the audience the producer faces a further danger—a danger inherent in the audience itself. For those who come to see the picture may, by their reaction, ruin its effect.

For example, to awaken laughter in the audience is at once the desire and the dread of the producer. A laugh in the right place fills him with content, but a laugh in the wrong place may spoil a scene and destroy the whole structure of his work.

Even good laughs are a danger; for they may overlap. The actor on the stage who evokes mirth from his audience can pause till his auditors are done with laughing, before delivering his next even more mirthful line, but it is not so easy to do this in a moving picture. If he pause after a line which he expects to bring a laugh, there may be no laughter; the result is an awkward halt in the picture. If, on the other hand, a line in which no humor was intended does provoke mirth, that very laughter may drown out the following line which was hilariously funny, so that the audience misses it entirely.

And there is another danger in laughter. During highly emotional scenes a single titter from some amused and derisive individual may set the whole audience to chuckling. The producer of talking pictures has already learned that his audiences will seldom take love scenes seriously; so he builds them for laughter, and expects this mirth. Before he discovered this, pictures were ruined by such unforeseen amusement in the audience. The great lover of the screen was, in his first talking picture, fairly laughed out of the theaters.

The laughter of the audience is the prize which the producer seeks to win; it is also the ogre which haunts his dreams. A laugh in the right place may make the picture a tremendous financial success; the same laugh in the wrong place may put the picture permanently in the red.

The audience is the last and decisive hurdle which the producer must surmount, but before he comes to that obstacle there are many others. The very theater in which his picture is to be presented may nullify his best efforts. For if the picture be not properly projected, it will fail to please the audience—which must be pleased.

The projection of sound is a new profession, in which there are as yet relatively few skilled practitioners. A moving picture shown in the projection room of a Hollywood studio is often infinitely better than the same picture shown even in a metropolitan theater. The acoustics of the theater itself may be bad, or the operator of the projecting machines may be unskillful.

Made-to-Measure Films

AND the manager of the theater may indirectly or directly hurt the picture. His indirect influence makes itself felt within the studio. The theater manager, if he be a good business man, desires to fill and empty his house as often as possible. His program is ordinarily continuous, repeating itself approximately every two hours. Thus, the outside length of a moving picture is about two hours. But the ordinary theater manager prefers to offer a varied program, instead of relying upon a single feature. So his schedule may include one feature picture and two or three shorter subjects, or it may include two complete pictures. The most desirable length for a film, from the market point of view, is thus about six to seven thousand feet—that is, an hour to an hour and a quarter of running time. But the effect of this fact upon the production of moving pictures is that a long story must often be condensed, and to its detriment, while a short story must be expanded, and suffer in the process, in order to fit this arbitrary measurement.

This desire on the part of the theater manager to fit his program into a definite running time may cause him to make cuts in his picture. He is a business man, but not necessarily an artist. So, when he sets out to cut the picture, there is no assurance that the work will be skillfully done. His cuts may destroy the coherence of the moving-picture story and thus decrease the likelihood that the audience will be pleased. And he may make cuts not only to shorten the picture but to satisfy the local censorship, or the opinion and prejudice of his particular audience. The danger of these ruinous alterations to his finished product is one of the perils which the producer must foresee.

(Continued on Page 164)

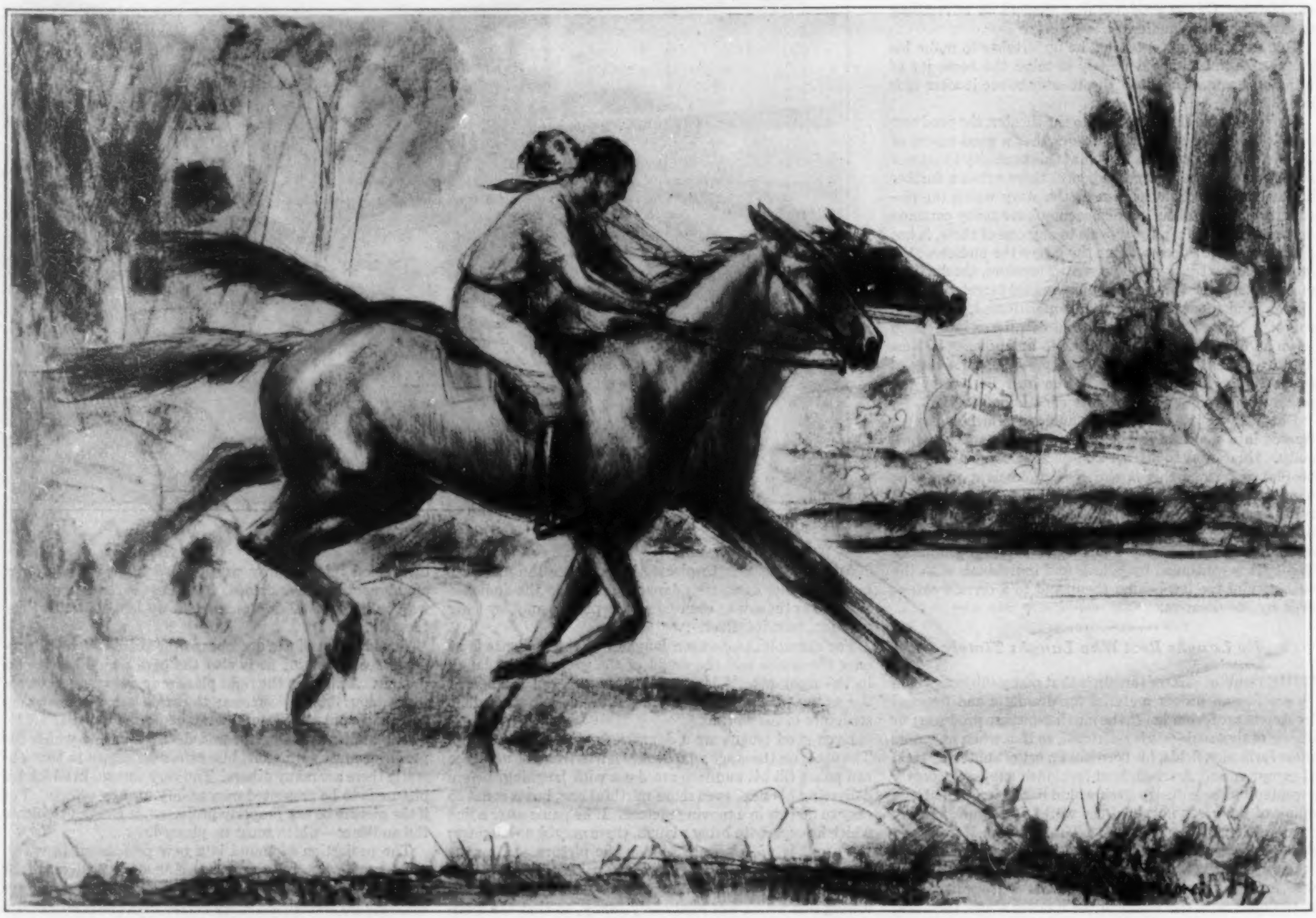
PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

The Ever-Hopeful Extras Report for Work at a Studio

ROSE PLASTER

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. ANDERSON



Lupus Spun His Big Horse About and Let Him Have a Spur. They Came Alongside the Runaway and the Bouncing Girl in Fifty Feet

THERE was wind enough to shake the foliage along Sachem Street and to change the pieces of sunlight falling through all these leaves. A spark slid on the motor's floor and made a blaze of the brass band on Mr. Van Eck's wooden peg, and another spark fluttered around his haughty nose. Lupus smiled. Pop would go on sucking root beer from the bottle and stubbornly refuse to blink or sneeze. He preferred to regard natural accidents as things that affected people who weren't Van Ecks; sunshine, blizzards and rainstorms swept about his unalterable gray trousers, but did not interest him, save as shows. He drew in root beer from the straw and outstared the sun. Some lads on the steps of the drug store looked at Mr. Van Eck with extreme respect, for he did not often appear in Couveris except as a nodding, dark image in the big car, on his way to Albany or Saratoga. Carolus reported that the youngest generation sometimes asked if it was true that Mr. Van Eck had a left wooden leg.

"Want another, grandpop?"

"I do," said Mr. Van Eck. "This is the only good root beer left in town. But I won't. Too close to dinner. For the last week in August it's certainly blazin' hot."

Carolus took the empty bottle into the drug store. Mr. Van Eck yawned and rolled a cigarette. The dog Brainless rose on the front seat and watched this process officially, his ears erect. Something had intervened between Brainless and his prize ancestors; he was not wholly a police dog; his flexible ears betrayed him by flapping limply part of the time.

"He always takes an interest in your cigarettes, daddy."

"He's a dumb fool," Mr. Van Eck drawled. "Ninety-nine burglars could walk into the house any night and he wouldn't pay attention. He's the worst watch dog we've ever had on the place. I'm sixty-three an' I remember some pretty poor ones. Your hoss is tired standin'."

Bohunkus, though, was not tired. He had been attracted by something brilliant on the other side of the street and was edging around to watch it. Lupus wished that Mr. Henry Appledore would please not come over the asphalt just here. But Mr. Appledore, in pure white flannel, came directly across the dark roadway. It would now be terrible, because Lupus found this stranger very hard to talk to.

He wished that Carolus would stop chatting with two girls in there beside the soda bar and emerge, to do the family credit by saying something civilized for the tribe. He understood that Mr. Appledore had written some books, which was fairly alarming, and he knew that Mr. Appledore found him amusing, which was odd.

"Not at the races?"

"Naw," said Lupus. "Nothin' runnin' to get excited about. We didn't go up."

Mr. Appledore was already amused by him. The tall man swung very neatly over the ancient hitching rail, and his thin little smile showed as he walked past Lupus. It was a gentle drooping of the mouth which brought two dimples into being on Mr. Appledore's face.

"But I thought the Van Ecks regarded the Saratoga race course as holy ground?"

"It's a funny thing to think," said Mr. Van Eck drowsily, after spitting in the gutter, "because the Van Ecks was in this part of the state before they raced hosses at Saratoga or there was any English parvynoos 'round. Race tracks ain't holy ground to folks that breed hosses, Appledore. Breedin' fine stock is an art. A race track's like an art store. The crowd at a race track, these days, is pretty mixed. You git all kinds of these new rich. Yest'day I sat next to a hog from Indiana or one of them places who couldn't watch the races, he was so busy braggin' of his cracker fact'ry to some hussy he had with him."

A sensation coiled and wriggled under Lupus' shirt and he twitched a boot on the old brick pavement. Pop was saying something rude to the stranger. This electric worm wriggled on his skin, and Lupus stared at Mr. Appledore's smile. All around that smile the man's beautiful face stiffened and altered. He lit a cigarette with precise touches of his long fingers.

"So racing's not what it was?"

"Nothin's what it was, Appledore. Something's better an' something's worse," pop drawled. "But I'm sixty-three."

"One certainly wouldn't think it."

"Indian blood," Mr. Van Eck said. "I ain't got a gray hair nor a filled tooth. You wouldn't take Lupus for forty, would you?"

"No, I shouldn't have taken him for forty, except that Mrs. Van Eck tells me her stepson's twenty-one," the man from Boston said, and walked up the steps into the drug store.

Something had happened. Lupus lifted his left boot and fingered his one spur. He would have to think about this for a couple of hours, or ask Mary what she thought of pop's remarks to her acquaintance. It was funny, but the sachem had seemed to be defying Mr. Appledore, to be calling him down. He now sat, lean and straight, immovably regarding the sunlight.

"How old a feller is that, Lupus?"

"Why, thirty-five or six, pop."

"You dumb an'mal," said his father. "He's pushin' fifty. It's a long while sincet he come out of Indiana. You'd ——"

"He's from Boston, pop."

"He's from Indiana, Lupus son. This is 1929. He's been way from there long enough to git rid of some accent. But he's from Indiana or I'm deaf. . . . Carolus boy, what kind of novels does this refined clothes hoss write?"

Carolus stopped climbing into the front seat and drawled, "Why, so-so, grandpop. Nothin' extra. Women like 'em. His first ones were pretty excitin', back then."

"Been writin' long?"

The cultivated Carolus flopped black hair from his eyes and said, "Ages. I remember women sayin' how awful Beyond Paris was when I was in seventh grade. It was about a fella runnin' off with somebody's wife."

"An' lived happy ever after?"

"No. Somebody shot him—or her—I forget which. They made a play out of it. He was still married to that Ella Vincent dad raves about. She acted in it."

Lupus jumped. "Was this fella her husband?"

"'Course, daddy. I remember when she got a divorce from him."

"Gee! She had the prettiest red hair I ever saw, exceptin' Mary's. That girl he's been ridin' with—the girl at the Shuttleworth place—is red-headed. Wonder what her name is?"

"Plaster," said pop. "They're California folks. She's rich as sin. Prob'ly why he's hangin' round. I take notice he blew in here a couple of days after she moved in. Guess he takes most of his meals there. He's only had Sunday lunch on us."

Lupus asked, "How'd you hear their name, pop?"

"By standin' in the yard and listenin' to our hired men speak of it. The folks is named Plaster. They're mother and daughter. Been livin' out in Monterey, in California. They've took Nick Shuttleworth's servants an' his hosses. The news come right down the road. You don't listen to nothin', sonny. Some day some bad news'll come and bite you. . . . Let's git home, Caro."

Lupus sighed as the car circled out from the curb. Now, of course, anybody else would have known all about the people who'd rented the Shuttleworth villa. Probably twelve-year-olds and every servant girl in town knew that Mr. Appledore called on this family. It was a shame to be so dull. But he was excited by the fact of Appledore being Ella Vincent's husband once. She didn't act any more. Why? Lupus at least remembered her hair and her tingling voice and the movement of her hands. She had been just swell. Maybe her looks had gone or something hurt her voice and made her stop acting. But she had been grand with her fiery hair. And this fellow used to be her husband.

Lupus hung his thumbs in the top of his riding breeches and strolled into the old shop. All the kids eating ice cream at the brown marble counter grinned at him. They were better-dressed kids than when he ate ice cream here. Carolus occasionally looked at his father's bare amber arms and sawed off blue sleeves with a civil hint of disapproval. Still, Lupus had always cut off the sleeves of his blue shirts. The young generation, in white tennis pants and silky jerseys, amused him. Mr. Appledore seemed to be amused generally, leaning on a counter filled with soaps and toothbrushes.

"Everlasting passion of Americans for sweet slops. Miraculous we've any teeth at forty. No wonder dentists thrive among us."

"They don't thrive on me. Never was in a dentist's place in my life. Waitin' for somethin', Mr. Appledore?"

"A small prescription."

It was funny how, when somebody called your attention to a thing, there it was, waiting for you to notice it. Something hard and nasal had broken through Mr. Appledore's Bostonian voice when he said "small," just then. And he wasn't so young either. His curly dark hair looked dead in this dimness, as if its gloss depended on sunshine. Mary had met him playing tennis at her sister's house near Boston a couple of weeks ago. She said he played pretty well, and Lupus had passed him riding with the red-headed girl who was living in Nick Shuttleworth's house on the curve of the road across from the Van Eck pastures. He took enough exercise to keep himself pretty young, but he might be pushing fifty, as pop said.

Now, could you tackle a man that mature with some pleasant questions about his divorced wife? It would be fun to hear about Ella Vincent. The man had been divorced from a female sculptor last year. It had been in the newspapers. He mightn't be secretive about this older marriage. If he hung around a while and got friendly, Lupus would risk a question.

"Thanks," said Appledore, putting a bottle in his pocket, "and will you just send these things out to Mrs. Plaster. You know? At the Shuttleworth place."

"Miss or Mrs. Plaster, sir?"

"Mrs. Plaster," Mr. Appledore said.

The old clerk looked after the white suit funnily. Some of the girls at the counter were looking after this famous person thirstily. He really was a handsome man.

"I dunno," said the ancient, familiar clerk. "Of course, it's none of my business. But I don't like artificial things. Of course, it's his hair. But fellers that use dye always amuse me. My daughter's crazy to talk to this man. She's cracked about his books."

"I ain't read them," said Lupus.

"Well, the one I read was about adventurin' in the Pacific Ocean and had a photograph of this man done up in nothin' but a towel, with some flowers, like, around his head, sittin' on a rock. He's a good-lookin' man too."

"He's been married a-plenty," Lupus reflected, reaching for a package of cigarettes. "Once to the best-lookin' actress I ever saw and once to a she sculptor. Maybe he's tiresome."

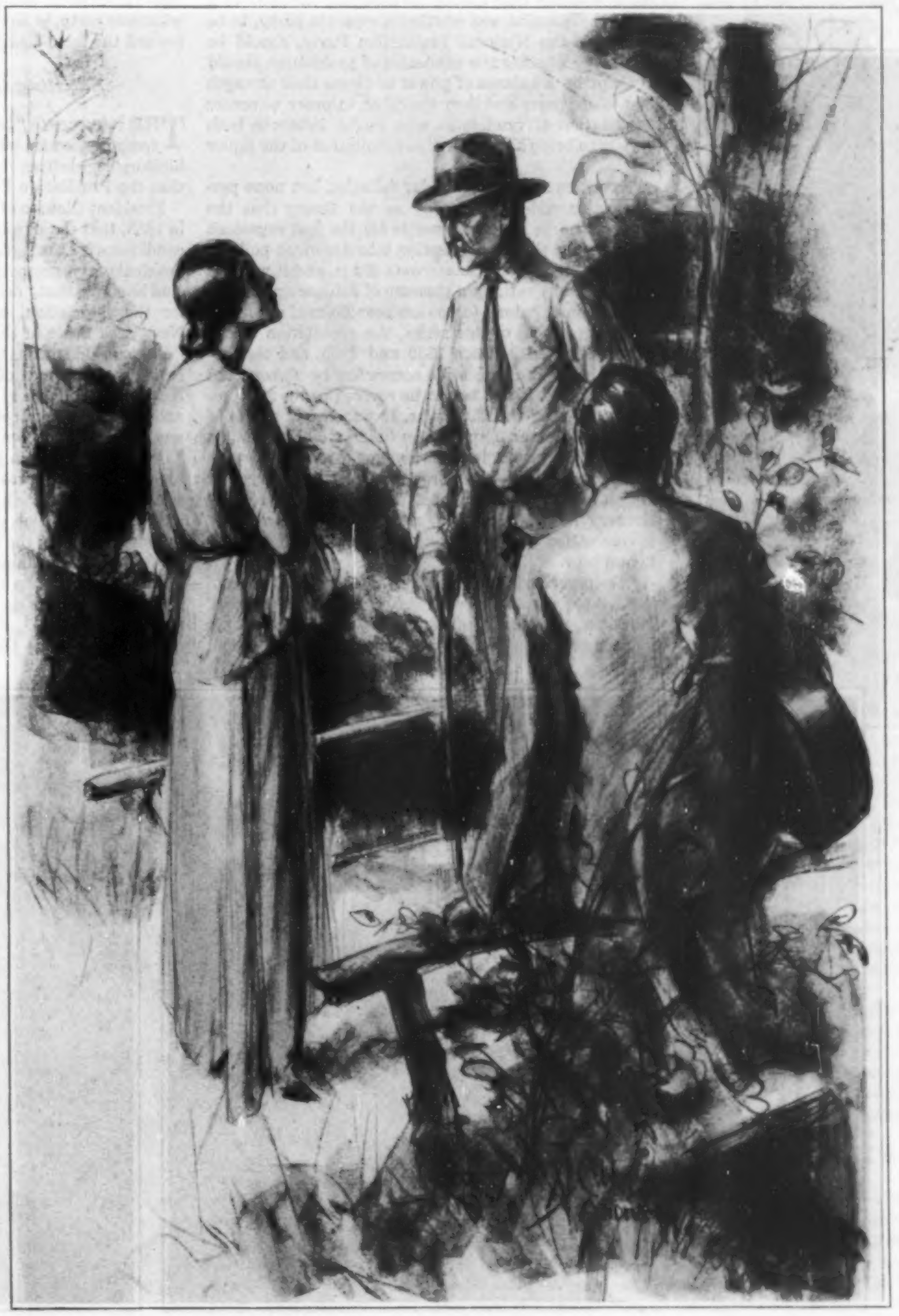
The truth was, he thought, that it took something besides looks to keep a wife comfortably interested in matrimony. He rode up Sachem Street, and men sang out, "Hi, Injun!" if they were his age, and young fellows nodded. A wife was like the rest of your friends; she ought to be glad to see you around. He had found being married very easy and often exciting. His first wife had a habit of cooking uneatable things which she thought he might like, and Mary teased him lots. But divorces always puzzled Lupus somewhat. He wondered if Mr. Appledore's wives had children. Maybe they were dull children, though, and not agreeable like Carolus, or amazing like Henricus Abram, or wildly appalling like Pieter Lupus, who had yelled all last night and had plainly tried to kick his nurse in the face—an extraordinary stunt for a baby just twelve weeks old. Lupus yawned, letting Bohunkus trot out of the town, and sneezed in an immense downfall of light from the west, filling the whole valley and concentrating a fire on the golden vane of the Van Eck stables. The pink stucco of Nick Shuttleworth's palace and its long walls seemed white, and the clay in the ditches was colorless among weeds. Cool last night, but baking hot today. The weeds drooped and —— Hi! There were some asters!

Bohunkus did not approve of his master gathering flowers. He nibbled an aster when Lupus mounted again, and didn't like it. He looked forward very disapprovingly at another horse coming crazily along the dust, and snorted loudly. But Lupus tucked the stalks of all the flowers under an armpit and spun his big horse about and let him have a spur. They came alongside the runaway and the bouncing girl in fifty feet. Some youths on a truck yelled when both horses settled to a walk and the girl simply tumbled off her slanted saddle.

"Give your groom a piece of your mind," Lupus advised, still holding the runaway's head.

"I'd like to give him poison!" she said, sitting on the road. "Look at that saddle! It began turning the minute I mounted. And I'm one of the world's nine worst riders anyhow. And I see why Mr. Shuttleworth was so generous about not charging for the use of his stable! He can afford to throw in his darn horses. That one's got a solid-wood mouth!"

Lupus got down and righted the saddle. The angry kid politely held his bunch of flowers while he stroked the young horse to rights. She had very red hair and lots of freckles. Her hair wasn't so pretty as Red's mysterious hair, but she was a nice-looking girl and she had a mind of her own.



"G'on Up to the House, Daughter, an' Leave Me Talk to This Feller"

(Continued on Page 136)

THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS OF PROHIBITION

—By David Lawrence

The Battles of Organized Politics

TAKING a long look back into history, there was nothing really coherent about the prohibition movement in politics during the forty years that followed the sporadic organization, in 1830, of temperance societies. In fact, prohibition did not become deeply embedded in the political life of the nation until the 70's.

Even this observation is justly open to question when it is discovered that through the whole span of prohibition in America there have been only three states—Idaho, Washington and Utah--where either one of the major parties adopted a platform declaration favoring prohibition before the people by referendum had expressed themselves in favor of it or before a state legislature had enacted a law. And yet no single issue has bored from within and bored from without more consistently and more persistently during this past fifty years, trying to make either one or both of the two old-line parties an instrumentality for the adoption at one time of state and, subsequently, of national prohibition.

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Carry Nation

Militant Brewers

THROUGH all the successive stages of local option, were it precinct or village or town that agreed to abide by a decision of a majority of its voters as to how liquor should be sold, through statewide prohibition which recognized the helplessness of the county, town or precinct as a governmental unit, whatever victories were gained by the advocates of prohibition may be attributed entirely to a peculiar phenomenon of popular government—the referendum.

In all prohibition history it has proved the only instrumentality which has settled, even for a short time, the status of a community on the wet and dry question or the will of a state. Difficult as it has been at times to distinguish between an election in which the personal platform of a candidate made the issue wet or dry, as the case might be, and confusing as it often has been to ascertain the true will of the people on craftily worded propositions submitted to popular vote, it, nevertheless, remains a fact of historical research that the ballot box tells more about the shifting desires of the American people on the liquor traffic than do the platform planks of all the political parties, both in the nation and in the states, for the past hundred years.

It may be a paradox to say that prohibition is not in its truest sense a political issue. This is only because even to this day the question of how to make it an issue has not been any more satisfactorily settled by the leaders of political movements than during the debate of the early 70's, when the question was whether a separate party, to be known as the National Prohibition Party, should be started, or whether the advocates of prohibition should attempt by a balance of power to throw their strength first to one party and then the other, in order to secure the election of candidates who might influence both parties to bring about effective prohibition of the liquor traffic.

There are abundant popular fallacies, but none perhaps is as widespread today as the theory that the aggressive drys were responsible for the first organized effort to put the liquor question into American politics. The truth is that the astute wets did it, and it was not by any means entirely a measure of defense against the prohibition agitators, for, as has been pointed out in the preceding article of this series, the prohibition movement flourished between 1830 and 1855, and then receded, being brushed aside somewhat by slavery and other national issues, not to be revived again until immediately after the Civil War. It was the Congress of the United States, desperate for funds, which passed, on July 1, 1862, an act to raise revenue through the retail sale of liquor, which act brought about, in November of that same year, the organization of the United States Brewers' Association. Year after year the brewers met in convention to try to bring about a reduction in the tax on beer.

"Coöperation is necessary," read the constitution of the United States Brewers' Association. "Owners of breweries, separately, are unable to exercise a proper influence in the legislative and public administration. It appears especially necessary for the brewing trade that its interest be vigorously and energetically prosecuted before the legislative and executive departments, as this branch of business is of considerable political and financial importance, exerting a direct as well as an indirect influence on political and social relations. The maneuvers of the temperance party should be defeated."

It was at the seventh annual convention, in 1867, that the following resolution, reminiscent of the later-day tactics of the Anti-Saloon League, was adopted by the brewers:

"Whereas, the action and influence of the temperance party is in direct opposition to the principles of individual freedom and political equality upon which our American Union is founded; therefore,

"Resolved, That we will use all means to stay the progress of this fanatical party, and to secure our individual rights as citizens, and that we will sustain no candidate, of whatever party, in any election, who is in any way disposed toward the total-abstinence cause."

Enlisting the Power of the Press

THE reference to "temperance party" must have been to temperance men who were, in small groups, urging prohibitory legislation; for it was not until two years later that the Prohibition Party was organized.

President Clausen of the Brewers' Association explained, in 1868, that the purpose of the convention was "to secure candidates for the legislature who would, without regard to political party, promote and protect the brewing interests." And he added that "neither means nor money were spared," for the association, being particularly concerned about New York State in that year, resolved that it would use "all honorable means to deprive the political and puritanical temperance men of the power they have so long exercised in the councils of the political parties in this country, and that for that purpose we will support no candidate for any office who is identified with this element."

And to accomplish these ends a formal resolution with regard to the press was openly proclaimed as follows: "Resolved, That we will patronize and sustain all papers advocating the same views entertained by us."

Four years after the Brewers' Association had organized, we find the New Hampshire state temperance convention urging the voters to run independent candidates "when the existing parties do not put up acceptable candidates"; and again, in 1867, the Pennsylvania state temperance convention took up the challenge.

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS

An Old-Time Saturday Night Behind Swinging Doors

An Old Bowery Bread Line

"If the adversaries of temperance shall continue to receive the aid and countenance of present political parties we shall not hesitate to proceed to break over bonds and seek redress through the ballot box."

And in that very year the Grand Lodge of Good Templars of Pennsylvania, a temperance society, boldly entered the fray in opposition to the brewers with the following resolution:

"Resolved, That as the beer brewers' congress of the United States, at their session in Chicago, and the liquor league of Philadelphia, have declared that they 'will sustain no candidate of whatever party, in any election, who is in any way disposed toward the total-abstinence cause,' we do accept the issue thus made and declare that we will not vote for men who countenance the liquor traffic or degrade their official positions by the use of intoxicating liquors."

Successively in other states—in Ohio, Michigan and New York—the temperance societies took up the famous resolution of the Brewers' Association to enter the political arena, and announced that they accepted the issue and would "meet them at the polls."

The first convention of the National Prohibition Party, in 1869, followed the development of state organizations in three states—Michigan, Illinois and Ohio—two years before. Ohio was the first state to have a ticket, putting on the ballot candidates in a full municipal slate in an effort to combat the liquor traffic in Cleveland. From nineteen different states came delegates, in 1869, to the national convention over which John Russell, who may be said to be the father of the National Prohibition Party, presided.

Slaves Still in Chains

ALL the Chicago papers gave considerable space to the news of the convention, though some of them editorially ridiculed the entire idea of prohibition, arguing that the effect would be to draw temperance votes from the Republican Party and permit the Democrats to win. Reflecting somewhat the sentiment of the liquor traffic in those days, the Chicago Times editorially remarked:

"When our senators and representatives come reeling to their desks in a state of intoxication and when all the avenues of political life are crowded with debauchees, it is idle to hope that prohibitory laws could be enforced."

The platform of 1869 pointed to the unwillingness of the existing parties to adopt an adequate policy and proclaimed the National Prohibition Party as the crusader, with its primary object as "the entire suppression of the traffic in intoxicating drinks." The first official document of the new party was prepared by Gerrit Smith, who was a millionaire Abolitionist and reformer, an associate of John Brown, a noted philanthropist, and a staunch opponent of the liquor traffic.

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A Pre-Volstead Saloon of the Better Class

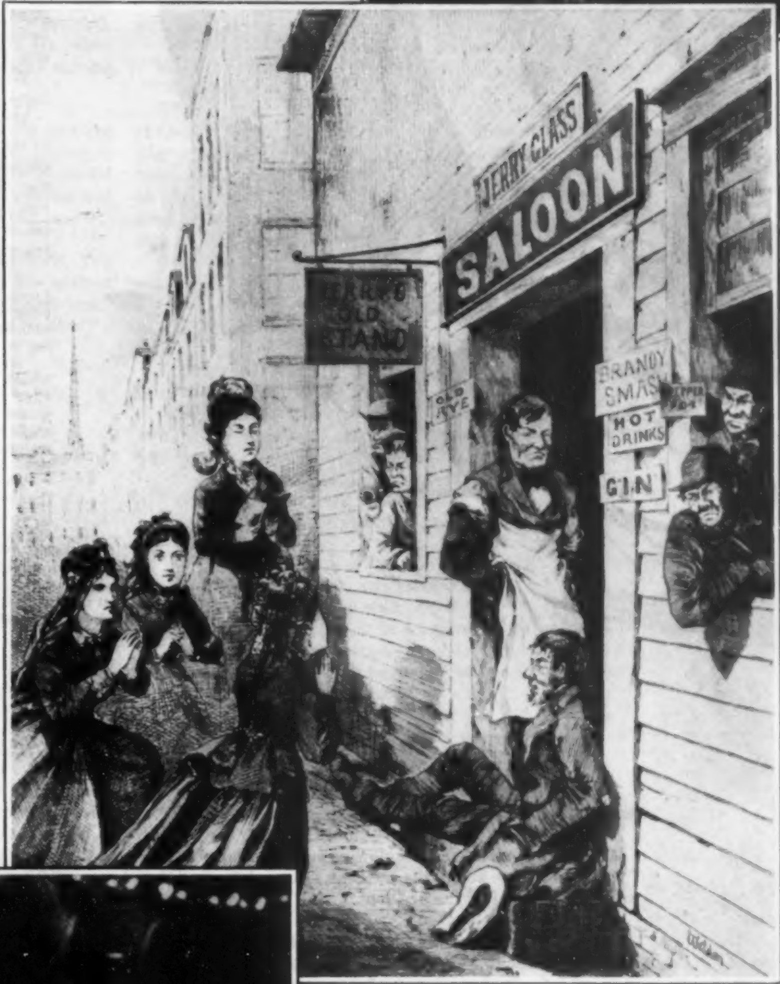


PHOTO. FROM THE NEW YORK DAILY GRAPHIC, MARCH 5, 1874

The Temperance Crusade — Who Will Win?

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS

Waiting in the Snow

"Slavery is gone, but drunkenness stays," he wrote; "there are two millions of drunkards in our land. Counting their wives and children and parents and brothers and sisters, there are at least five millions of people involved in the miseries of drunkenness. One drunkard in a family is enough to make the whole family miserable. Our involuntary slaves are set free, but our millions of voluntary slaves still clang their chains.

"The lot of the literal slave, of him whom others have enslaved, is indeed a hard one; nevertheless, it is a paradise compared with the lot of him who has enslaved himself, especially of him who has enslaved himself to alcohol."

The famous platform of 1872 is significant in that it contained, apart from its recommendation of prohibition, planks advocating the direct election of United States senators as well as woman's suffrage—all three of which were destined later to become parts of the Federal Constitution.

The Personal-Liberty Issue

NO END of controversy was caused by the ambiguous wording of a plank in the Republican national platform of 1872, later known as the Raster resolution, named after its author, Herman Raster, who was the head of the Illinois Staats Zeitung. He declared that the resolution was adopted "with a full and explicit understanding that its purpose was the discountenancing of all so-called temperance and Sunday laws." The text of the resolution is worthy of note, because in it may be seen the first signs of a later-day outcry on the subject of personal liberty, so familiar to the ears of prohibition debaters nowadays:

"The Republican Party proposes to respect the rights reserved by the people to themselves as carefully as the powers delegated by them to the state and the Federal Government. It disapproves of the resort to unconstitutional laws for the purpose of removing evils, by interference with rights not surrendered by the people to either state or National Government."

Mr. Raster declared that reference to those rights of the people which had been delegated to either national or state governments meant that the "right to drink what one pleases and the right to look upon the day on which Christians have their prayer meetings as any other day, were among the rights not delegated by the people, but reserved to themselves."

The Republicans were beginning to be apprehensive about the liquor vote and the plank was supposed to be an effort to offset defections to the Democratic Party, to which the liquor traffic had begun to throw its vote in some states.

There were, on the other hand, the beginnings of minor concessions in states where the prohibitionists were making headway. In a strong Republican district, for example, the prohibitionist nominee drew off a sufficient number of votes from the Republicans so that a Democrat was elected in the Eighth Congressional District of Illinois—a strong Republican district.

We find, in 1871, the United States Brewers' Association resolving:

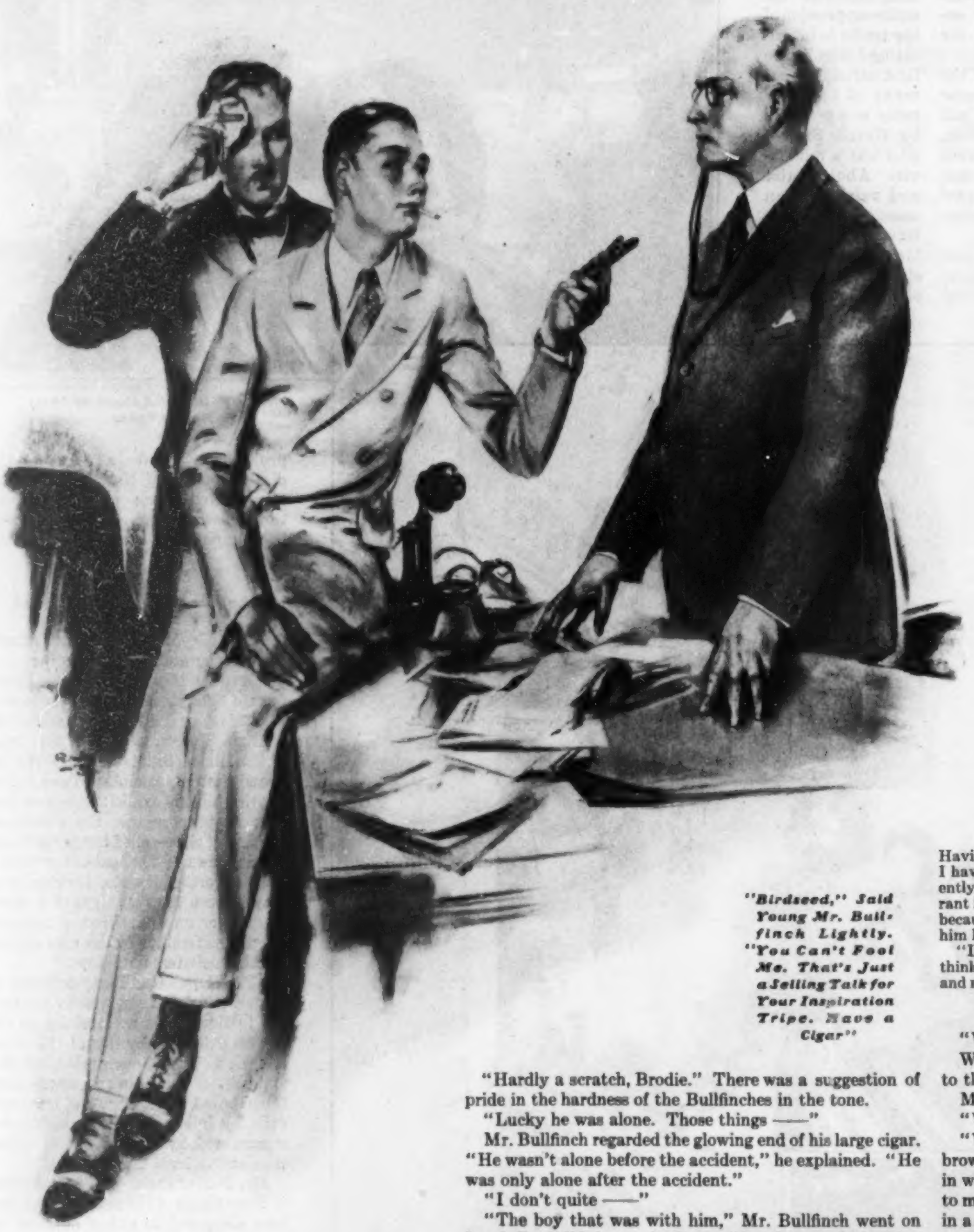
"The Committee on Agitation is hereby authorized and directed to select in each congressional district three brewers residing therein, as a local and provisional organizing committee for such district, whose duty it shall be to organize by means best suited to the locality all the defenders of the rights of man, in order to defeat at all elections any

(Continued on Page 130)

PASS THE PERFECTOS

By Everett Rhodes Castle

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. CROWTHER



"Birdseed," Said Young Mr. Bullfinch Lightly. "You Can't Fool Me. That's Just a Selling Talk for Your Inspiration Tripe. Have a Cigar"

THE reason I am turning the boy over to you, Brodie, is because he is a natural-born advertising man. He is as full of ideas, y'understand, as a cheap pie is full of gelatin. Naturally, at the same time being young an' full of spirits—because what boy ain't, Brodie?—he is also full of a lot of other things that need a little controlling."

Mr. S. Bullfinch, president of Wet Smacks, Inc., makers of that delightful five-cent bar of milk chocolate, raisins and yeast known as Wet Smacks, leaned back in his great leather chair and smiled ingratiatingly.

William Alexander Brodie, vice president and account executive of the Atlas Advertising Agency, nodded uncertainly. Natural-born advertising men who are the sons of influential and substantial advertisers had appeared on the pay roll of the Atlas Advertising Agency, before and after a time had disappeared, leaving behind a troubled wake of lost business and internal dissension.

"I—I thought Jack was still in college," he began.

Mr. Bullfinch nodded. "He was, Brodie, up to a few months ago. But he had a little accident, y'understand, like any high-spirited boy might. He was out to some innocent little party somewhere, and coming home, his roadster jumped over the curb and knocked down a concrete telegraph pole."

"Too bad," murmured Mr. Brodie sympathetically. "Was he hurt very bad?"

"Hardly a scratch, Brodie." There was a suggestion of pride in the hardness of the Bullfinches in the tone.

"Lucky he was alone. Those things ——"

Mr. Bullfinch regarded the glowing end of his large cigar. "He wasn't alone before the accident," he explained. "He was only alone after the accident."

"I don't quite ——"

"The boy that was with him," Mr. Bullfinch went on hurriedly, "didn't stay in the machine the way Jack did—nice an' safe, Brodie. But no, he must go out of the machine an' hit his head on the stone sidewalk, y'understand. Why didn't he stay in the machine? If you an' me are walking down the street, Brodie, an' you leave me an' start to go across the street, an' you get hit by an automobile, am I to blame?"

"Of course not. But ——"

The president of Wet Smacks, Inc., brought his broad hand down on the desk before him with a triumphant thump. "Just what I said, Brodie. I said, when this dean of the college called me up on the long-distance telephone, I said, 'Why should Jack be blamed for what happened to his roommate any more than he should be blamed because the girl in the front seat should insist on sticking her head through the windshield?' Did Jack push her head through the windshield? I asked him. Did he reach around in the rumble seat an' break the other girl's leg, just so she would be able to sue me for twenty-five thousand dollars?"

"So ——"

"And furthermore," pursued Mr. Bullfinch heatedly, "what happened later proves that I was right. If Jack loved this girl so much as she says in her breach-of-promise suit for fifty thousand dollars, why should he want her face all cut up? Rather he should be wanting her to keep beauty cream on her face instead of bandages and plasters."

"Did he love her?" Mr. Brodie inquired sentimentally.

"A chorus girl?" jeered his client. "A cheap little dancer in a twenty-cent vaudeville show? Of course he wrote her a few letters. We were all young once, Brodie. I remember once when I was —— But never mind. The point is, this dean must think all the time of the time when he was never young. He puts Jack out of college as if he was a rose bug in a flower show."

William Alexander Brodie nodded understandingly. "Too bad," he murmured.

Mr. Bullfinch purred. "Maybe you would like to see what I wrote this dean, Brodie," he suggested. "I mean after I got the letter saying Jack was on his way home. I keep the carbon here, just in case somebody should come along asking me to give money to a college, or something. Listen to this, Brodie.

"*Dear Dean:* I have your letter about my boy Jack. I note what you say about his running into the concrete telegraph pole. Also I note what you say in regard to such little things as being arrested five times for speeding in two months and not enough credits.

"In the first place, allow me to say, dean, that if you would have taken the trouble to look me up personally, or the Wet Smack Corporation either, you would have seen in a few seconds that the Bullfinch credit is AA-1 and that, according to our latest financial statement, current assets are six times current liabilities. So much for that.

"Further, dean, I will not bother to point out to you that our company have been advertisers in the yearbook for three years steady, but will only say that in any modern establishment the customer is always right. Having spent over eleven thousand dollars with you, I feel that I have the right to be called a customer by your college. Apparently, however, dean, in this case, if you were running a restaurant instead of a college, and a customer was to send back a steak because it was too rare, you would simply keep his money and tell him he couldn't even have noodles.

"Let me close by saying that as far as I am concerned, dean, I think that a college is for the purpose of educating young men, and not for the purpose of watching how fast an automobile goes.

"Sincerely yours,
"S. BULLFINCH.

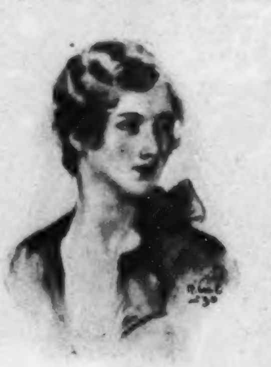
"What do you think of that, eh, Brodie?"

William Alexander Brodie coughed. "Very—very much to the point," he acknowledged.

Mr. Bullfinch smiled.

"Where—where is Jack now?"

"Why, didn't you know?" Mr. Bullfinch lifted his heavy brows. "Why, right here in the plant. At first I put him in with McDonald in the sales department, but Mac came to me a month later an' said that the boy was being wasted in a sales department. Too bright! Too full of ideas. So I put him in with Boynton in the advertising department."



Miss Elwell

"The advertising department," mused Mr. Brodie aloud, and shuddered inwardly.

"Sure." Mr. Bullfinch lit a fresh cigar from the frayed remnants of the old and smiled again. "That's why I called you up an' asked you to stop around. Boynton was just in to see me. He says, y'understand, that Jack's talent is being wasted where he is. That—that he needs wider opportunities. So I thought of you, Brodie. I said to myself, I said, 'The Atlas is always looking for new talent—they are always telling me—so why not, seeing how good friends we are, give them first chance?' How's that, Brodie?"

"Very kind." Mr. Brodie tried to smile appreciatively.

"Good. I'll ——"

"I'll be glad to take the matter up with Mr. Byrd," his advertising counsel assured him quickly, almost desperately.

"We—we are overmanned right at the moment, but perhaps—that is, in the near future ——"

Mr. Bullfinch said nothing.

Mr. Brodie's hands fluttered nervously. "What I mean is ——"

Mr. Bullfinch picked up a letter from a pile of papers on the desk before him and began to read it, coldly.

"—— I am sure Mr. Byrd will be glad to have Jack with us, even if we are overmanned."

Mr. Bullfinch dropped the letter and the warming light of fellowship began to glow once more in his beady little eyes. He reached over and began to pump his advertising counsel's hand vigorously.

"It's just like I was telling the desk sergeant over to the Nineteenth Precinct police station the other night," he declared. "What we need is more standing together. I said to the sergeant, I said: 'Listen! What if the boy did go through a coupla red lights? Did he hurt anybody? And as far as the pie wagon is concerned, maybe the wheel was loose, anyway.'"

II

MR. T. TATTERSAL BYRD was in the midst of writing an article for the Inspirational Monthly entitled, The Little Woman, What She Means to All of Us, when the door was hastily thrown open and the bushy auburn head of William Alexander Brodie appeared.

"He's here, chief," he announced.

As the head of the Atlas Advertising Agency and the beloved apostle of Better Thinking and Better Living to hundreds of thousands of magazine readers, Mr. Byrd did not care for the informality of doors hastily opened and voices tossed through the aperture. He frowned.

"Who is where?" he inquired acidly.

"Young Bullfinch. You said when he arrived you wanted to see him."

"What is he like?"

William Alexander Brodie advanced into the room with dramatic slowness. He leaned forward, supported by broad palms, on the desk of the chief, when that impressive article of furniture was reached.

"The first thing he tried to do when he arrived was to make an engagement for dinner with Miss Elwell on the information desk." As a bachelor of backward tendencies, Mr. Brodie could not keep out of his voice the horror of a stranger walking into an office and asking a girl he had never met to go to dinner with him.

T. Tattersal Byrd laid his pipe down on the desk.

"We cannot permit that sort of thing, Brodie," he said sharply. "This young man must be brought to time."

"Of course he must," his junior agreed firmly.

"He must understand that at once."

"Immediately," echoed Mr. Brodie.

"On the other hand," murmured his chief meditatively, "we can't afford to have any unpleasantness. We must bear in mind that his good will is extremely valuable in retaining a million and a half in billing. We must—er-r—be gentle but firm."

"His father wishes us to make a weekly report of his progress," said Mr. Brodie.

"A matter we must handle very diplomatically."

Mr. Brodie nodded. "Right, chief."

"Bring him in."

When William Alexander Brodie returned with the scion of the House of Bullfinch, he found T. Tattersal Byrd so engrossed in a mass of papers that several minutes elapsed before the great man became aware of their presence. Then, as his associate introduced the dark young man with the sleek black hair and the widely flaring soft collar, he arose and held out his hand.

"Welcome to the fraternity of Atlas, Mr. Bullfinch," he said cordially. "It is a pleasure to have you with us. I hope we may look forward to a long and pleasant relationship, eh, Brodie?"

"Indeed, yes."

Young Mr. Bullfinch took the outstretched hand and grinned.

"Hello, Byrd," he said easily. "Glad to meet you. The fact is I've wanted to meet you ever since I knew who you were."

About to stiffen at the breezy informality of the introduction, Mr. Byrd smiled gently. Young men who wanted to meet great writers were always pleasant to meet—if common.

"You don't look a bit like I expected," went on young Mr. Bullfinch, and grinned again.

"Well, well," murmured Mr. Byrd.

Young Mr. Bullfinch lit a cigarette. "How do you get away with it?" he asked admiringly.

Mr. Brodie coughed warningly as the rich red blood crept into his chief's face.

"I—I beg your pardon?"

"All this hooey," he explained, "about the uplifted little faces and the lessons my old mother taught me."

"I think ——" Mr. Brodie put in swiftly.

"My writing ——" his chief put in frigidly.

But young Mr. Bullfinch did not want to be misunderstood. "Don't get me wrong," he interrupted. "I admire you for it." T. Tattersal Byrd's face cleared slightly. "It's the poor saps that eat it up that give me the big laugh. We used to bust our sides about it at school." Young Mr. Bullfinch laughed heartily at the recollection. He seemed totally unconscious of the terrible silence which followed.

Mr. Brodie wiped his moist brow. The ticking of the little Swiss desk clock seemed like the clang of some mighty strip mill.

T. Tattersal Byrd finally stood up.

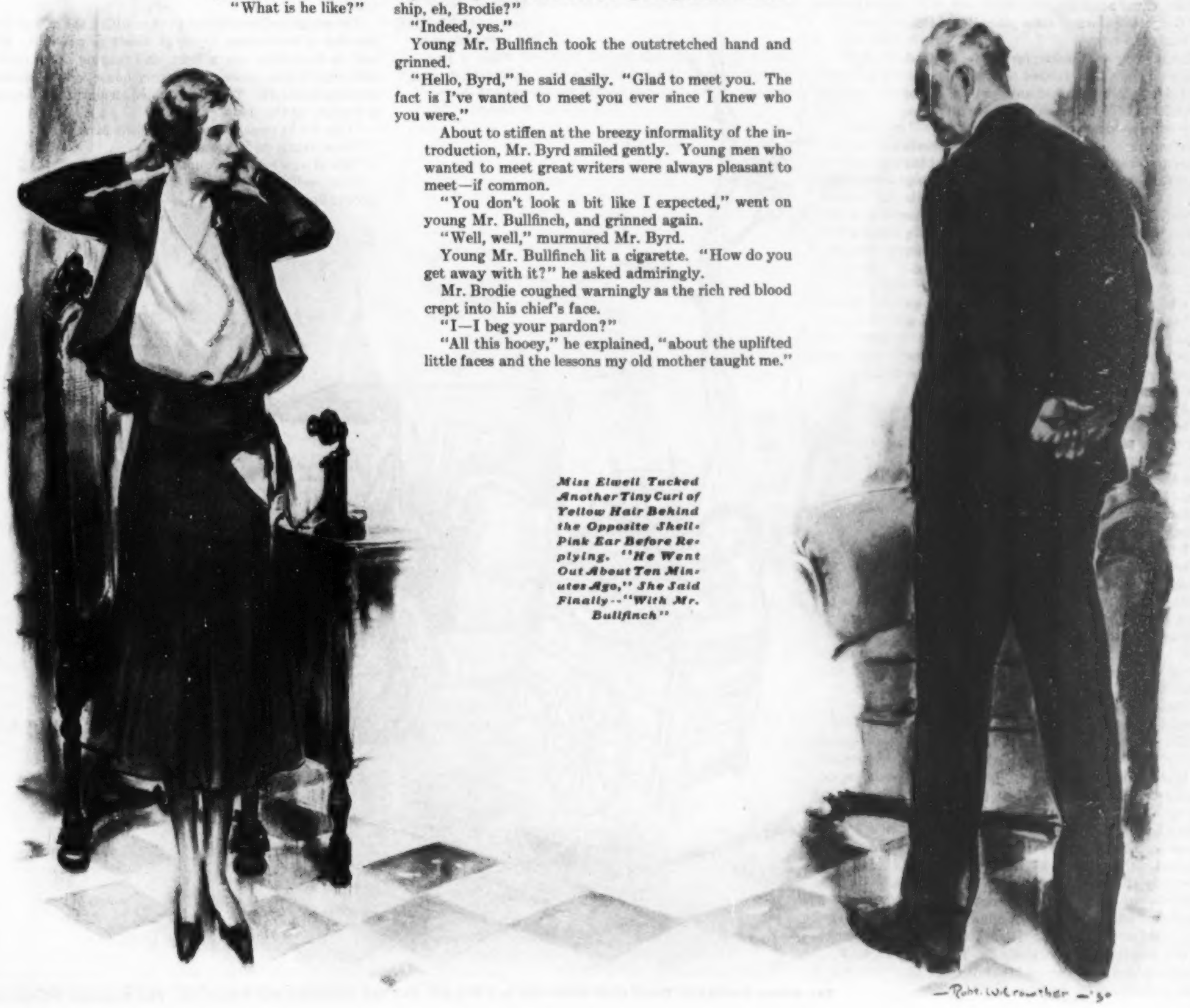
"Young man," he said, "only the great respect and friendship which I have for your father, plus your extreme youth, prevents me from answering you as you should be answered."

"Birdseed," said young Mr. Bullfinch lightly. "You can't fool me. That's just a selling talk for your inspiration tripe. Have a cigar."

Before the president of the Atlas Advertising Agency could formulate a refusal frigid enough to cover the circumstances, he found a cigar in his hand and young Mr. Bullfinch regarding him triumphantly.

"You see! Get the point, Byrd? I held out two cigars and asked you to take one. Your eyes guided your choice and, instead of taking the one without the band, your eyes, as I said, guided your choice and you took the one with the red-and-gold band. I've been studying advertising, and it's elemental. Now if we had attractive colors on our Wet Smack labels, the same thing would occur. Get the idea? What do you think of it?"

(Continued on Page 143)

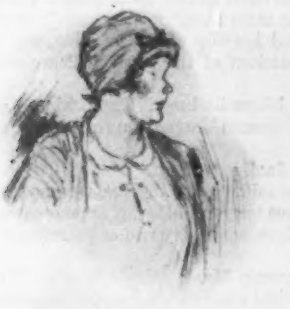


Miss Elwell Tucked Another Tiny Curl of Yellow Hair Behind the Opposite Shell-Pink Ear Before Replying. "He Went Out About Ten Minutes Ago," She Said Finally—"With Mr. Bullfinch"

F. O. B.

By ANNE CAMERON

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN



"Do You Want a Cook or Somebody to Do Washing?" Asked Mrs. Allen

OVER the wide bed of the desert a buff counterpane of sand, patterned with round yellow-green creosote bush and blue-green spiky ocatilla and brown-green crested Joshua trees, was stretched taut and firmly tucked in under the carved footboard that was the mountains. Here and there its surface was wrinkled by dry watercourses where horned toads and rattlesnakes were one with rock and sand. And crawling across the counterpane like—but why carry a simile too far? Moving slowly across the desert that July afternoon was a car containing Mrs. Allen and her three children, Pete, Bunny and Buster; and behind the car was a trailer carrying Gambler, their goat, on the last heat of a much-broken trip to California.

Each time they approached a wash their voices swelled hopefully, only to diminish ruefully when they saw that it was dry. Steam rose from the uncapped radiator, and from the hood, which was wired open to catch the air, came acrid smoke.

"We gotta get water some place," said Pete anxiously.

The steam grew thicker, forcing its way out with a violence that rattled the floor boards.

"I don't dare push her any further," Pete decided. "We'll just have to sit here till somebody comes along with some water."

He pulled to one side, leaving two wheels on the pavement for traction, and pushed his cap down over his eyes to temper the glaring light. His chin dropped and he slept. His mother, sitting beside him, endeavored to take up the watch, but soon she was snoring in a syncopated sort of way. Buster had been sleeping for hours on a mound of grimy bedding, so that only Bunny was left awake.

"I've got to watch and see if any cars go by," she said aloud. "I'll play my harmonica to keep awake."

She went through her entire repertory, encoring herself freely, but the three snorers were like a rival orchestra.

"Aw, keep still!" she said crossly, dropping her harmonica. Streams of sweat tickled her in a dozen places. She ripped off her dress and sat in her underwear. The sun slanted in at the right side of the car and burned her skin. She squirmed fretfully, noticing the shadow under the trailer. It was the coolest-looking spot in sight.

"I can watch just as good from there."

She spread a blanket under the trailer, and, reclining on one elbow, she played her harmonica again. But there were more rests than notes, and between winks the highway looked more and more like a broken line.

Pete woke with a jerk as a horn sounded beside him.

"Everybody dead here?" asked a man cheerfully.

"No, but I guess we all went to sleep," said Pete. "We've run out of water."

"Water, eh? That's bad. I can't spare you a drop, kid, but I'll tow you till we come to a ranch or something."

Pete having produced the tow rope which was so essential a part of the Allen car, and attached it, they started off so easily that Mrs. Allen did not even wake. But presently Pete heard, above her snores, disquieting shrieks behind them. He looked back. A hundred yards away loped a wild, half-naked figure with arms waving, receding into the background as their speed increased. Pete pressed the horn, but no sound came from its dry throat.

"Mister, wait!" he yelled to the car ahead, but the driver did not hear.

Mrs. Allen sat up and rubbed her eyes. "What—what's the matter?"

Pete pointed behind them excitedly. "Somebody's chasing us. I think it's a crazy man."

Mrs. Allen stuck her head out. "My land, he's wild! Look at them arms! They say they go crazy without water sometimes. Can't you go faster, Pete?"

The flailing figure in the road grew smaller. They sighed with relief.

"It seems kind of mean to go off and leave him, even if he is crazy," said Mrs. Allen, "but I got to think about my family first."

"We'll send somebody back from the next town to capture him," said Pete. "Maybe there'll be a reward for him."

"Is he still coming?"

"Don't be scared, mom. He can't catch up with us."

Just then the tow rope broke. Pete and Mrs. Allen stared at each other.

She pressed the mute horn and he stepped on the starter, with no result. Their unwitting pilot passed out of the picture.

"Get out and crank," said Mrs. Allen excitedly.

Pete hesitated, looking fearfully over his shoulder. Then he stepped over the door, brandishing the crank.

"I'll knock him cold with this if he catches up with us."

"My gosh, Pete, get it started instead of gaping there!"

For Pete was looking down the road with his hand shading his eyes.

"See if Bunny's in the back seat," he said slowly.

"Where else would she be?"

"Well, look and see."

"She's fell out!" wailed Mrs. Allen. "Poor little Bunny! There's no use of us going to Hollywood without her."

Pete grinned. "That ain't no crazy man after us. It's her. I can tell by her knock-knees."

"Then what did you go and say it was a crazy man for?"

"She sure looked like it. Golly, I'll bet she's mad!"

"I don't see anything funny about it, Pete Allen. Where'd she of been at if that rope hadn't went and broke?"

But Pete's laughter, starting on a bass note and breaking into a treble snicker, reached his sister's ears. Her black eyes blazed in her crimson face.

"Wait till I get hold of you, Pete Allen!" she gasped, falling in a sticky heap beside the car. "You did that on purpose."

"Aw, I never did. How'd I know you was out of the car?"

Her mother fanned her with a tin plate.

"I want a drink."

"I don't know where you're going to get it. If we had any water, we'd have to give it to the car, but we ain't got some," said Pete.

"This family's been in lots of trouble before," said Mrs. Allen dispiritedly, "but nothin' like this. There's always been the charities, or a filling station, or something we could go to, but here there ain't even a house in sight."

It began to be a little cooler. A wind, swishing in from the north, blew out the sun as if it had been a candle and stirred the quick desert dusk. The wilted Allens revived.

"I'm going to try her again," said Pete. "Gimme the crank."

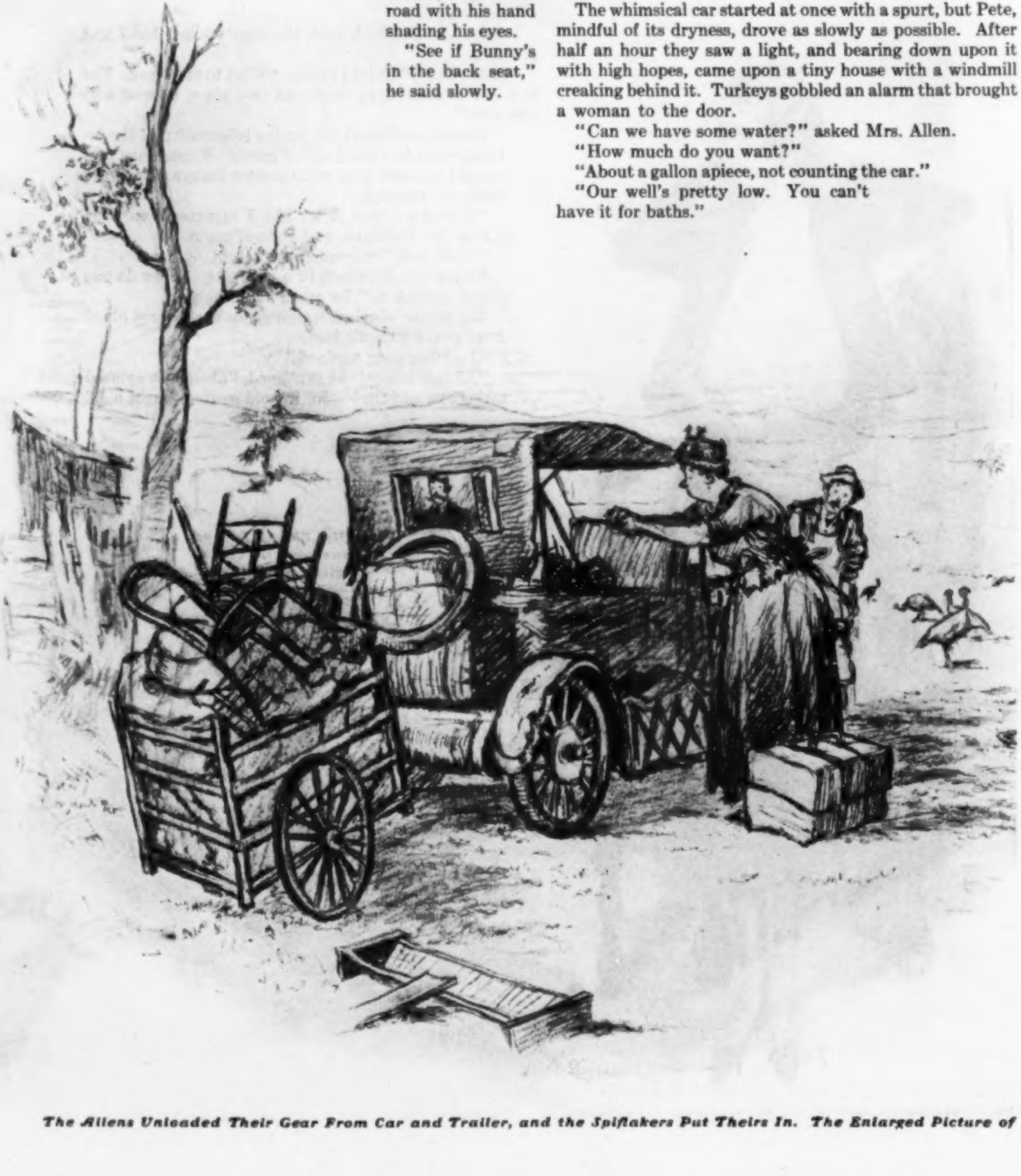
The whimsical car started at once with a spurt, but Pete, mindful of its dryness, drove as slowly as possible. After half an hour they saw a light, and bearing down upon it with high hopes, came upon a tiny house with a windmill creaking behind it. Turkeys gobbled an alarm that brought a woman to the door.

"Can we have some water?" asked Mrs. Allen.

"How much do you want?"

"About a gallon apiece, not counting the car."

"Our well's pretty low. You can't have it for baths."



The Allens Unloaded Their Gear From Car and Trailer, and the Spiflakers Put Theirs In. The Enlarged Picture of

"Do we look like we'd waste water thataway?"

"No, you don't," said the woman judicially, as her husband joined her, carrying a lamp. "Well, go round in back and we'll give you some."

They dipped water with broken cups and glasses from an olla hanging under the palm-thatched eaves.

"It's got medicine in it," complained Buster.

"Alkali," said the woman. "Won't hurt you."

Mrs. Allen drank copiously and wiped her mouth on the back of her hand. "Say, can we camp here tonight? We won't steal anything."

"Got any man along?"

"Only me," said Pete, in a voice unexpectedly gone treble.

"What's your name?"

"Mrs. Allen. These are my kids."

"Widow?"

"Yes. I'm on my way to California."

"You're there now."

"That's right. I got so used to saying that for the last year that I keep right on. But we're going to Hollywood."

The man and the woman exchanged glances.

"Going to buy property there?"

"Not till I look around. I'm going to put Bunny—that's my girl—into the movies; and Pete—the big boy—he's going to work at the lion farm."

"Come inside and eat your supper," said the woman affably. "Meet my husband," she said, indicating the man with the lamp. "Our name's Spiflaker."

There were chairs enough for the adults, and the children flopped thankfully on the floor.

"You've got a real nice little place here," said Mrs. Allen politely as she spread out a supper of canned corn and soda crackers.

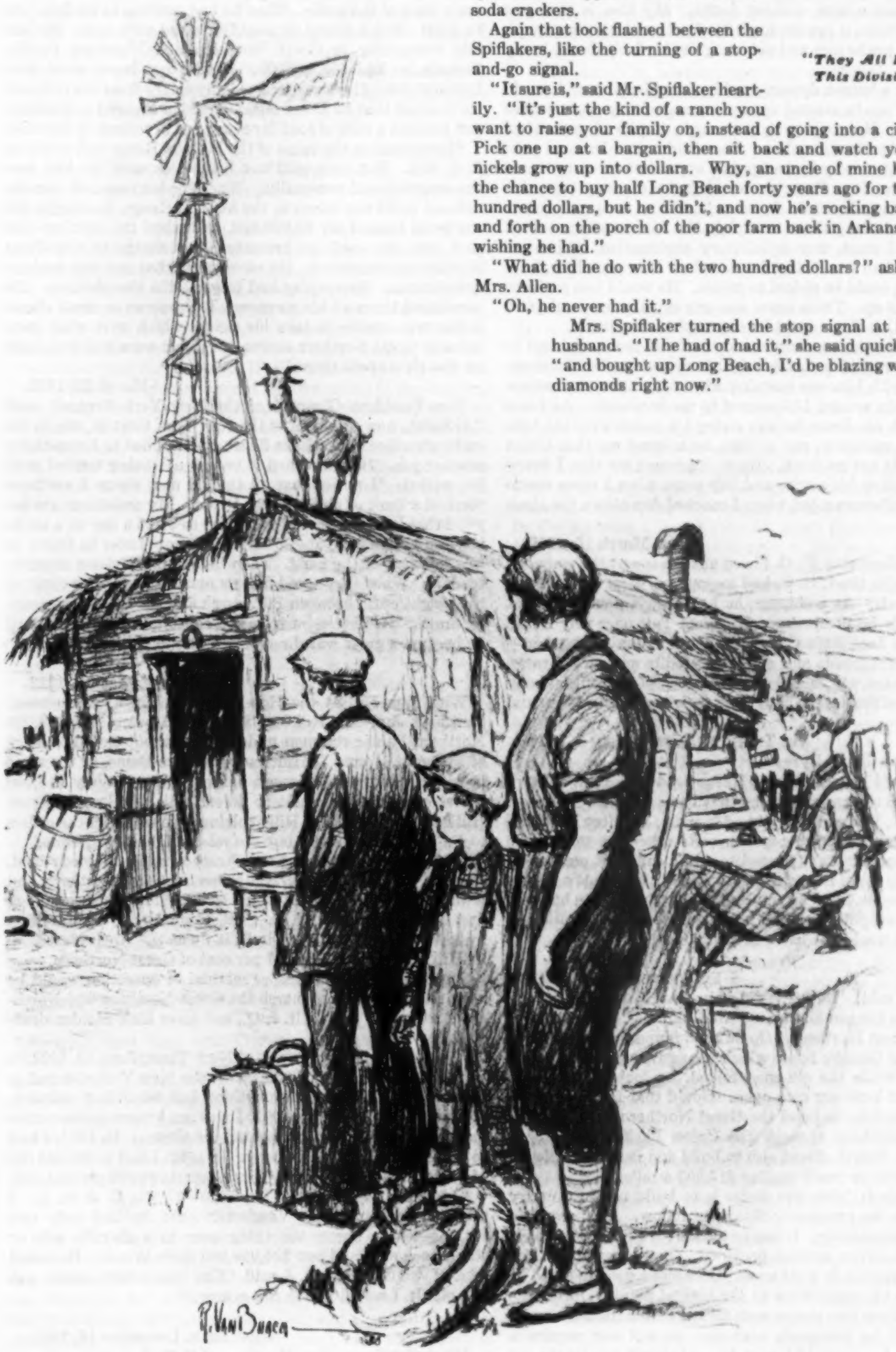
Again that look flashed between the Spiflakers, like the turning of a stop-and-go signal.

"It sure is," said Mr. Spiflaker heartily. "It's just the kind of a ranch you want to raise your family on, instead of going into a city. Pick one up at a bargain, then sit back and watch your nickels grow up into dollars. Why, an uncle of mine had the chance to buy half Long Beach forty years ago for two hundred dollars, but he didn't, and now he's rocking back and forth on the porch of the poor farm back in Arkansas, wishing he had."

"What did he do with the two hundred dollars?" asked Mrs. Allen.

"Oh, he never had it."

Mrs. Spiflaker turned the stop signal at her husband. "If he had of had it," she said quickly, "and bought up Long Beach, I'd be blazing with diamonds right now."



Willie, Sitting Upright in the Back Seat, Seemed to Stare at the Great, Wide, Beautiful, Wonderful World

"They All Know Me," Said O'Malley Complacently. "I've Been on This Division Pretty Near Twinty Years. There Ain't Annything the Boys Won't Do for Me"

Mr. Spiflaker waited impatiently for the go signal. "It learned me a lesson. We've bought this little ranch, and we'll live to see the day when there's a six-story building on it."

"And while we're waiting we're going to get rich raising dates," said Mrs. Spiflaker.

Pete looked up with sudden interest from his dish of cold canned corn. "Do you mean dates that you eat?"

"I sure do."

"Are they ripe now?"

"Well, no," admitted Mr. Spiflaker. "We ain't got round to planting them yet. We've only been here six months. But you just oughta see the date groves around Indio."

"Show her the books the agent gave us, Spiflaker."

Mr. Spiflaker brought out a worn brochure that was an excellent example of color printing and color language, a masterpiece from the pen of one of those subtitle poets elbowed off the screen by the talkies. Pegasus soared with a commercial license at head and tail. There were photographs of real groves a hundred miles away, and imaginary portraits of lusty oases yet unborn to the barren sands.

"Now, this here is what the ranch is going to look like," said Mr. Spiflaker. "Look at them dates hanging from the trees, and then think what you pay for them in the stores! How many pounds of dates would you say was on that tree, Mrs. Allen?"

Mrs. Allen looked at the burdened tree. "About half a ton?"

"All right. And they bring forty cents a pound in the stores. You know that. Figure it out yourself."

Pete ciphered painfully on the margin of a newspaper. "Four hundred dollars."

"Wait a minute—wait a minute. That's only one tree. We got two acres here, and we ought to get in a hundred trees to the acre easy. Put that down."

In his excitement Pete pressed down so hard that he broke the pencil, and there was a moment's delay while Mr. Spiflaker sharpened it. They sat tense, like spectators at the movies twenty years ago, waiting while the reel was changed. Pete took up the tale.

"Hold on, you got too many naughts there," said Mr. Spiflaker. He spread them out like beads on a string, pointed off two places and added a dollar sign. "Read that, Mrs. Allen."

"I ain't very good at figures. You read it."

"Eighty thousand dollars," said Mr. Spiflaker solemnly.

Mrs. Allen blinked. By concentrating she could realize eighty dollars as a tangible roll of grimy, greenish bills, but any ciphers to the right of it were segments of infinity as far as she was concerned.

"Think of that, Pete! And I spose we could eat all the dates we wanted, besides."

Pete scowled. "No, we'd have to set a limit to what Bunny could eat. We couldn't make nothing if we didn't stop her. She'd eat her way through one of these here naughts in a day."

Bunny slept on, unaware of the embargo to be laid on her appetite. Mr. Spiflaker pushed the paper away resignedly.

"Don't it seem cruel that we've got to sacrifice a chance like that?" he asked.

(Continued on Page 68)

THEY TOLD BARRON

Notes of an American Pepys in Wall Street—

COPYRIGHT BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO., N. Y. C.

W. Averell Harriman

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROS., N. Y. C.

E. H. Harriman

PHOTO. FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC., N. Y. C.

S. Davies Warfield

PHOTO. BY BAIN NEWS SERVICE, N. Y. C.

J. J. Hill

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E. T. Stotesbury

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROS., N. Y. C.

Judge Gary

NOTE: Either in retrospect or person, here appear many of the great figures in the stirring drama of American transportation: James J. Hill, E. H. Harriman, Jay Gould and John M. Forbes among the pioneers; A. H. Smith, C. S. Mellen, S. Davies Warfield and Frederick H. Prince in the next generation; and, in the present generation, W. Averell Harriman and the Van Sweringens. In the world of steel, Schwab's story of his rise distills the very essence of American life, which is opportunity. Also, we have Judge Gary's story of the acquiring of Tennessee Coal and Iron by the U. S. Steel Corporation during 1907.

NEW YORK, June 1, 1915.

SPENT about an hour with Judge Lovett at the Union Pacific office. Judge Lovett said: "I would never write an estimate of Harriman for Mrs. Harriman. As a woman, she would not appreciate the facts I set down. Harriman was not a man without faults. My idea is that you praise Harriman if you set forth his faults and his great qualities, but to praise him and not recognize his faults is not in my line.

"He was a human dynamo and had wonderful confidence in himself. When he started upon a course, nobody could swerve him from it. He would go right through, despite all opposition, and carry the situation alone. He would not understand public sentiment or why he had public opposition in many cases. He took the San Francisco earthquake disaster upon his shoulders single-handed. It never fazed him for a moment.

"We tried many times to explain the Alton matter, but we never could reach any satisfactory explanation. When we thought we had something, I would show Harriman how, from the facts, it could be picked to pieces. He would lose patience and throw it up. There never was any explanation made, and I do not think there could be any explanation made.

"Harriman was an enormous operator at times, and had he not been a very rich man he might have gone under. I remember being with him one morning when his orders to purchase Union Pacific around 145 seemed to me enormous. As I was with him at his house he was giving his orders over the telephone. In answer to my protest, he assured me that Union Pacific could not go down. He so impressed me that I determined to follow his advice and buy some when I came downtown that afternoon, yet when I reached downtown the stock was 125."

PARIS, March 10, 1919.

With Ambassador W. G. Sharp and his son at the embassy. Sharp thought the I. C. C. had measurably hurt the roads by their methods. As a shipper, he had always demanded that the railroads be prosperous. He asked Taft once why he did not tell the Interstate Commerce Commission what to do—support the railroads and get them credits and proper rates. Taft's response was that the I. C. C. was, of any official body in the United States, the body most jealous of its functions and prerogatives.

ON TRAIN TO BOSTON, July 8, 1920.

With Timothy E. Byrnes.

He said: "I joined the New Haven road at the invitation of Mellen, with the understanding that I was to be his successor. Theodore N. Vail and I were good friends. He often called me up and we rode uptown together. He asked me to join the telephone company and agreed to add a sufficient amount to my salary to make it attractive. I might have made a failure of it, or a success, but Vail and I were always agreed on business principles and policies. But I was afflicted with a notion of loyalty and would not leave Mellen."

S. S. OLYMPIC, May 7, 1921.

Sam Hill said: "Jay Gould was in charge of the Union Pacific and the Oregon Short Line when James J. Hill started to build his Great Northern. Gould soon found out. There was a meeting at Gould's house which young George Gould and I attended. While the old men talked, we looked out of the window, but kept our ears open. Gould told Hill it was not necessary for him to build the Great Northern and he would arrange everything through the Union Pacific and Oregon Short Line. Gould offered also to build and issue securities at $30,000 a mile on roads costing $15,000 a mile.

"Hill replied: 'Our one desire is to build up the country and share in the prosperity that must follow. A railroad is a tax on the community. It has no reason for going there unless to perform a service not now provided. Give a carpenter a dull tool and he cannot do good work. Give him a good tool and he can exercise his capabilities to the highest point. During the lifetime of these two young men all the traffic from the coast country will be low-grade tonnage. It will not require a packing-box buggy and Morgan horse, but will require the old horse and dray. We should build our railroad through and capitalize it for exactly what it costs—not a dollar more nor a dollar less—and hope to share in the prosperity that is to follow. I will not join with you in a real-estate speculation, for a real-estate speculation is not a railroad.'

"Jay Gould said: 'Will you take me in as a partner?'

"Hill said: 'All our stockholders are partners. There is no inside deal. Our stock is on the Exchange, and we shall be glad to have you as a partner.'"

S. S. OLYMPIC, May 9, 1921.

Sam Hill said: "In May, 1890, James J. Hill told me: 'We are going to have a panic next September. It will take five years to get over it.' He had advices daily from every capital of Europe. At that time he predicted within four days the exact date of the panic. Then he had nothing in his box. As he said: 'Not a pound of meal.' He had only cash. He had sold everything in Great Northern and Northern Pacific. Perhaps he had $50,000,000. He did not leave more than $100,000,000. He never received any salary from the railroad. He boasted that he never raised a rate or lowered a dividend, and he built a mile of road for every day in control of the road.

"I reported on the value of the Mesaba Range and sold it to J. J. Hill. But he would not believe us until he had seen the range himself personally. When the lawyers told him the railroad could not invest in the Mesaba Range, he bought the ore lands himself for $3,000,000, and when the earnings had paid out the cost, he presented the shares to the Great Northern shareholders. He never permitted any side deals or speculations. Everything had to go to the shareholders. He considered them all his partners. If a woman or small shareholder was unable to take his rights, which were what gave value to Great Northern shares, the rights were sold and check for the rights sent them."

March 23, 1922.

Vice President Glennon, of the New York Central, said: "Al Smith, now president of the New York Central, was in the auditor's office of the Lake Shore, and applied to Kenneth for another job. He was asked if he was not being treated well. He replied: 'I notice that all the old men where I am have reached a limit of about $3000 a year. My ambitions are beyond that.' So Smith was promoted to $1.25 a day as a member of a bridge gang at Adrian, Michigan. Later he found he was foreman of the gang. Then he became division superintendent. When they could find no man on the line to clear up the freight crush between Pittsburgh and the Lakes, they sent for Smith. He did the business and continued to advance until he became a great war director of railroad operations."

PARIS, May 15, 1922.

With Sam Hill at the Hotel Plaza-Athénée for luncheon. Sam says James J. Hill had $42,000,000 out of $80,000,000 Northern Pacific common under lock without the knowledge of Morgan. James J. Hill was at Aix-les-Bains, at the same hotel with Morgan. Morgan ordered Baker to buy 140,000 shares of Northern Pacific to defend Hill, not knowing that Hill had control. When Hill explained the situation the orders to Baker were canceled, but the mischief had been done.

Lord Mount Stephen, Lord Strathcona, J. Kennedy Tod, James J. Hill and one other controlled the Great Northern, and it was agreed that Sam Hill should be J. J. Hill's successor. They first scaled the stock of St. Paul, Minneapolis, & Manitoba by $8,000,000. They then built it up as the Great Northern. At Hill's death he had only 7 per cent of Great Northern.

Sam Hill thinks the proper method of operation would be now, under the law, to merge the Great Northern and Northern Pacific into the C., B. & Q., and have Hale Holden operate it.

NEW YORK, June 19, 1922.

A. H. Smith said: "I came with the New York Central in 1902, and have been doing nothing but rebuilding railroads ever since. Of course, in 1902, I was not known as the active man, but I was the pusher behind the throne. In 1907, I had to rebuild the Boston & Albany. In 1912, I had to rebuild the Michigan Central. The New York Central owns 90 per cent of it.

"In 1913, I tackled the Big Four—C., C., C. & St. L. I returned and told Mr. Vanderbilt that he had only two options—either throw the thing over to a sheriff's sale or stand back of it and put $25,000,000 more into it. He asked what I would advise. I said 'The Vanderbilts never yet defaulted; I would put in the money.'"

NEW YORK, December 16, 1922.

Mitchell tells me that Harding, of C. D. Barney, was summoned by E. H. Harriman, and found him at his home in his

EDITED BY ARTHUR POUND AND SAMUEL TAYLOR MOORE

Pioneers of Transport and Men of Steel

bathtub, with the telephone in his hand. Harriman said, "Harding, if I give some business, will Frick know all about it?"

Harding replied: "He will know just about as much about it as you know about what I do for Mr. Frick."

The business proceeded. Harding called every morning on Harriman at his home for orders before he came downtown. Always, at that time, Harriman was in the bathtub, and that's where the business was done.

S. S. OLYMPIC, February 16, 1923.

F. H. Prince says: "I have owned forty-six railroads and built four. There are five lines from Omaha to Chicago. On the pro rata with the Union Pacific, they should get 22 per cent, but the Union Pacific only gives them 14 per cent. Every railroad between Chicago and Omaha is busted because it does not get proper division. That is what is busting the Boston & Maine and the New Haven.

"The railroads were left by the Government in good condition. For the first time they had money to spend, and they spent it and improved their position."

ABOUT January 3, 1923.

S. Davies Warfield tells me: "The case of the railroads is getting stronger every day, but getting worse in politics and at Washington."

NEW YORK, September 4, 1924.

Breakfasted at 8:30 A.M. at the Commodore with Guy Currier and O. P. and M. J. Van Sweringen. Received confidential plans which had been tentatively agreed to before Smith's death for an arrangement between the four trunk-line systems, under which B. & O. was to get Jersey Central and Reading, but giving Pennsylvania and New York Central the terminal and other facilities over it they desire. Mr. Rea, of the Pennsylvania, originally desired neutralization of the Reading and Jersey Central System, but Willard demanded Reading for the B. & O. Lehigh Valley will probably go to New York Central, which will also get its short cut-offs to the coal fields. Rea, of the Pennsylvania, wanted New York Central to give up Boston & Albany. That and the New England field still remain in abeyance.

ALBANY, NEW YORK, November 20, 1924.

Robert J. Cary, counsel for the New York Central Lines, said: "F. H. Prince sold the Chicago Junction road to President Alfred H. Smith, of New York Central, for $32,000,000, and Prince has now an income therefrom of $2,000,000 a year, plus $1,600,000 from his Chicago stockyards; a total of $3,600,000.

"The Chicago Junction Railroad costs the New York Central $2,000,000 a year and is earning so much that the directors don't know what to do with the money. The directors of the New York Central were against Smith in this purchase.

"The Supreme Court, in the Chicago Junction case, declared that the intent of the law was to interest every railroad in the extensions of its rivals, and, therefore, sent back the Chicago Junction case for a rehearing, upsetting all previous decisions and making a new socialistic law in the United States.

"The old phrase 'the purpose of government is to protect property' in a broad sense covers every function of government."

Both Stotesbury and A. T. Dice, president of the Reading, declared Reading had no troubles except as to how some people were going to divide it up.

Returning home, I spent an hour with President Alfred, of the Pere Marquette, who said he had to keep his hand on every detail of that road every minute.

Spent a little time with President Willard, of the Baltimore & Ohio. He said: "The problem in consolidation is to annex Jersey Central, which has short lines and big terminals, with the B. & O., which has long lines, but needs the terminals. The Pennsylvania doesn't need anything of Reading or Jersey Central, but doesn't want to allow its competitors to build up too big. The Transportation Act means nothing unless B. & O. pays a return that will put its stock to par."

NEW YORK, August 27, 1920.

W. Averell Harriman said: "I have just returned from a six months' trip to the Philippines. The fertility of these islands is astounding. No richer lands exist on the globe. In the southern islands we put on board the yacht pineapples of delicious flavor weighing eighteen pounds each, and they lasted us for many days. Out of 120,000 square miles, only 12 per cent is under cultivation. The forests supply a wonderful variety of wood of the greatest value if it could be had in our cities.

"The development of the Philippines is retarded by our Government, its mismanagement and three lines in the Democratic platform which declare for handing back the islands to the Filipinos. The present government is undoing the work of Governor-General Forbes. The roads are going back to decay and capital cannot be invited in with any promise of security. I asked 167 people what they thought of independence and only three of them wanted it. The intelligent knew it was the ruin of the islands.

"The English are doing business in the Orient every minute, are supported by their government and by English finance. But our Government is destroying American business and business communication. The cable across the Pacific works only intermittently, as it is repaired. The result is the American merchants have to cable by way of Hong-Kong and England; of course, their business is known to their English rivals.

"We cannot do business very long on that basis. When I inquired why the American cable was not fixed properly, I was told we had not the gutta-percha. After the war, our Government sold to England the stock of gutta-percha on hand."

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, June 26, 1926.

Ernest R. Graham said: "When the Van Sweringens went to George F. Baker, he asked them two questions: 'Do you work, and do you sleep well?' They are clean boys; they said they slept like tops and never worried. Baker said, 'All right; I am with you.'"

NEW YORK, November 3, 1927.

W. H. Starbuck, later an associate of F. H. Prince, told him this story of his rise, which Prince later told me:

"I was with Henry Villard on the Northwest Pacific," said Starbuck, "and looked into the shipping upon the Columbia River. Just to make investigation and post ourselves, we wandered into a bank and made inquiry concerning these Columbia River ships, and unexpectedly found that they were earning handsomely, but could be bought for $3,000,000.

"I said: 'Villard, take a pencil and paper, and make an inventory of every dollar you can raise by mortgaging your furniture and borrowing of your friends, and I will do the same." In the morning I found that we could together raise about $30,000; so I promptly went down to the bank, gave a check for $30,000 and agreed to pay the balance of the $3,000,000 in sixty days. Then we took the train for New York to get ahead of the check, and we managed to scrape up $30,000 to meet that.

"Then we made a mortgage of $5,000,000 on these ships and proceeded to sell the bonds. We got Roach, the shipbuilder, of Philadelphia, to take $1,000,000 bonds on a contract to build some new ships, and otherwise we disposed of $2,000,000 in bonds. Then we were up against it, but I went boldly in to Mr. Morgan and asked him to explain to me how people borrowed money on exchange. He said it was very simple, and the result was that I borrowed $1,000,000 from Morgan on foreign exchange, pledging $1,500,000 of these bonds.

"Then the boom came on, and soon Villard and I were rolling in wealth. I said: 'Villard, don't forget how short a time back it was that we were struggling to raise $30,000. Now we have fortunes, and I propose to cash in'—and I did."

This, Prince said, was the beginning of the transformed Oregon Transcontinental.

From the O. R. & N. came the Oregon Transcontinental and the control of Northern Pacific, the golden spike, and so on. Northern Pacific has made more history than any other railroad in this country—the Jay Cooke panic of '73, the Villard rise and fall, a large part of the James J. Hill railroad empire of the Northwest, and the famous Northern Pacific Corner, when Harriman fought for its control that he might get in on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy.

BOSTON, July 25, 1922.

Judge Gary said: "The whole matter of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company and its purchase by the U. S. Steel Corporation is a matter of record in detail.

"I told Morgan the stock was not worth more than fifty dollars, that it had been offered to us before, and we could not consider it at the market quotation. But Morgan wanted to help the situation. Frick and I spent Saturday afternoon and evening with him at his library, where I explained to him that it would not help the situation if the President of the United States—Roosevelt—came out and started proceedings against the U. S. Steel Corporation as attempting a monopoly by the purchase of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company.

(Continued on Page 160)

PHOTO. FROM INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE
William K. Vanderbilt, Sr.

PHOTO. FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO., N. Y. C.
Daniel Willard

PHOTO. FROM BAIN NEWS SERVICE, N. Y. C.
Marshall Field

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROS., N. Y. C.
Jay Gould

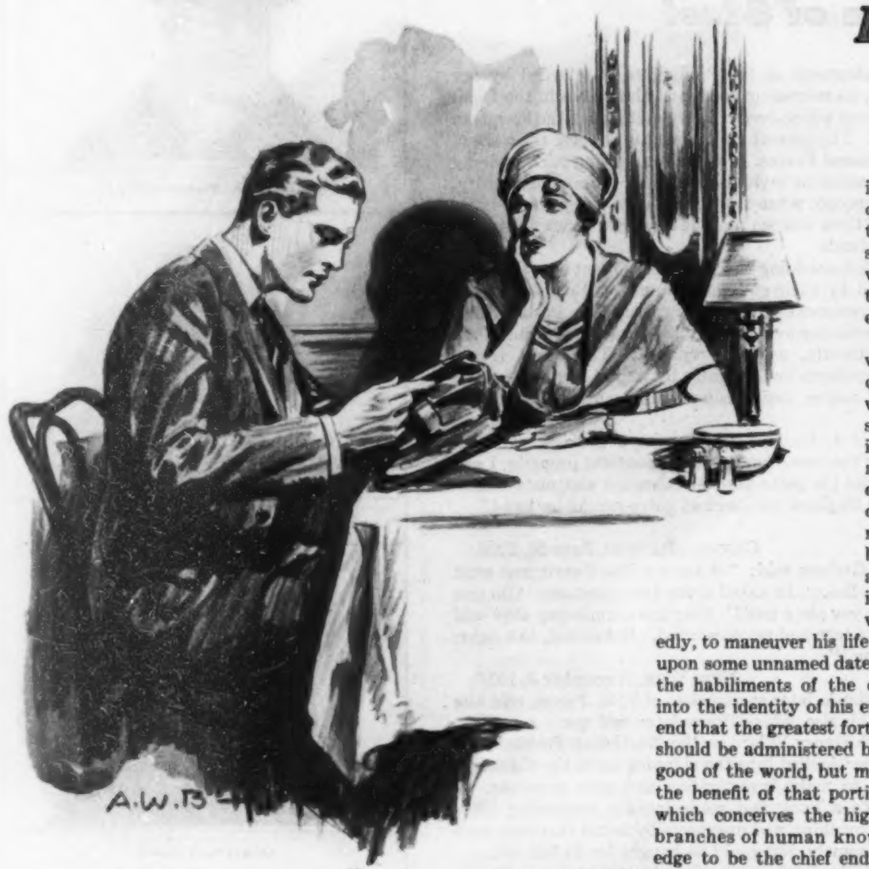
P. & A. PHOTO.
F. H. Prince

COPYRIGHT BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO., N. Y. C.
Sam Hill

RAMIKIN RUBIES

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



He Blinked, Stared, and His Lips Closed in a Teeth-Bitten Line. For There Lay Rubies

MR. RANDY HYDE had not a high reputation among the business associates of his father—nor, for the matter of that, among his own contemporaries—for either acumen or industry. Everybody liked him, but nobody admired him. The newspapers, of course, doted upon him because every time there came a dull day they could focus on Randy and delight their readers with the latest escapade, or the newest fad, or the most recent rumor about this rich young man. He was news on the hoof.

If you are, say, twenty-three years old and if you own a billion dollars and if you are handsome and have a touch of what envious elders call irresponsibility, you are a godsend to the press and to the public. All of which irked Randy until the great expedient presented itself.

This, as all the world knows now, but as none of it knew then, was nothing more or less than the discovering of his double in the person of Mr. Smithfield Wagg, professor in a small Western college, who, nose for nose and eyelash for eyelash, was Randy's physical duplicate. That he was not Randy's mental duplicate was, perhaps, fortunate for all hands. For Mr. Wagg was of the most serious, of the most intellectual, of the most intolerant—and of the most unimaginative.

Now, an unimaginative person may be very dangerous if, by some miracle, he arrives at a point where he imagines. It becomes a serious seizure, and he is apt not to be able to distinguish between fact and figments of fancy.

Mr. Wagg commenced his professional career as a double by despising his employer and benefactor. His next step was to become convinced that he was far fitter to occupy Randy's position and administer his wealth for the benefit of humanity than Randy was. It became an obsession. Following that, it was not so difficult for him to imagine himself to be the man he impersonated so convincingly. And being a thorough, systematic person, he set to work to make their identities more identical.

It might—or it might not—have caused Randy to pause and consider, had he become aware how assiduously Smithfield Wagg labored over his handwriting. Hours each day he spent at this task—with no definite purpose, it is true, but with some vague, unnamed purpose in the shaded corners of his peculiar mind. In the end, Mr. Wagg could write a letter or sign the name "Randy Hyde," and it would have required a superlative expert in the science of handwriting to detect the spurious and establish the true.

Also Mr. Wagg was vaguely becoming imbued with the obsession that he was intrusted with a mission. Not even to himself did he state this mission in terms, but gradually he accepted it tacitly. This mission was, undoubtedly, to maneuver his life so adroitly that upon some unnamed date he could cast off the habiliments of the double and step into the identity of his employer—to the end that the greatest fortune in the world should be administered by himself for the good of the world, but most especially for the benefit of that portion of the world which conceives the higher branches of human knowledge to be the chief end of man. Smithfield believed that man could attain the stature of the gods by dieting upon Einstein theories.

Meantime Randy Hyde, all unsuspecting what perils he nourished in his household, enjoyed his liberty jauntily and with abandon. He left Smithfield Wagg to stand in the public eye while he nosed into nooks and crannies. He sent Smithfield to wearisome social functions while he acquainted himself with a world of which he had only dreamed. He compelled Wagg to attend the meetings of boards and conferences with lawyers, while he himself picked posies in pastures where Randy Hyde would never be permitted to browse.

He chuckled at the thought of private detectives guarding Mr. Wagg with their very lives while he adventured about the earth unattended. He laughed aloud as he read in the papers the goings and comings of Smithfield, the theories of Smithfield, and most of all, the love affair—if it could be called a love affair—of Mr. Wagg and Miss Anna Spack. He even endured the gibes of his friends with equanimity, for it entertained him mightily to watch the progress of this innocent amour. Miss Spack was the complement of Mr. Wagg spiritually and intellectually; fortunately, Mr. Wagg had no attention to give to the purely physical. This, doubtless, was a miracle wrought by Nature in her determined effort that every human shall find a mate.

At any rate, while press and public and society busied themselves with the putative romance between the young billionaire and the very plain social secretary, Randy availed himself of the smoke screen and found the universe a fascinating playground.

Randy Hyde was reading a book—an occupation of which he was capable—when Smithfield Wagg entered the library in the full regalia of a gentleman who has been essaying society.

Randy glanced at him quizzically.

"I'm looking very well tonight," he said.

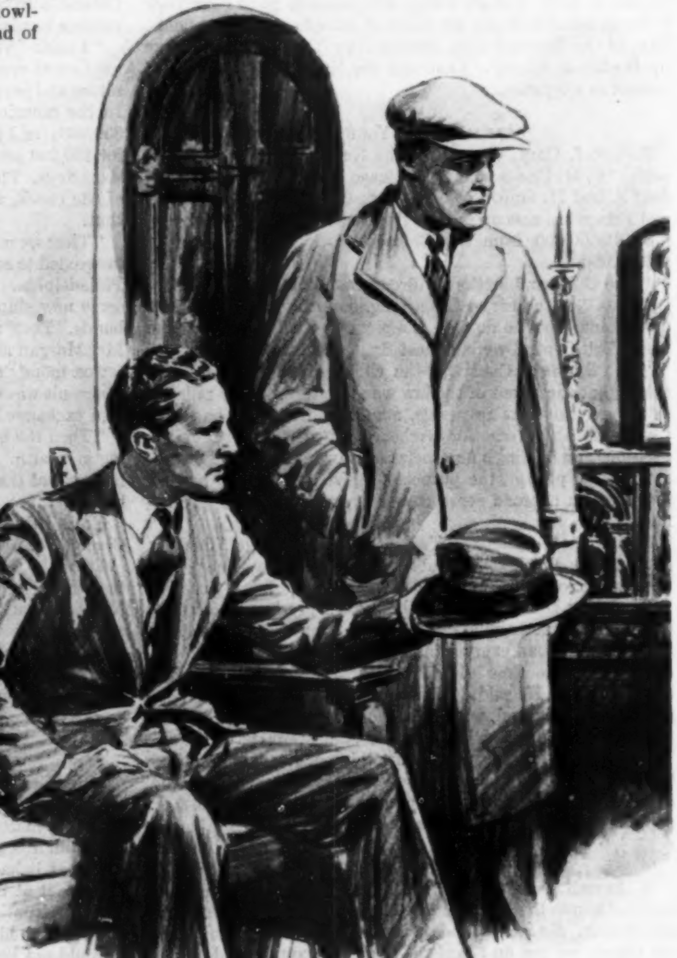
Mr. Wagg grunted morosely.

"But," qualified Randy, "my disposition needs spraying for vermin. What, may I ask, has joggled the well and favorably known aplomb?"

"An unpleasant interruption. An unnecessary interruption. A lack of consideration," said Mr. Wagg.

"You were at the merrymaking of Mrs. Huntley Jason, were you not?"

"I was not, as you know perfectly. I was in the home of the lady who is so fortunate as to employ Miss Anna Spack."



"No, it's Best to Talk it Over and Clean the Matter Up in a Final

"Ah, one comprehends. And a tête-à-tête with the inamorata was disrupted?"

"Miss Spack and myself," said Mr. Wagg, "were discussing a certain phase of the prematrimonial customs of a tribe indigenous to Papua when we were broken in upon by an uproar."

"An uproar! You amaze me. Uproar in the salon of a leader of American society! And what, Waggy, caused the uproar—divorce, bridge, arson or a corespondent?"

"Merely theft," said Mr. Wagg disgustedly.

"One never knows what to expect nowadays. What, may one ask, was stolen and who was the thief?"

"Some bauble," said Mr. Wagg, "belonging to an objectionable and noisy woman named Ramikin. A necklace, I believe."

Randy abandoned his indolent posture and sat erect. "You don't by any chance mean the Ramikin rubies?" he asked.

"I heard rubies mentioned in the uproar," said Mr. Wagg. "The Ramikin woman was exceedingly unpleasant and shrill. It was impossible to carry on coherently an intelligent conversation."

"And I missed it! I missed the theft of the Ramikin rubies! Of course you have no details. No, indeed. Your interest was elsewhere. Did robbers with weapons hold up the guests? Or what did happen?"

"I didn't inquire," said Mr. Wagg petulantly.

"Waggy, you ought to run a snooping column in a tabloid—you're so observing! An assassination would be nothing but a comma in your conversation. Well, thank God for the morning papers."

"By the way, you particularly requested me to observe if a Miss Patricia de Senlis was present. She was not."

"She never is," said Randy somewhat ruefully. Miss Patricia was becoming a major irritation. It was she who had been selected by his father's trustees to be the future Mrs. Hyde. Randy had been informed of plans for this alliance between two great fortunes by his personal counsel, Mr. Wanger, who urged matrimony upon him as a doctor might advise gargling the throat—as something which should be done for the good of all concerned. But all efforts to bring about a meeting between the young people had been futile, for both Randy and Miss Patricia were evasive.

She, it was said, was beautiful, but not without eccentricities. Her childhood—in fact, her entire life—had been spent abroad. Recently she had returned to New York—to be seen by nobody who was entitled to see her. Whether she was in the city or whether she had vanished again into the mists of Europe, no one could say. She was reported to have gone to Vancouver and Vladivostok, to Peru and to Paris, to Milwaukee and Marseilles. Randy expostulated with Mr. Wanger.

"A man might as well set out to marry a clay pigeon," he said. "I'm no matrimonial wing shot."

"The young lady is difficult," admitted Wanger, "but you, Randy, are not precisely docile."

It was inevitable that Randy should be interested in a young woman whose photograph never had appeared in paper or magazine, and which neither bribery nor stealth could obtain for him; by a young woman surrounded by the glamour of mystery and eccentricity; who was reported to be beautiful in an elfin, piquant sort of way; who ignored him and the courtship of his trustees so utterly and effectively.

He was interested, intrigued, puzzled. But no more. Miss de Senlis was no sweetheart; she was a cross-word puzzle.

Randy shrugged his shoulders. "You are to attend a conference with my lawyers at ten o'clock tomorrow morning," he said. "A tea in the afternoon, and Mrs. Pottsworth's dinner in the evening. Those are my engagements for tomorrow."

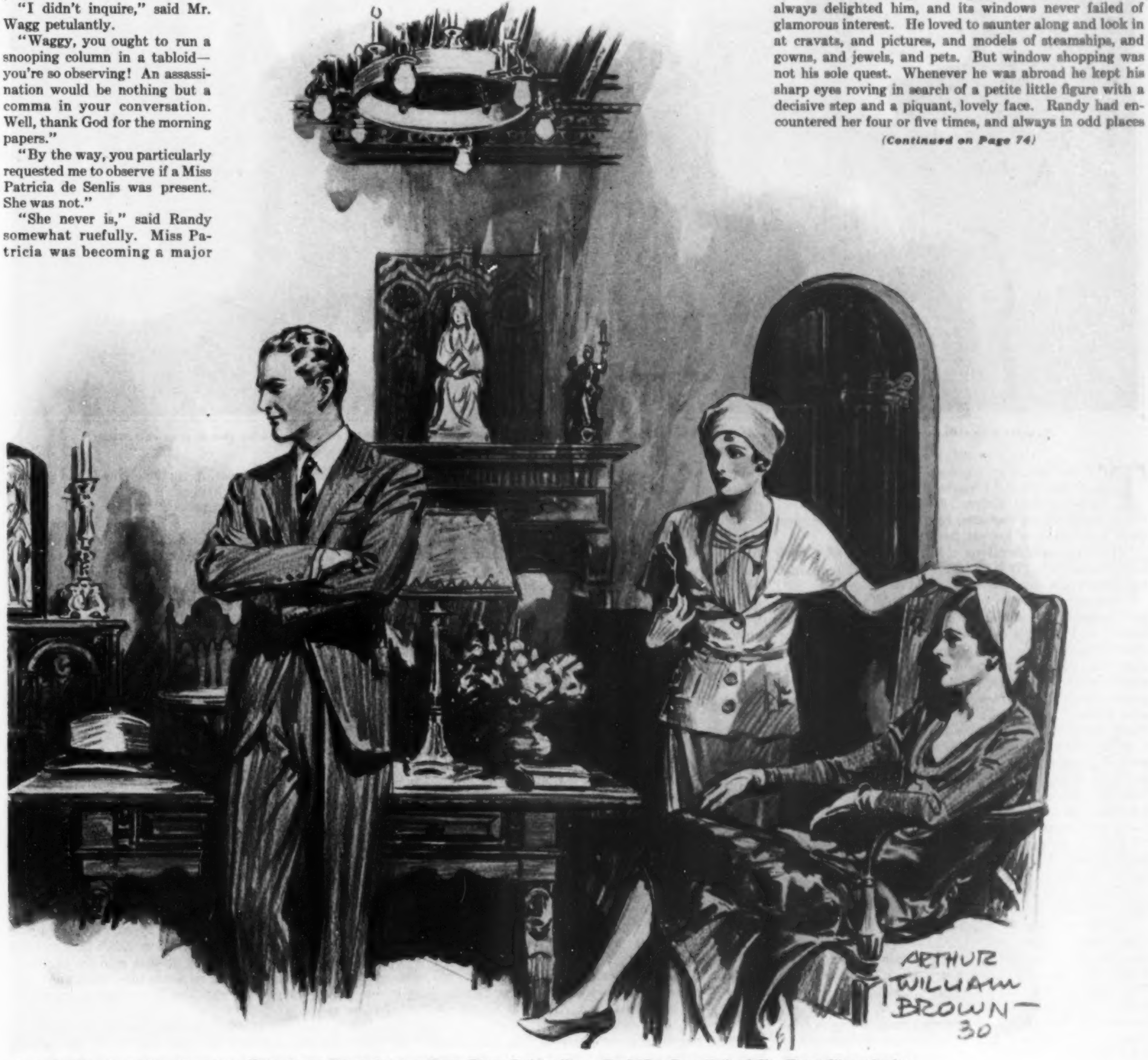
"They have been noted," said Mr. Wagg.

"Pleasant dreams," said Randy.

He read for a short time and then himself retired. In the morning—and this would have caused a certain amount of astonishment in the minds of his trustees—he scrutinised certain confidential reports from various Hyde enterprises, for he was more interested in and had a greater intimate knowledge of his great affairs than any man dreamed. He lunched alone, attended a ball game in one of the more democratic seats, and then cast about him mentally for an evening's occupation.

His mood was that of a bad little boy playing hooky, and he was delighted with himself and with everything that came within range of his eyes and ears. Fifth Avenue always delighted him, and its windows never failed of glamorous interest. He loved to saunter along and look in at cravats, and pictures, and models of steamships, and gowns, and jewels, and pets. But window shopping was not his sole quest. Whenever he was abroad he kept his sharp eyes roving in search of a petite little figure with a decisive step and a piquant, lovely face. Randy had encountered her four or five times, and always in odd places

(Continued on Page 74)

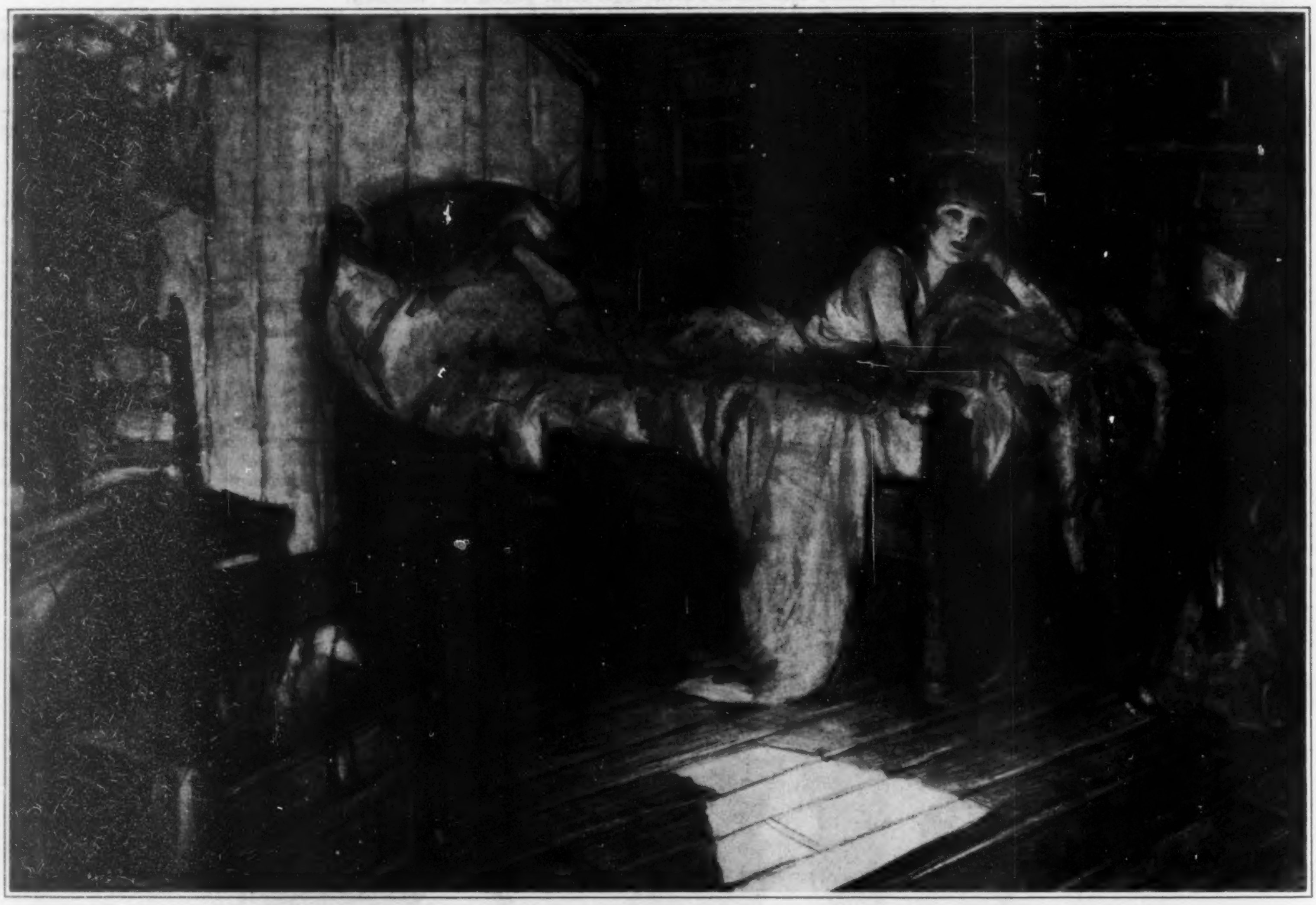


Sort of Way. Don't You Agree?" "We Agree We're Goin' to Have Them Rubies Now. Fork 'Em Over," Said Mr. Kane Menacingly

MIRTHFUL HAVEN

By Booth Tarkington

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON



Outcast Edna Pelter, Too, Might Have Longed to be There, But Knew That She Might as Well Have Wished to Dance on the Rim of the Moon

XI

THE ancient Wye chuckled as he rose from the checkerboard and prepared to depart that evening. "Knowed her? Knowed her fust I laid eyes on her! Guess I still got my faculties, hain't I? What makes you think I shouldn't 'a' knowed her?"

"Guess you wouldn't if she hadn't had her hat off, Cap'," Long Harry said. "If she'd had her hair all hid under that hat like she did this afternoon, you'd never ——"

"'T wouldn't 'a' b'en no different; sh'd 'a' knowed her jest the same," the old man insisted, and his eyes twinkled moistly as he looked at Edna, who had risen to put the checkerboard away. "I'd 'a' knowed her by her frame. Got even a handsomer frame on her, now she's womanlike, than what she did in—in ——" He paused; then found a phrase that obviously pleased him with himself as well as with Edna. "In buddin' girlhood! Yessuh! Got a better frame on her in buddin' womanhood than what she had in buddin' girlhood! But it's the same one—jest the same kind of a frame. And 's long 's I got my faculties I'd reckanize it any time I ever laid eyes on it. Knowed her from the feet up! What I care 'bout her wearin' a hat!" He cackled in joy of benevolent and surreptitious implications, then groaned slightly and stooped to rub his knee. "Twinges," he explained and, still stooping, spoke in a lower tone. "You see what come up the habbuh along before nightfall?"

Pelter glanced at Edna, whose back was toward them; then he nodded.

"Guess you'll lay up a night or so maybe," Wye said, straightening himself painfully. "That's a good, nice, fast boat you got, Long Harry, but they might be some that's faster. If I was you, I'd put a better muffler on her, too. The sound of your engine's gittin' right familiar like—I can tell it's you, no matter what time o' night you go out or come in. Well, guess you'll lay up, though, anyways as long's ——" But here, he checked himself in deference to a frowning jerk of Pelter's head toward Edna; the old man pointed to her and elevated his white caterpillar eyebrows in a poignant questioning.

Long Harry shook his head.

"No?" Wye said. "Well, used to be a sayin' up Wenmouth way: 'How's your left hand goin' to keep your right hand from knowin' what your left hand's doin' if your right hand's got eyes?' Anyways, that's what they all used to say up in all them parts and waters. Might be so or it mightn't; take it or leave it, as you please!" He walked to the door, looking serious, but paused before he went out, apparently delayed by a change of mood, for suddenly he cackled again. "Face on her hain't changed fer the wuss neither," he said. "Wait till it gits them red spots back onto it like they was!" Then, as he went out, he exploded his breath in an exclamation of uttermost, gloating approval: "Hot dam!"

He slammed the door behind him for additional emphasis, and Pelter, dryly amused, glanced at Edna, whose back was still toward him as she bent over the table, putting the checkers into an old pasteboard box. "Guess you might heard a few things like that out in New Jersey sometimes—maybe from people not s' cluss to bein' a hunderd year' old! Been times when I thought if you did come back to Mirthful Haven some day, might be with a husband and family maybe."

At this, she turned quickly toward him, her expression a little startled. "I? Why, no, I—I ——"

"Well, you might 'a'," he insisted affably. "Why not?"

"No—no ——"

"Guess you could 'a' had chances if you'd 'a' wanted 'em."

"I haven't wanted them," she said hurriedly. "At least, not ——" She paused, hesitating. "There's something I want to tell you about."

"All right; go ahead."

"It isn't anything about marrying," she said quickly. "It hasn't anything to do with that at all; it's just something I was reminded of by your saying I might have had chances. It's about the Corning family."

"What?" he asked, surprised. "You mean 'bout that time you went home with your friend and saw 'em?"

"I saw them again," Edna said, speaking rapidly. "At least, I saw some of them—the two boys. Miss Branch gives dances for the upper-class girls every other Saturday evening in spring. Gordon Corning and his brother, Wallace, drove over to almost all the dances this year; Mildred Kerr invited them. I had to dance with them a good deal; I just couldn't help it—there wasn't any way out of it. I thought I ought to tell you, and—and something more too."

"Yes. What?"

"Well, if their name hadn't been Corning, I'm afraid I would have liked both of them. I thought I ought to tell you that. They didn't show any signs at all of being anything like their father; I'm sure neither of them would ever do anything mean or hard-hearted."

"Guess not." Long Harry laughed shortly. "Not to their own kind anyways!"

"No," she said timidly. "I don't believe that Gordon or Wallace would to anybody at all; they just seemed pleasant and friendly, though I was pretty stand-offish with them. I think Mildred Kerr's about engaged to Wallace."

"Guess you saw more o' the other one then?"

"Of Gordon? Yes—yes, I did. I couldn't very well help it." She gulped and looked at him appealingly. "You see I couldn't, don't you? You know I wouldn't have touched anybody that's an enemy to you—not with the tip of my little finger—don't you? You do see there wasn't any way out of it for me, don't you? You don't think it was wrong of me to—to ——"

"No. Guess you only did what you had to. Like you say. No way out of it fer you, but ——" He paused, frowned and rubbed his hand through his thick hair.

"But what?"

"Well, might lead to what the books call compilications, mightn't it? Knowed you as Edna Shellpool, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"Well, s'pose he sees you here?"

"They won't," she said quickly. "A little care will easily keep me out of their way—with all this crowd here in summer—and, after that, they'll be gone—it's only a little while that they're here. Besides, don't you see what this evening shows? It shows it to me, so I think it must to you too."

"What's that?"

"Why, that everything's just about the same as if I'd never been away." She smiled shyly and stepped nearer to him. "It's seemed more and more that way every minute. While you were playing the guitar and I was washing the dishes, I was actually sure for a minute or two that grandmother and Miss Branch's school and Stony Brook were nothing but a dream I'd been having. I had to look down at these clothes to know it wasn't so; yet in a way it's truly so, because, no matter how I've changed outside, I'm Edna Pelter again inside absolutely! Don't you see I am?"

He laughed at her earnestness, said, "Time'll tell!" and urged her to go to bed for recuperation after the necessarily wearying voyage by land from remote New Jersey. She went obediently, telling him not to forget to extinguish the oil lamp, and, for a time after she had gone, he walked up and down the room, smoking reflectively; then he sat and communed with Prince, as the dog immediately put his head upon the worshiped knee of his master. "Think 't ain't goin' to be no such a ticklish matter as we expected, Prince? Guess 't'll be all right? Yep; guess 'twill. Might fret some, maybe; but guess she'll 'commodate herself."

The dog's soft eyes remained inscrutable, except for their unalterable, utter affection; Pelter laughed noiselessly, fondled the brown head, pushed it gently from his knee, and began to read.

Upstairs, Edna had finished unpacking her trunk and putting clothes away in the new chest of drawers her father had bought for her. She hung her dresses upon wooden hangers taken from her trunk and hooked over pegs Pelter had driven into the wall, and, when she had done this, sat down upon the side of the bed and stared frowningly at the row of garments. Some of them were in lively colors—sport clothes—two were long filmy ghosts of chiffon, as they hung there, and another was a spangled thing that glittered in the lamplight. Against the background of unpainted pine wood, they were infused with strangeness; for these were the clothes of a Miss Shellpool, late of Miss Branch's establishment for the acquisition of learning and the modish graces. Edna had told her father, a little while ago, that she was Edna Pelter—and she had meant it—but had she stated the fact? After all, there seemed to be two of her. It wasn't just the clothes that made two of her, in spite of her wish to be only Edna Pelter; it was something confusing inside her head.

When she had put out the light and gone to bed she heard her father clumping up the stairway and the pit-pat of Prince's feet as the dog closely followed his master; there were sounds of movement from Long Harry's room for a time, but after that, the flimsy old building upon the wooden platform over the water was all silent. Now and then from River Road came the quickly increasing whiz of an approaching automobile, its regardless loud buzz as it passed before the house, and its diminishing sweep into distance and stillness. Sometimes there would be an accompanying burst of voices, laughter and a snatch of song with a suggestion of alcoholic inspiration; but as the hours moved toward midnight these transient episodes became infrequent. The night grew so quiet that Edna, still awake, could hear the faint watery gurgles of the outgoing tide fumbling liquidly about the piles twenty feet below her.

Through the open window near the head of her bed, the gentle, continuous night breeze off the sea bore to her ears sounds as elusive as a scent from a distant garden; sometimes she was sure she heard them, sometimes she was sure that she did not, and only imagined these barely audible, far-away strains of music. But whether the faint rhythm of drums and fitful hints of violins and saxophones came really from the new Casino or were the mere projection of her disturbed fancy, they blended all too actually, for her, into a voice of elfin mockery. Who was she? If there was dancing at the Casino, the girl from Miss Branch's school urgently desired to be there; outcast Edna Pelter, too, might have longed to be there, but knew that she might as well have wished to dance on the rim of the moon.

She had been all Edna Pelter, unmixed, when she entered the school at Stony Brook, and, while her strong consciousness of being Edna Pelter had lasted, she had been the most silent and aloof figure there. "The dumbest," she thought; for it seemed to her now that young Edna Pelter was the dumbest creature she had ever known. Her aloofness was that of one who expects aloofness from others; but her silence had been neither that of reticence nor shyness. It was the silence of sheer dumbness, the inarticulateness of a girl so dumb about everything except what was taught her out of textbooks that at fifteen she had a memory permanently burdened with a dubious past acquired by that same dumbness, and she arrived at the school knowing things unthinkable by her exquisitely nurtured fellow students. That was Edna Pelter, who had begun a slow disappearance with the winning of the swimming championship and the heightened interest in her shown by her companions, to whom she presently found herself able to talk.

From that time onward, Edna Shellpool gradually emerged and became more and more substantial. Edna Shellpool had been "popular" though she was "only a day pupil"; her distinctions were of the classrooms, of the pool, where she was unmatched, and of the dancing class, where she was selected for special instruction, and, upon occasion, exhibited alone in performances tortuously graceful. At first, the school's spring dances, to which boys were invited, so terrified her that her grandmother and the dancing instructor compelled her attendance almost by force: but their urgings were not long necessary. Edna's difficulties never arose from any aloofness on the part of boys, and she soon found it easy to imitate the gay patterns of chatter, with personal intimations, used by the other

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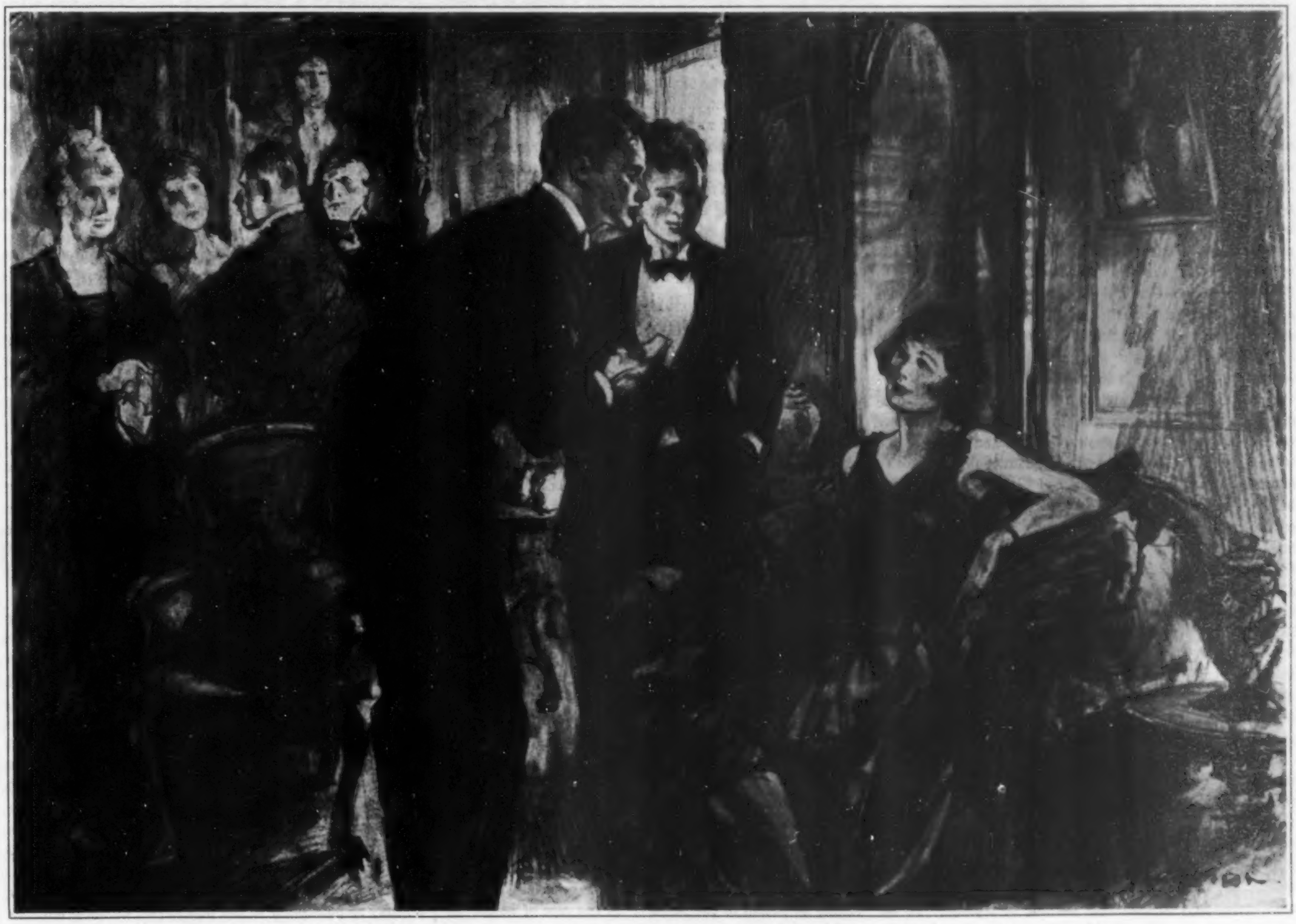

"Well, if Their Name Hadn't Been Corning, I'm Afraid I Would Have Liked Both of Them"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 14, 1930

Traffic Policy

THE deplorable lack of real plan or policy is perhaps the outstanding fact which emerges from any study of the grave problem of traffic in the more congested urban areas. Confusion is natural, in view of the rapid change in conditions, but there is undue helplessness in meeting these changes and in bringing order out of confusion. Surely it is possible to adopt a more clear-cut policy in regard to at least one question—that of parking—and yet, in most cities the attitude in this respect has been that of constant vacillation. But the principles involved are clear enough. The streets are used for three purposes, as far as vehicles are concerned—movement, loading and unloading, and storage, or so-called parking. Plainly the point is fast being reached where the streets cannot perform all three functions. But which is to give way?

Unfortunately any restriction in any one direction produces a serious clash of personal interests. The same driver who is impatient at the delays due to parked cars while he is traveling is equally annoyed if he cannot find a place to leave his car when he has reached his destination. The business man who objects to the congestion which his customers encounter on their way to his shop will resent most vigorously any attempt to curtail the privilege of stopping in the public street near his place. Those who are driving by or seeking a place to park are full of maledictions for the trucks which load and unload in the public street, but only a general reconstruction of our cities would take the delivery function off the highway. Because of these various diversities of interest, there is a continuous change of parking regulations, with the closing and opening of various portions of various streets for various intervals of time.

But parking is the least essential of the three uses or functions, because it can be performed more fully elsewhere than either of the others. Movement cannot be performed elsewhere at all, and the loading and unloading function only partly in other places. Therefore the only sound public policy in crowded areas is, gradually and by predetermined schedule, zone by zone, but surely, persistently and irresistibly, to eliminate parking or storage. To be effective, this must be a fixed, unchanging policy, for only in that way will private capital pour into storage garages. If whole streets or even sides of streets can be opened to free parking because of a new order of the police department, traffic bureau or other government agency, private capital cannot take the chance of erecting storage garages to compete with free street parking. Thus there can be no solution of this insistent problem as long as public policy fluctuates on the subject.

The problem is to be found in many places, and it would be a rash person who dared to say in what city it is worst. But it presents a singularly interesting aspect in the nation's capital. This is because the Federal Government not only governs the city but is the largest single landowner and occupant of office space. Responsibility and power, therefore, are united in one place, not divided as much as elsewhere between private and public agencies. Obviously, therefore, Washington should lead and not lag in solving this great problem.

The whole matter takes on added and acute interest because the Government is engaged in spending several hundred million dollars in the erection of a group of monumental buildings in a comparatively small area known as the Triangle; these vast structures, the largest of their kind in the world, to be occupied shortly by twenty thousand employes. The arrival and departure of government clerks is not spread throughout the day, but occurs simultaneously at a few minutes before nine in the morning and at precisely 4:30 in the afternoon. A number of the buildings are nearly completed, and yet no provision is being made for the storage of cars except for those belonging to the Government itself and to the higher officials. What the many thousand other employes who drive cars to work will do with them is now a burning issue in the nation's capital.

It is referred to here merely to point a moral and adorn a tale. If a definite farseeing policy is not to be adopted under these circumstances, can it be adopted anywhere? Space could be made in the new buildings for all the cars of the workers, but that would mean the sacrifice of considerable office space and, possibly, of æsthetic considerations. Or the Government might gradually and by piecemeal, but rigidly and inexorably, push the parking of cars farther and farther away from the center of the city.

The point of the whole discussion, as respects not only the Triangle in Washington but all large cities, is the need to formulate a real policy. It does not matter whether the buildings being erected are the classic, monumental type characteristic of Washington or the towering skyscrapers of other cities. Wherein is their glory if practical questions of modern transportation are neglected?

Holding Companies

JUST as trusts and monopolies were the center of political controversy in the past, so the holding company may assume that unenviable position in the future. The recent growth of this corporate instrument has created a real stir and raised a serious problem. It is being used increasingly to get around the barriers of public regulation and adverse legislation in the three fields of railroading, public utilities and banking. Critics and opponents say that if these agencies continue their present progress for another year, it will make no difference what laws are passed, so far-reaching will these activities have become.

It is not to be supposed that the recent use of the holding-company device by the railroads is solely to get around the constituted authorities in respect to consolidations.

Holding companies have advantages in raising capital, and they also provide competitive aids to those setting them up. But there is no doubt that a strong motive for the formation has been the added freedom from commission regulation in the case of the railroads and utilities, and from anti-branch-banking laws in the case of banks. The question most vehemently discussed these days is whether the state public-service commissions and the Interstate Commerce Commission should or should not be given more control over railroad and utility holding companies. Governor Roosevelt, of New York, has been especially active in calling attention to the subject. In the case of banks the problem is less acute.

The issue is no simple or easy one to decide. In many cases holding companies represent a constructive step toward economical and desirable consolidation. They serve as a necessary method of effecting an integration of industry which the times require, because the laws which restrict such tendencies are behind the social and economic demands of the present and future. A certain impatience with existing shackles is not to be wondered at. Yet we do not go so far as to say that holding companies should be free of regulation. The details involved in reaching a suitable form of regulation are tedious and difficult, and farsighted organizers of consolidations in the public interest are irritated at further restrictions. But, unfortunately, this is not the whole story.

Too often the holding company, instead of serving economic purposes, is a scheme by which the public puts up the money and a small group of promoters derives the benefit. It can be used as a perfect method of confusing the public and concealing the facts. Thus, very reluctantly, we have to admit the necessity of some form of regulation. The holding company is too open to abuse to go scot-free from official cognizance. Yet we think it is only a very simple-minded and ingenuous person who expects the public to be protected from holding-company abuse primarily by commission regulation or by prohibitory laws. The public will have to protect itself by discrimination, which is the true remedy. It must judge holding companies on their merits and by their works, and that is a function which cannot be done for it by any government commission.

Good Trusts

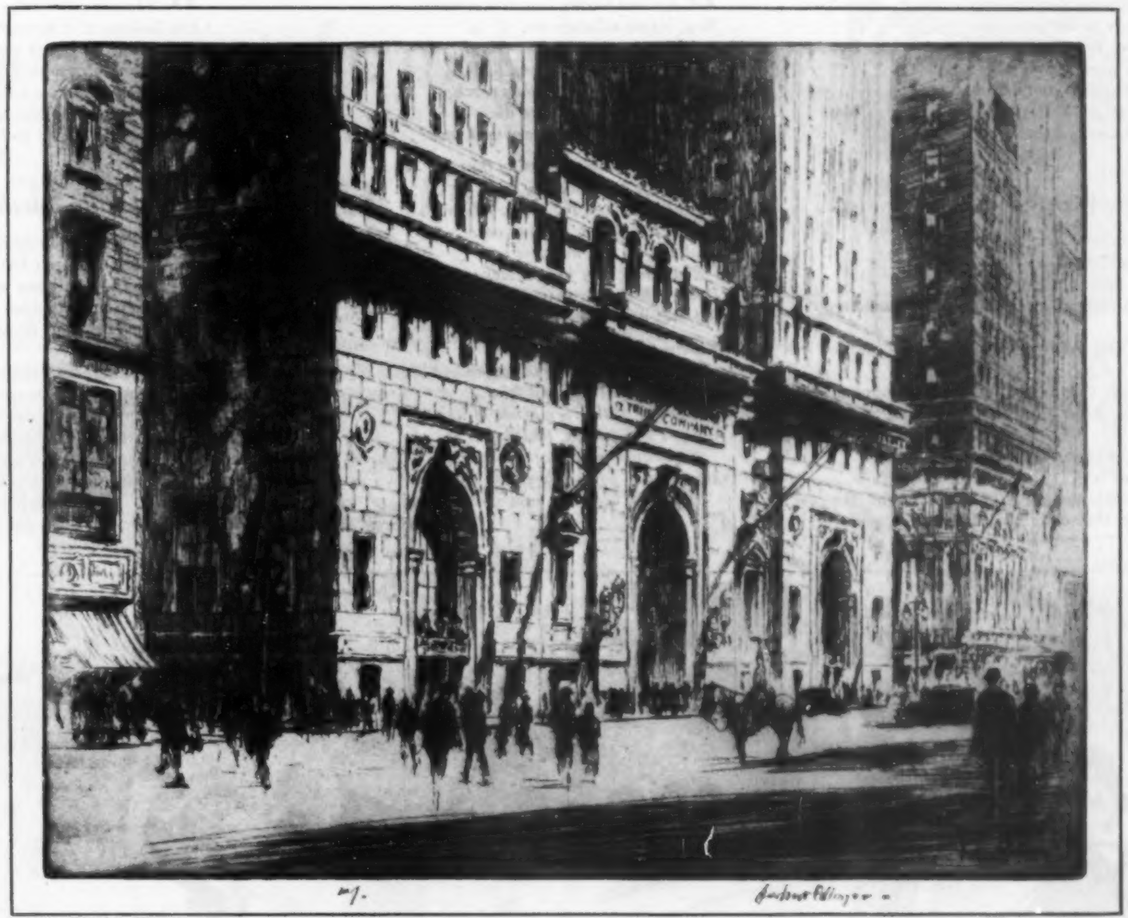
THE distinction between good trusts and bad has ample foundation in fact, as President Roosevelt contended, but the conjunction of the words "good" and "trust" has always caused a mildly cynical amusement and given many a text to the cartoonist for his gibes. It would have been wiser if trusts, or powerful combinations, had been classified from the beginning as natural and unnatural, economic and uneconomic. The degree to which unethical practices are employed by any business concern varies, of course, and the adjectives "good" and "bad" are no doubt applicable to corporations as well as to individuals. But it probably conduces to clearer thinking in respect to public policy to investigate the degrees of economic wisdom in corporate expansion rather than to approach the subject in strictly moral terms.

Thus it may be said that the great decline in stock prices last fall served a useful purpose in making clearer the distinctions between natural and artificial, between economic and uneconomic combinations. At first it was thought that the catastrophic stock-market crash would kill practically all merger plans and ambitions. The number did fall off markedly, but many have been planned and carried through since then. Obviously these have been conceived for reasons other than the possibilities of stock-market exploitation. None of them, up to the time of this writing, has had elements of sensationalism, and yet a number have been extremely important. They may not necessarily prove successful, but evidently they represent legitimate plans of industrial expansion rather than the fevers of the market place. Most of these mergers seek a rounding out or integration of industry, which can hardly be looked upon as other than normal.

In the power-company field a tendency is shown to simplify some of the elaborate and complicated holding-company structures, which is certainly commendable. The pace of chain-store merchandising and of chain or holding company or group banking has slackened but little, if any, since the stock-market crash. Both these developments are very new, in their present scope, and it is a question whether the words "trust" and "monopoly" apply. On the other hand, judgment on each of these developments must be suspended for a while as yet. The ramifications and influences are very serious, but it is difficult so soon to appraise the relative weight of good and bad, to return to these supposedly banished but almost unbanishable words. Certainly organizers and managers of such concerns carry a heavy responsibility to the public, just as did promoters of the more old-fashioned type of trust of earlier days.

BUSINESS GROWS UP

By JULIUS H. BARNES



FROM AN ETCHING BY HERBERT PULLINGER

The Fidelity-Philadelphia Trust Building

ABOUT the time that President Hoover was holding with American industrial leaders the series of conferences called to devise measures for buttressing the national economic fabric, badly shaken by the collapse of security values on the Stock Exchange, the British Premier, Ramsay MacDonald, was selecting the members of a National Economic Committee, promised by the Labor Government, to be his "eyes and ears on economic questions."

This method of approaching problems of national business policy was more than a coincidence. It was suggested from many sources and followed in many countries. George Bernard Shaw narrowly skirted the commonplace by unfolding, at this same time, before the Fabian Society, his plan for an industrial parliament. More than a year earlier, a commission of the British Liberal Party had proposed the creation of a national economic council to centralize and supervise the task of industrial rehabilitation. Germany had its *Reichswirtschaftsrat*, a constitutional body acting as the official spokesmen of business. France also had its Economic Council. Jugo-Slavia, Spain, Czecho-Slovakia, Latvia, Poland—all had contrived similar devices to bring industry and government, economics and politics, more closely into step.

Government Gets an Assistant

ELSEWHERE the same tendency was carried logically to an illogical extreme. In Italy, Fascism, playing the double rôle of economist and politician, arbitrarily set a course for business to follow by regulating output and fixing prices and wages. Russia, soaring lightly on the wings of Marxian Socialism over the barriers which industry surmounts only with slow and laborious effort, had conceived in its Five-Year Program the ambitious enterprise of creating an economic paradise by making business and government identical.

However wide apart their parentage and conflicting the motives which brought them into being, these projects are joined by a slender thread of economic kinship. At the root of all of them is the idea—sometimes clear, sometimes grotesquely distorted—that business has, at last, grown up. Beyond this vague generalization the similarity does not go. Government might, with more or less reluctance, have admitted that business had attained its majority, but it did not allow it to manage its own affairs. In Russia it was put into a governmental strait-jacket. In Italy it was chained to the chariot wheel of Fascism. In France, Germany and Great Britain it was invited, more or less cordially, to sit at the council table and give its advice. In the United States alone was it impressed with its obligations and dismissed with a parental blessing to work out its salvation in its own way.

But whether it was to be achieved autocratically or democratically, all these countries were driving toward the same end. The conviction seemed to be growing that business, not government, is primarily accountable for maintaining the national economic welfare. No longer is it to be treated as an irresponsible, perhaps willful, child whose whims and humors are inevitable. It is something more than, as its name implies, a nebulous sum total of all the activities involved in producing the country's bread and butter, blown upon by the shifting winds of prosperity, rising and falling on economic tides over which it has no control. It is regarded not as an agglomeration of factories, stores, railways, banks and laboratories originating, producing and distributing goods, but as an organic structure serving a definite national purpose.

In Europe this change of attitude toward business was undoubtedly forced by the desperate need of reviving trade and industry prostrated by the war—a task which government, for the most part, had failed to do, but which it had been reluctant to pass to other hands. In the United States it was hastened by the threat of panic in the wake of the stock-market crash of last October and November in which some $20,000,000,000 of security values vanished. But here it was not born solely of emergency. Back of it was a long period of economic growth which has come to flower in great transportation systems, huge industrial plants, coöperative business organizations and widespreading merchandising enterprises—the crossbeams and trusses which constitute the framework of the national economic fabric.

Progress

LONG before security values reached the dizzy heights to which they were carried by the long bull market, the suspicion was growing that the vicissitudes through which business intermittently passes were due to some defect in the structure. Doubt that the periodical fluctuations with which it was afflicted were, like the pestilences of the Middle Ages, the visitations of an inscrutable Providence was crystallizing into conviction. The business cycle was coming under the cold eye of skeptical analysis, not as an unavoidable ailment but as an indication of bad business behavior. The boom and slump were falling into bad repute as the effects of an economic spree, with its period of soaring spirits and the inevitable morning after. Unemployment was appearing less in the guise of a ghost haunting the lagging footsteps of industry—a ghost which could be laid by the dole or exorcised by a wave of the magic wand of government—and more as a symptom of economic disorder which could be cured only by economic remedies. There was, in short, a decided tendency to regard business not as bowing its head helplessly to the storms of panic and depression but, rather, as the master of its own fate.

Business, in America, was working toward this end without the driving spur of government, feeling its way on solid economic ground and avoiding the shifting sands of political and social theory. Its accomplishments were not written alone in sixty-story buildings, in $1,000,000,000 corporations, in colossal banks and great industrial plants which have stirred not only the wonder of other peoples but oftentimes the fear of our own. Nor was its growth reflected in mere bigness made possible by a country stretching in an unbroken economic front from ocean to ocean and endowed with fabulous natural wealth.

Bigness alone is a deceptive measure of progress, for which business has at times been penalized. It is not a hallmark of virtue, but neither is it evidence of vice. Within the past few years foreign economists and business men, looking back of the impressive industrial setting for deeper-lying causes of America's advance, discovered that business was evolving new ideals and hewing out a new

(Continued on Page 50)

POST SCRIPTS

Triolet on Departing From an Old Custom

I SHALL leave you gently, dear,
I shall leave you tenderly.
With an unobtrusive tear
I shall leave you gently, dear.
While you're sitting blandly here,
Brimming with complacency,
I shall leave you gently, dear,
I shall leave you tenderly.

—Margaret Fishback.

In All the Wanted Colors

"THAT green, Annabelle!"

"Isn't it ravishing?"

"Oh, I simply must have one green one!"

"That's Afghanistan Spring, madam. One of our newest shades."

"Look, Annabelle! Did you ever see such an adorable blue!"

"Or perhaps you'd like this pastel pink. It just came in this morning, and they say it's quite the rage at Palm Beach."

"Marvelous, isn't it, Evelyn?"

"Cunning, Annabelle!"

"It's Hilarious Hyacinth, madam. Then you might like this Siberian Red. Or this delightful Parisian Purple? Then we have Mongolian Moonlight and, really, when you get used to it, Mongolian Moonlight is charming."

"It is rather pretty, isn't it, Annabelle?"

"Yes. I think I like it, Evelyn, although your complexion is so fair ——"

"That's right, Annabelle. Oh, dear, it's so difficult to decide what one wants! I hope we're not keeping you from ——"

"No indeed, madam. We want you to look them over and pick out just the colors you really like best."

"I know what I'll do, Annabelle! I'll buy one of each! That is, I'll take five! Could I do that?"

"Certainly, madam. Lots of women solve the problem in just that way. And you'll find that whatever colors you select will blend very well."

"Then I'll take five different colors. And I'll let you select them. Will you?"

"Charmed, madam! Just a moment, please. . . . Joe! Hey, Joe! Check the water, oil and tires on this one, will yuh, while I pump in five gallons of gas?"

—CHET JOHNSON.

To a Jovial Friend

BY YOUR hearty look I see
You are feeling hale this morning.
Boy, before saluting me,
Listen to a word of warning!
Shout a greeting loud and high;
Grip my fingers till they crack;
But—unless you wish to die—
Don't you slap my sunburnt back!

Nudge my ribs with jesting thumb.
Pull my hat upon my eyes.
Tricks like those I think are dumb;
Still I'll keep a smiling guise.
Grab my tie and twitch it out;
Take most any jocund tack;
But—unless your chin is stout—
Don't you slap my sunburnt back!

Yesterday each passing tide
Saw me basking by the ocean.
All last night I lay and fried,
Smeared with seven kinds of lotion.
When I've blistered, peeled and healed,
I'll endure your hearty thwack;
Meanwhile—or your doom is sealed!—
Don't you slap my sunburnt back!

—Jerome Barry.

To Friends Who Say "What of It?"

WE SEE a thing. We love it.
Then someone says, "What of it?"
And looking at it through their eyes,
We see it wasn't such a prize.
If people who're sophisticated,
Before they spoke so, only waited!
The thing I love, I love to love it!
What of it, if there's nothing of it?

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

Suburban Spring Song

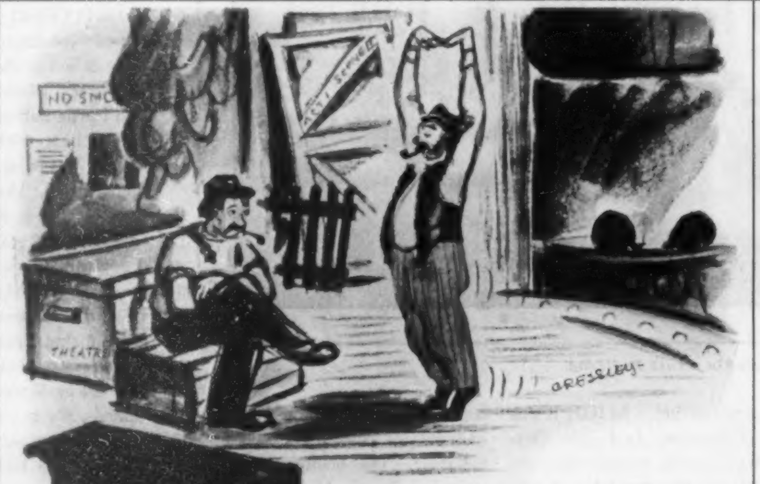
WELL, spring is here. The spring peepers are peeping, and the farmers' children have been let out of their heavy undies that they've been sewed up in all winter. Now is the time when suburbanites go around with nostrils akimbo, pawing the turf, and dreaming of prize cabbages and squashes.

There's really nothing like a little light gardening at this time of year. I know of no more exhilarating sensation than that which comes as you turn the first spadeful of soil in your garden and watch the earthworms running for the nearest dugout. Genuine bed-rock farmers don't get near the kick out of a garden that we dabblers do. They take them too seriously. If the peas aren't up to snuff and the watermelons won't jell, they get all hot and bothered. Whereas such as we are prepared for the worst, and fervently praise Allah and show the neighbors when something does accidentally sprout.

Anyway, our family has never been especially anxious that our garden should be 100 per cent. Our friends and relations from the city are the type that dearly love picnic lunches. If we did manage to raise a luxuriant display of vegetables, they would come out here by the hundreds, bearing a loaf of bread, and expect to rustle the makings of the sandwiches out of our garden. And I can't imagine a more maddening sight than a couple of third cousins gobbling up fresh tomatoes that you'd worn yourself ragged keeping the bugs off of. But with things as they are, they're forced to bring their own sandwiches, and all we have to do is clean up after them.

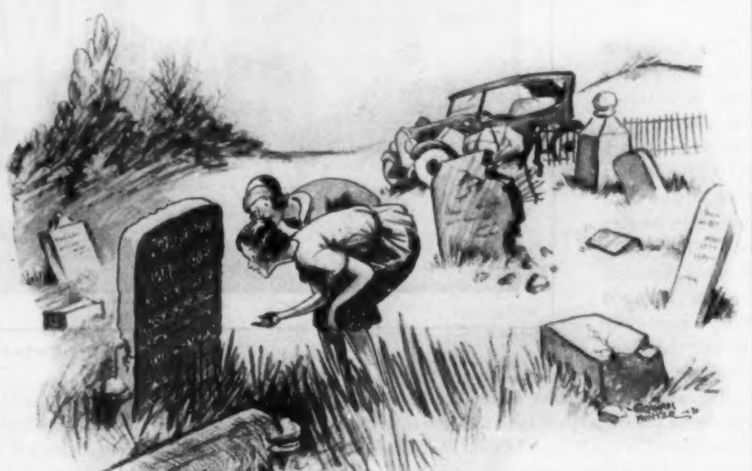
Of course, there are disadvantages to even the slightest sort of gardening. It's quite a problem, when dressing for the evening, to get old Mother Nature out from under your finger nails, and even

(Continued on Page 99)



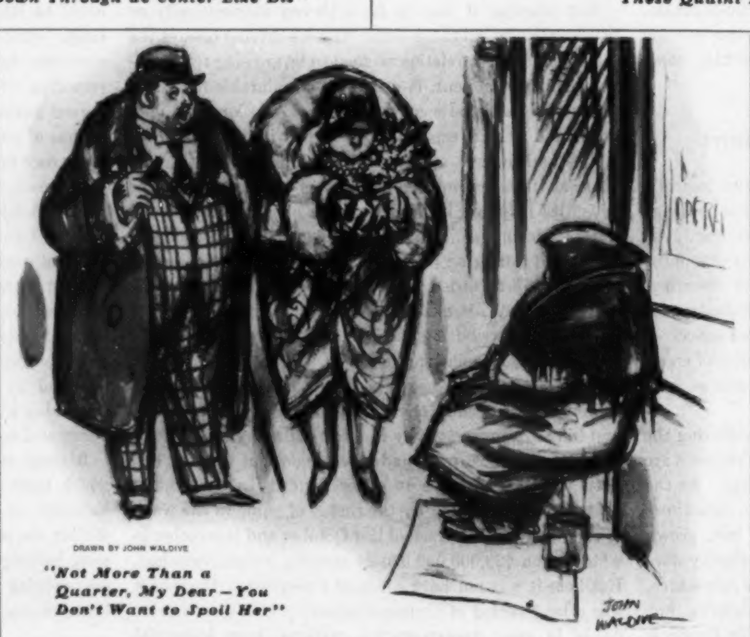
DRAWN BY EDWARD C. GRESSLEY

"Den While All de Other Little Butterflies is Tootsying Around in a Ring de Premier Danseuse Comes Quiverin' Down Through de Center Like Dis"



DRAWN BY GRAHAM HUNTER

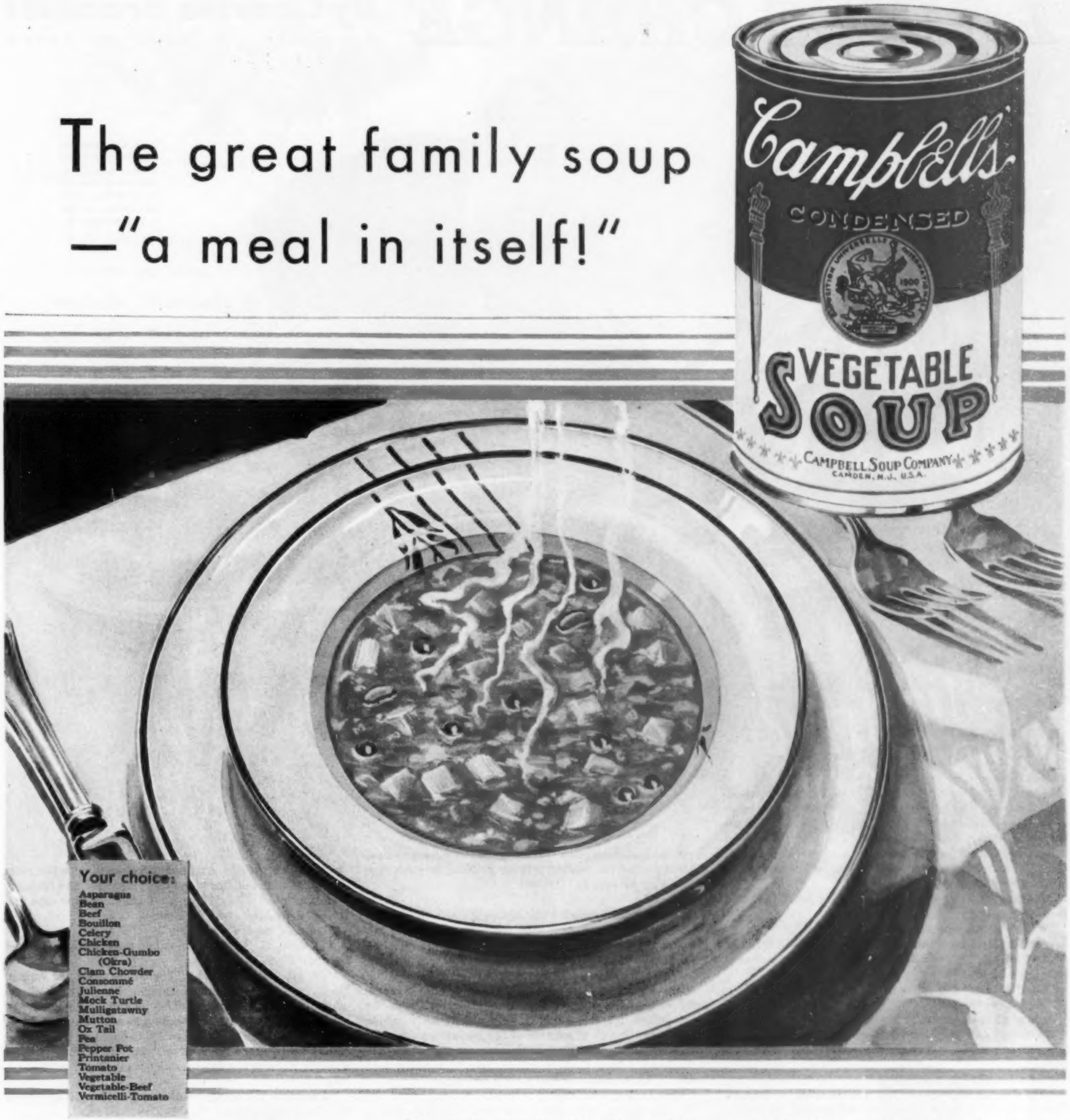
Bright-Eyed Young Thing in Country: "Don't You Just Adore These Quaint Epithets, Jane?"



DRAWN BY JOHN WALDIVE

"Not More Than a Quarter, My Dear—You Don't Want to Spoil Her"

The great family soup —"a meal in itself!"



Your choice:

- Asparagus
- Bean
- Beef
- Bouillon
- Celery
- Chicken
- Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
- Clam Chowder
- Consommé
- Julienne
- Mock Turtle
- Mulligatawny
- Mutton
- Ox Tail
- Pea
- Pepper Pot
- Printanier
- Tomato
- Vegetable
- Vegetable-Beef
- Vermicelli-Tomato

LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

All's well with our people,
They're happy and strong,
With Campbell's to help them
Live sturdy and long!

This soup might almost be described as America's favorite home luncheon, for it enjoys such enormous popularity as the noonday meal.

This is the time of day when you most appreciate every aid to shorten your work in the kitchen and at the same time supply your table with food of the most tempting, satisfying quality. How grateful you are for Campbell's Vegetable Soup — already cooked — on your table in next to no time.

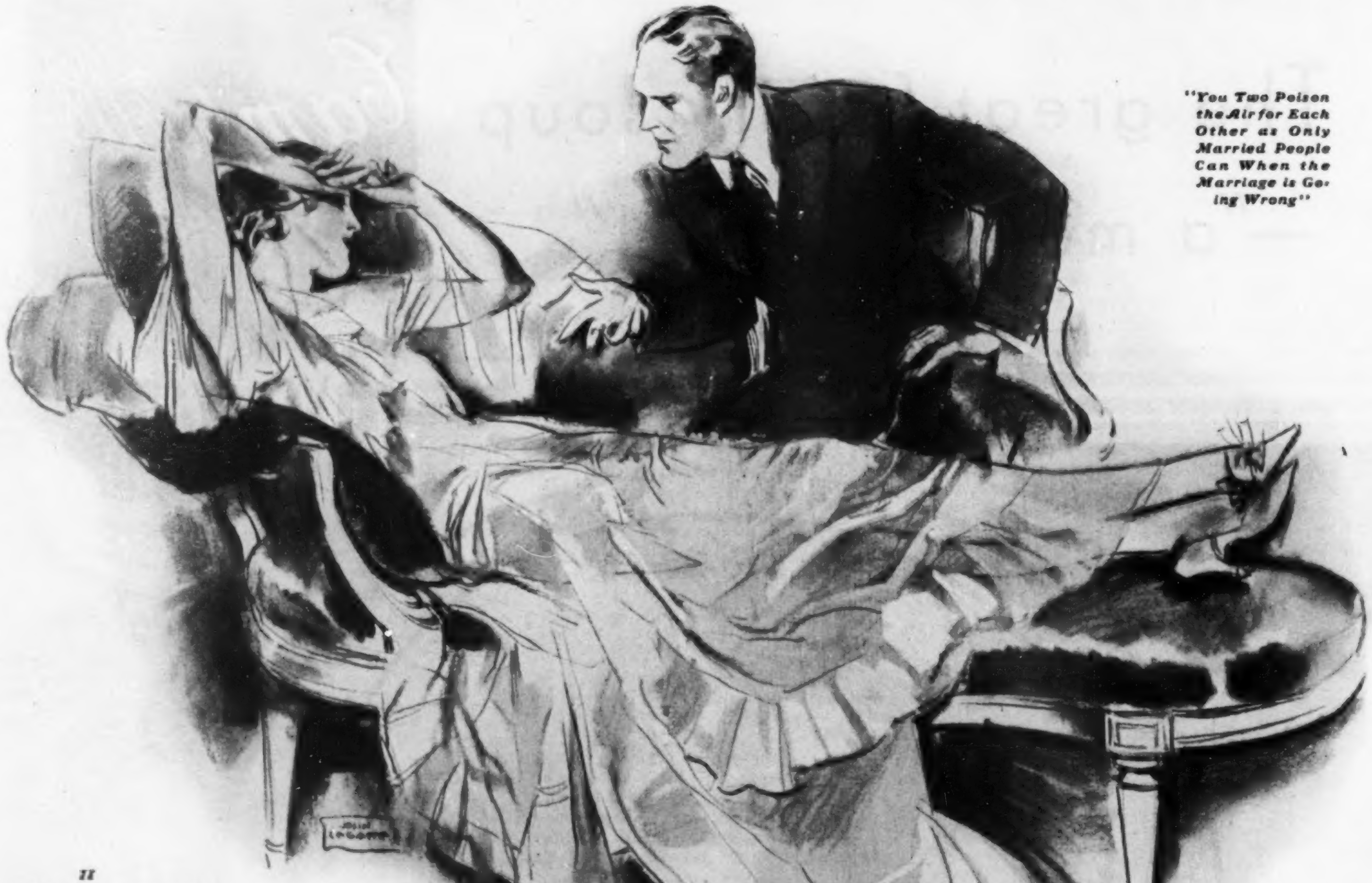
Think of it! 15 different vegetables, the choicest that grow. Invigorating broth. Strength-giving cereals. Fresh herbs and delightful seasonings. All in one soup! Every spoonful heavily laden with vegetables — whole, diced or in puree. And it's simply delicious! 12 cents a can.

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

LADIES CHANGE

By Charles Brackett

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA



"You Two Poison the Air for Each Other as Only Married People Can When the Marriage is Going Wrong"

II

MAUDE STEVENS rang her cousin's telephone at nine o'clock the next morning, and said that she was downstairs and wanted some breakfast.

"I don't know why," she scolded, as they went to a table in the deserted dining room, "when I got everything all set for you, you didn't do more with it. I've been through all the papers, and Sir Aymar didn't get a quarter of a column apiece. You might have known it would be like that if you didn't give photographs."

"Anyway, it looks as though I had the job," Lew told her.

"That's grand, but why no photographs?"

Lew had long been convinced that printer's ink ran in Maude Stevens' veins instead of blood, so her curiosity encouraged him.

"Oh, because," was all he said.

"But, Lew, tell me."

"No good ones extant."

"But that's awful. All interest will have died out before she has one taken. Perhaps she could rush down this morning."

"Or we might use a pulmotor."

"To take photographs? Oh, you're being whimsical. Now forget about A. A. Milne and tell me why, if she's so beautiful ——"

He was only released from her importunities by a summons to the telephone.

"That you, Carmichael? Godfrey speaking. I'm sorry to say our arrangement is off."

"What's the matter now?"

"Ann. She didn't sleep all night because of the news, and she's in a terrible state."

"Can't I talk to her?"

"I want you to, just to prove that I didn't stuff the ballot box, but I warn you it won't do any good."

"Can I have another talk with you afterward?"

"My day is so crowded I can't spare you a second. Leave for Colorado at four o'clock, you know."

"But look here, Godfrey, you ——"

"There's nothing I can do about this. If you can come to some sort of an arrangement with Ann, I'll stand behind our agreement. That's the best I can say. Incidentally, I told her that since you were here when the message came, I handed over the matter to you, it being in your line. Same thing we said to Hubbard."

"Good."

"Perhaps, but I imagine that the only question between us will be as to the value of your services to date. We can talk about that when I get back. Good-by."

Lew grabbed the first available taxicab and tore uptown.

It was a glorious day, but the great hall of the Godfreys' penthouse was even more gloomy than it had been the night before, for the windows were glazed with bubble glass which, though absolutely of the period, were merely translucent and lighted it with a medieval glimmer.

"I doubt if Mrs. Godfrey will see you," the butler told Lew. "I understand she had a very bad night."

"Mr. Godfrey sent me."

He was shown, after the butler had consulted with a maid, into a dressing room in the French manner. Ann lay on a chaise longue, a handkerchief steeped in cologne covering her eyes. At the sound of Lew's entrance she merely made a blind gesture with her fingers.

"What's the matter, my dear?" Lew asked. "I thought you'd be jumping around clapping your hands."

"Don't joke, Lew. What are we going to do about this horrible mistake?"

"Mistake nothing."

"Of course it's a mistake. Sir Aymar Bliss never looked at me. If he had, he wouldn't have noticed me."

"What makes you so convinced of that?"

"I know how I look. I have mirrors."

"Maybe Sir Aymar Bliss sees deeper than a mirror."

"I hope not."

"Why?"

"Because if he does he sees the emptiest failure in New York."

"Nonsense."

"No. Plain truth. And now I feel as though the room were filled with millions of eyes staring at me and realizing that emptiness. I can't bear it. I can't. Milton says you can do something about it, Lew."

"Nothing needs to be done."

Ann moaned. Lew went over and took the handkerchief from her forehead.

"Sit up, Ann," he said. "There's no cause for vapors. Do you see this newspaper I brought along? It's made up of about forty big pages. They're full of murders and bankruptcies and births and explorations and new diseases. In this one about three inches are devoted to a remark a distinguished artist made about you. If nothing is done about it, nobody is going to notice it much or remember it long."

"I suppose you're right and that I'm just giving myself too much importance."

"I'm right to this extent. If you want your sumptuous obscurity, it can be handed back to you practically intact."

"Oh, I do."

"Then," Lew said, looking at her very directly, "you're a fool."

"Why, Lew Carmichael, what do you mean?"

"Milton Godfrey's wife can't afford obscurity."

"That's just what she must have."

"Well, you've had it; in fact, you've carried it almost to the vanishing point. Has it been a success? You're an unhappy woman, if ever I saw one."

She looked as though he had struck her. "You could tell even after seeing me as short a time as last night?"

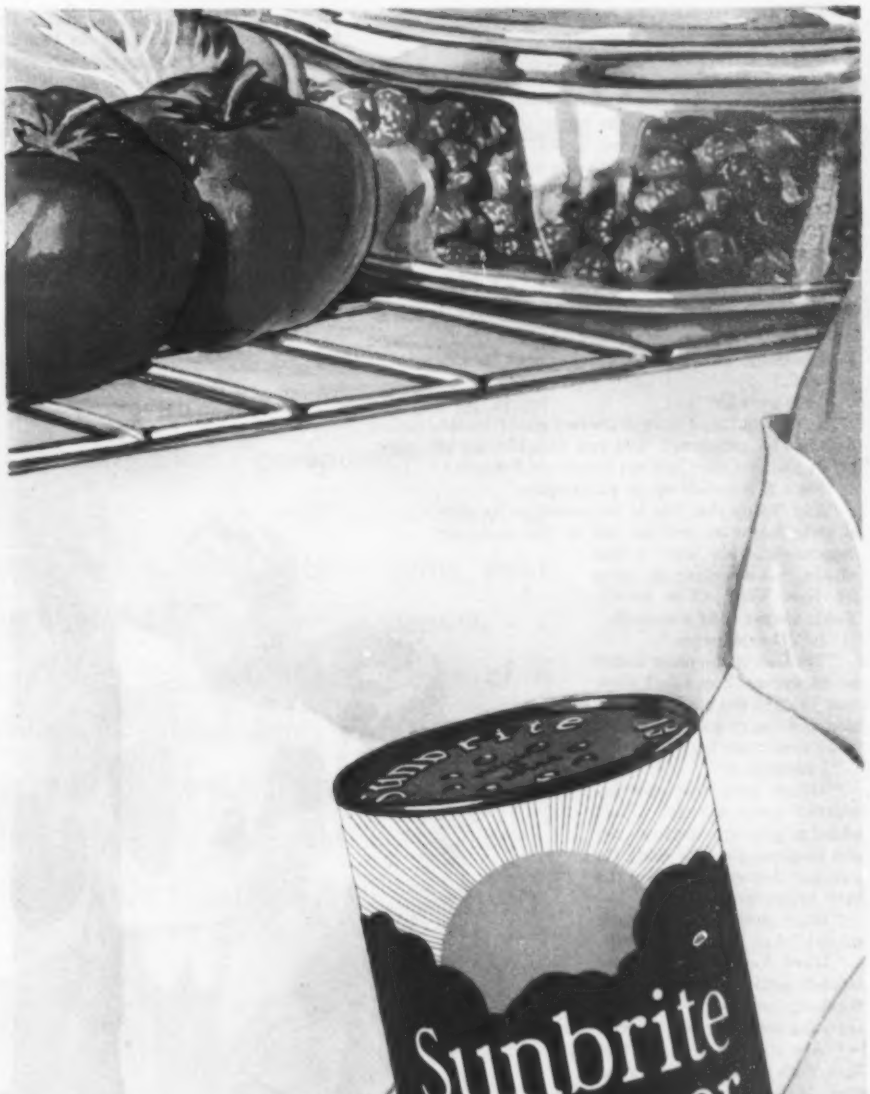
He didn't allow himself to retract. "It's written in letters a foot high," he said. "Is that why you want to hide? You certainly weren't so anxious to cower in a corner back in Thompsonville."

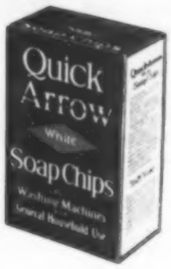
(Continued on Page 32)

The quick-clean City of Sunbrite

"TO keep my refrigerator spotless, I always go over it once a week with Sunbrite. Not only to take off stains and dirt. But to sweeten the inside, too. With Sunbrite, the refrigerator is so easy to keep clean and sweet." ... Of course it is!—with Sunbrite doing both the cleansing and *purifying* in one simple process. Sunbrite's unique "double-action" makes all your cleaning tasks lighter. It saves your hands ... and money, too. Order a supply of Sunbrite for your cleaning today.

Swift & Company


Sunbrite
Sunbrite Cleanser
Cleans, Scours
Purifies


Quick Arrow
White
Soap Chips
Washing Machines
General Household Use

Dish-washing's so fast with Quick Arrow White Soap Chips! Wash and rinse glasses and silver in its hot fluffy suds. Makes them shine!

(Continued from Page 30)

"I didn't know about myself then."

"Didn't know what?"

"That I'm just small-town stuff and can never be anything else."

"Have you never heard the rumor that all outstanding New Yorkers come from small towns?"

"Yes, they're the ones with the spark in them. The others become part of the five million molecules. That's what I've done."

"The trouble with you is that you've lost your nerve."

"I admit that."

"Or rather Milton Godfrey has killed it."

"That's not true."

"I don't mean intentionally, but—we might as well be frank about this, mightn't we?—Milton Godfrey came from nothing. All his life he's had to fight his way by bluff and gall."

"He's a genius."

"In part, but bluff and gall are very good friends to genius. And has he got them? Did you hear him say last night, before me, that the Godfreys came from England?"

"He had it looked up by genealogists."

"Any family that has to be looked up by genealogists might as well be left in the unclaimed department. My point is that Milton had a technic all ready for New York. You hadn't. You'd always been somebody."

"In Thompsonville."

"The size of the place makes no difference. You didn't know how to fight for position. The idea of doing so was repellent to you—now, wasn't it?"

"I suppose so."

"Milton knew that and distrusted your ability. That added to your own distrust. So you took the place he made for you, and that was the rôle of the little brown wren."

"What other could I have taken?" Ann defended herself.

"Good Lord, child," Lew scolded, getting up and striding the floor, "you could have been anything you chose, and you can be! Are you taken in by this New York racket? Open your eyes. Half the prominent beauties here haven't the foundation of good looks that you have. Your features are regular, and your figure used to be corking and hasn't grown fat. But because you don't carry yourself well any more, and don't push out your face as though you were saying, 'Look! See this precious gift of beauty I have to offer the world,' you let the others cover you with their dust."

"But I couldn't do that possibly, Lew. And you yourself say that Milton wants me to be a little brown wren."

"Don't fool yourself. I said that was the only position he'd made for you, but it bores him to death."

"I know that," Ann said with a shudder.

"And if you don't make another for yourself," Lew pressed his point, "look out."

"But if I were conspicuous and made mistakes that he hated ——"

"Well, what if you did? Be honest, Ann. Could things be much worse between you than they are right now? You two poison the air for each other as only married people can when the marriage is going wrong."

"You frighten me, Lew."

"I want to. You've got your opportunity in this comment Sir Aymar Bliss has made. By a great stroke of luck, Milton is out of town for two weeks; by an even greater one, he's given me the job of looking out for this matter if you don't insist on killing it."

"But what do you want to do?"

"I want to make you conform a little more to the popular idea of what Sir Aymar Bliss has called you. I want to make you a generally recognized beauty."

"You might as well want to make me into a Pekingese. How would you begin?"

"In the first place, by setting a corps of experts to work on you."

"It sounds as though they'd have to put up a scaffolding."

"Maybe they will; and I want to get modistes and hairdressers and masseuses, so that when Milton ——"

"But I've had the very best of all of them."

"You haven't had the right ones. Think of me a minute, will you, Ann? I need this job. Milton had refused me one before this came up. It's a desperate last hope with me. If you let me keep it and we're successful, when Milton comes back we'll let him be present at your first public appearance."

"But in the meantime, the newspapers."

"In the meantime, the gag is that you're too quietly elegant to go any place or see anyone while the glare of publicity lasts. If I don't have any luck in having you made over, how will you be any worse off than you have been?"

"I suppose, as you say, the whole thing will die down," she said, then she looked up at him with a smile at once tender and amused and tired. "Does the job really mean such a lot to you?"

"Everything," he lied. "Don't fail me."

"I'm afraid I'll fail you," she told him, "but at least you have the job."

It had been very easy for Lew Carmichael to talk about beauty experts and modistes, and their like, and in the ardor of his rhetoric he had felt that all he needed was to put his own mind to the problem of improving Ann Godfrey, but on sober reflection he got pretty scared. He hadn't lived in New York for six years, and had he, it was improbable that his knowledge would have covered that particular field. About most problems he could consult Maude Stevens, but, having seen what Maude did with herself when, on great occasions, she forsook the severe tweeds which were her usual uniform, he knew that Maude was not the person to whom he should turn. It was even necessary that Maude should not know that he had such decisions to make, lest she be offended because he ignored the advice she would be only too sure to give.

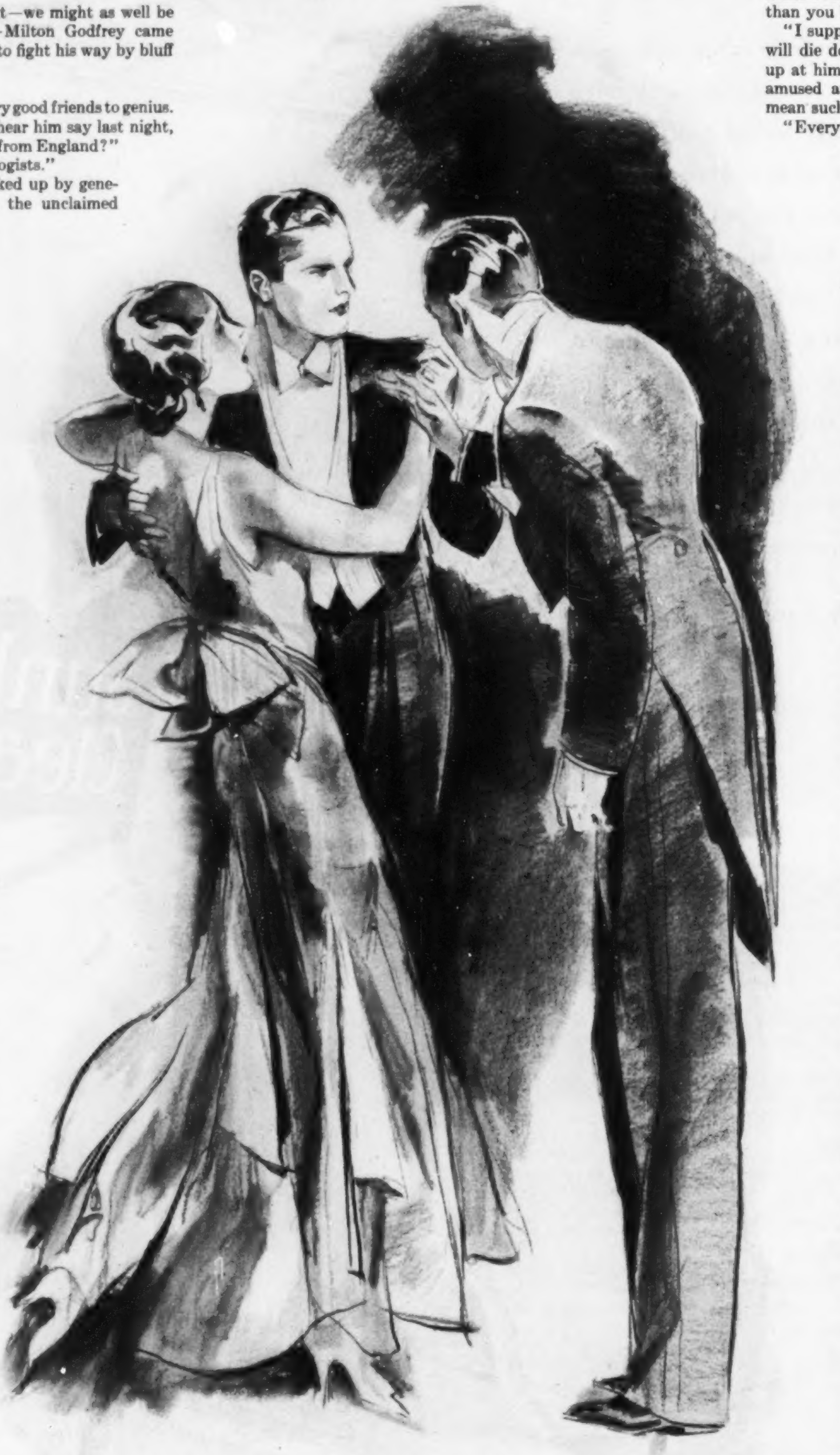
There was always the Henry Wilbur Advertising Company, but it was a mere corporation with a bias toward products placed with it for exploitation. What he needed—and would undoubtedly have known, had it not been for his absence—was a chic, unprejudiced, intelligent woman to guide his ignorance. Somebody like that Miss Chadsey.

Why not that Miss Chadsey herself? She'd said she was hard up, and from the fact that Milton Godfrey actually listened to her now and then, Lew judged that she was a person in whose ideas Milton would have some reliance.

The thought seemed an inspiration. There was no Mary Chadsey in the telephone book, but the Social Register yielded her address and showed a rather imposing list of clubs after her name, all of which buttressed Lew's faith in her.

Her apartment proved to be the top floor of an old house. It was small, but the instant Lew crossed the threshold he knew it was right with a rightness one seldom encountered. Modernist, it could never have been done by anyone who hadn't known, understood and been a little bored by the classic styles. It was all brilliant polished surfaces and fantastically blended

(Continued on Page 122)



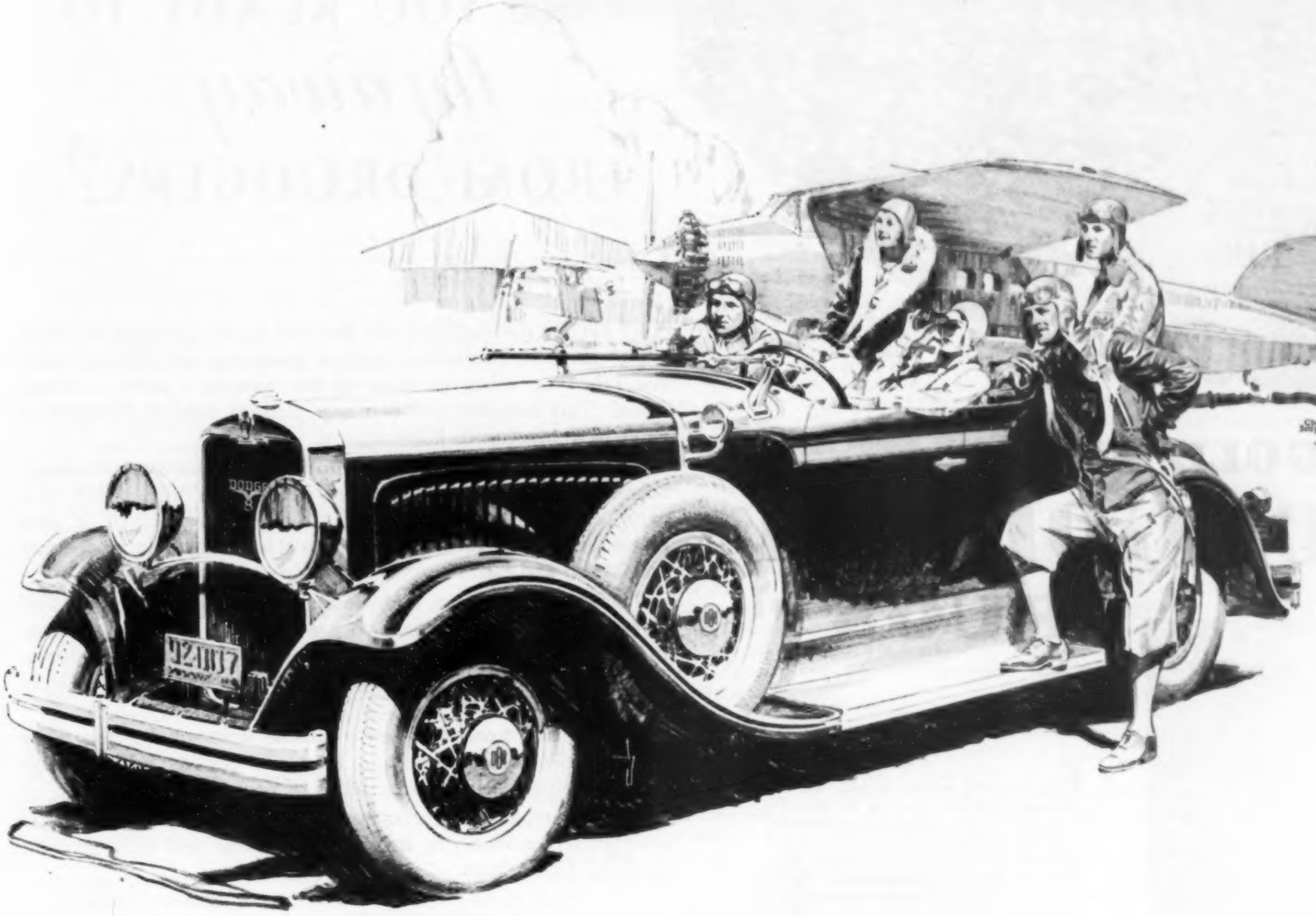
One Couldn't Dance More Than a Few Feet With Ann Godfrey Before She Was Snatched Away

DODGE BROTHERS

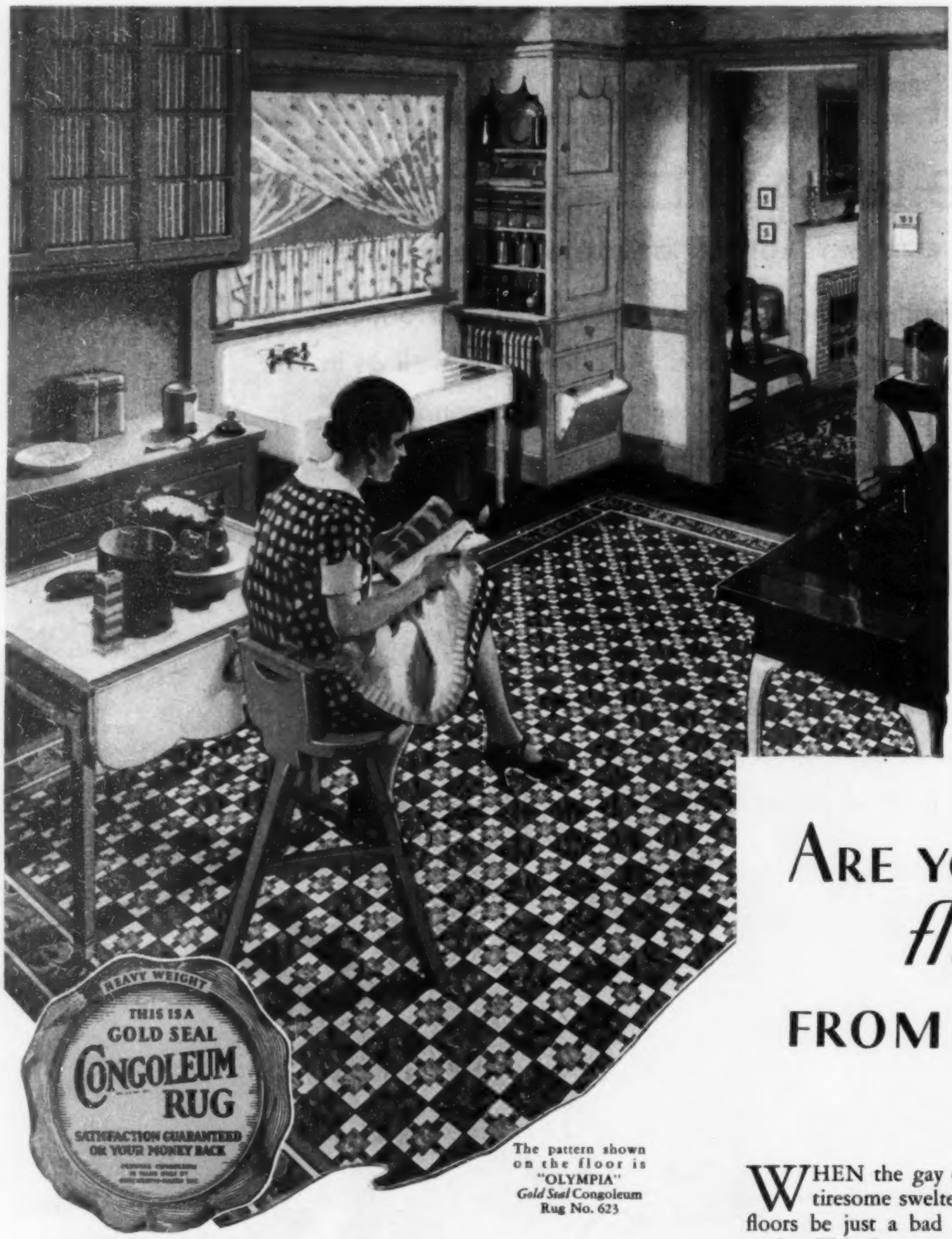
SIXES AND EIGHTS

UPHOLDING EVERY TRADITION OF DODGE DEPENDABILITY

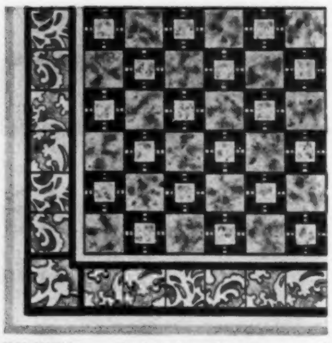
The Dodge Eight-in-Line is a thoroughbred in performance; a thoroughbred in appearance and in stamina—as well as in that combination of intangible qualities called "personality." » » Its handsome lines and fine appointments win your admiration at first glance. Its smooth, powerful performance wins your enthusiasm. Its unfailing dependability wins your respect. » » Furthermore, it is a safe car; with the double insurance of a Mono-Piece Steel Body—silent, strong, roomy and comfortable—and weatherproof internal 4-wheel hydraulic brakes. » » We invite you to see this car at the nearest dealer's showroom, and to drive it. The prices are $1095 and up, f. o. b. factory.



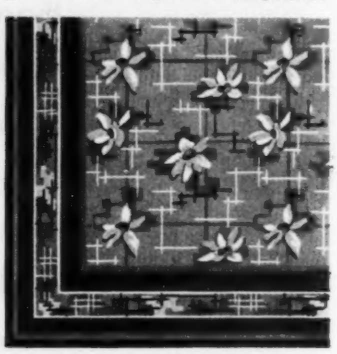
© 1930 by Dodge Brothers Corporation



The pattern shown on the floor is "OLYMPIA" *Gold Seal* Congoleum Rug No. 623



"SPARTA" . . . tiles in rich marble effects set off by an unusual Grecian border. To be had only in genuine *Gold Seal* Congoleum. It is Rug No. 624



"DUVAL" . . . a delightfully different floral design —and decidedly modern. Obtainable only in genuine *Gold Seal* Congoleum. It is Rug No. 619

ARE YOU READY TO *fly away* FROM DRUDGERY?

WHEN the gay outdoors beckons a teasing finger let those tiresome sweltering hours of sweeping and cleaning dusty floors be just a bad memory of last Summer—never to come again. This Summer see to it that smooth, sanitary Congoleum Rugs have made your floors *modern.*

And here's what we mean by modern:—Floors that are cheery, bright, artistic. Floors that can be wiped clean with a flick of a damp mop. In short, floors that make you proud to be in your house, but which give you many free hours outside where you find health and fun.

There's many a place, both upstairs and down, where *Gold Seal* Congoleum Rugs can lighten your work, and brighten your home. In Summer bungalows and cottages, as well as out on the porch, they are a godsend, for among other things they are absolutely rain- and damp-proof.

So fly away from drudgery. Choose from among the many beautiful *Gold Seal* Congoleum Rugs, the designs and colorings that harmonize with the furnishings of your various rooms.

But remember, when you buy, look for the Gold Seal. It is your guarantee that you are getting the one and only genuine *Gold Seal* Congoleum.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., *General Office:* KEARNY, N. J.
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GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM RUGS

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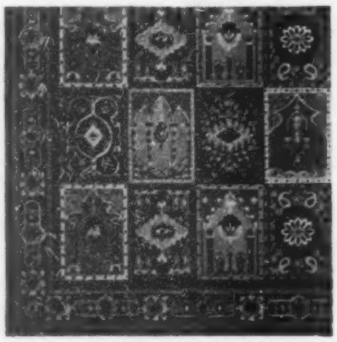
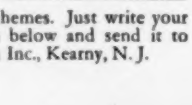


"MECCA" . . . an exclusive *Gold Seal* Congoleum design showing a number of colorful Mohammedan prayer rugs. It is Rug No. 615

FREE—Every woman should have our purse-size booklet showing all the new *Gold Seal* Congoleum Rug designs, with "style chats" about each pattern. A handy guide when planning decorative schemes. Just write your name and address below and send it to Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, N. J.



American Business and Business Men—By David Lawrence

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Owen D. Young

WHEN a man is responsible for two and a half billions of dollars' worth of assets and the productivity thereof in the way of dividends, it will be admitted that he has one of the principal burdens of modern industry, with enough of a job to occupy his waking hours. Yet when the same man finds time to spend several months in the public service and manages to keep his business interests going just as smoothly while he is away, it may well be wondered how he does it—what is the formula that makes possible, as it were, long-distance management—or, to put it another way, self-propulsion of huge business units.

Owen D. Young finds himself drafted every now and then for a task of financial diplomacy. It was he who stood alongside Charles G. Dawes and drew the first plan for the liquidation of Germany's war debt, and it was he who, last year, fought the battle of the Paris experts which yielded what is known as the Young Plan of International Settlements.

Mr. Young's executive responsibilities are not miscellaneous; they are concentrated in companies that are allied with each other. Thus, he is chairman of the board of the General Electric Company, chairman of the executive committee of the board of the Radio Corporation of America, and, correspondingly, a dominant figure in the boards of directors of all the subsidiary companies of the latter, including the National Broadcasting Company, Radio-Victor, Radio-Keith-Orpheum, and so on down through a list of concerns some of which deal with the manufacture of literally one million different products or articles of merchandise.

"How can you get away from all these businesses?" I asked Mr. Young one day recently, as we sat in his office high up in that city of business turmoil known as 120 Broadway.

"Organization," was his quick reply.

"Yes, but how do you get it, where do you get it, and what was the method of developing it?"

"Picking the men is the hardest part, and, of course, the root of it all. I suppose everybody in business life recognizes the difficulty not merely of picking men but of picking the right ones. I have been especially fortunate. The three men who make it possible for me to go away whenever the occasion calls are Gerard Swope, David Sarnoff and Merlin Aylesworth.

"There are two kinds of executives, I suppose—those who become confused with detail and those who can at any time put on the magnifying glass to get enough intensity of definition of detail. The thing that impressed me about Gerard Swope was that he had a capacity to deal with detail without loss of perspective. You can readily tell what this means in a business with a million different things to make. Bear in mind that when you manufacture an automobile and you get a model, you might make a million copies of that model. That is not what I have in mind when I speak of a million different products. I am not referring to quantity production. I literally do mean articles of different kinds. When we build a generator, for instance, it must be according to particular specifications—nearly everything is made to order. There are certain things, of course, which can be produced in quantity, but practically everything we manufacture requires an infinite amount of detail.

"It was in the wartime, when the late Edward Stettinius was Assistant Secretary of War, that I became acquainted with the work of Gerard Swope. Mr. Burchard and I wanted him, and the three of us really picked him. He had been with the Western Electric Company, and we took him to organize our foreign business. It was the work he did in that field which led to his selection as president of the General Electric Company.

"The extent to which Gerard Swope looks after things when I am gone makes it possible for me to spend months in outside service. He does double duty, of course, when I am away—carrying my load and his—but that is his contribution.

"Speaking of the work abroad in connection with the reparation settlements, I felt justified in calling on one of my executives to help me over there. David Sarnoff has a mind which grasps quickly the financial intricacies of a problem like reparations. In the first few weeks of the conference I kept him in reserve. It was in the last few weeks, when everybody else was tired out, that I brought him very actively into the work. I don't suppose it is generally known, but he was our principal point of contact with Doctor Schacht of the German delegation, and he did an extraordinary piece of work in negotiating for us with the Germans. Doctor Schacht had confidence in Sarnoff and believed in him. They worked well together. One could easily see that each man in the group of American delegates and experts was effective and at one time did a job that saved that conference; each seemed to have a part in the crisis which prevented it from being wrecked, and that can be said of Sarnoff in particular, for there came a time when only one man could save the situation, and that arose toward the end with Sarnoff and the German delegation."

"When you first picked Sarnoff, did you recognize in him the capacity to negotiate?" I inquired at this point.

"Well, that's another story. I found Sarnoff in a relatively unimportant position in the American Marconi Company when we took that over. My job at that time was to make radio function. Half a dozen concerns all had patents, but not one concern had enough to operate. Somebody said that as the patents were then distributed, Westinghouse could have received a radio broadcast, General Electric could have sent it out, and probably the American Marconi could have stopped them both by legal action. And of course the American Telephone & Telegraph Co. also had important patents. The Marconi Company had been of British origin, and I was being importuned not to sell our patents to that company. The whole problem was one of releasing an art.

"Well, at that time Sarnoff was assistant to E. J. Nally, of the Marconi Company. He was an active figure and, as commercial manager, seemed to know so much about the whole art of radio that I began to draft him for the work of negotiating the patent problem. Though, of course, he has real executive ability, I would say that his most outstanding quality is his capacity to envisage possibilities, and, also, he has a keen sense of how to get at a thing to realize those possibilities, and that is why he is today president of the Radio Corporation of America.

"Once the art of radio was released, it then became a problem of developing an entirely new agency. And that's what brought me to the selection of Mr. Aylesworth. It occurred to me that the problem would be largely one of external relations—dealing with mass psychology. Public relations appeared to be its most important factor. Merlin Aylesworth was managing director of the National Electric Light Association and had dealt with all phases of the electrical industry. He had an intuitive sense about relations with the public as well as an experience with such relations.

"Frankly, I never thought of the showmanship side he would need as president of the National Broadcasting Company. Indeed, I had no idea that radio would develop as it has. I believed that the makers of radio sets would have to support broadcasting. As Commissioner of Public Service, in Colorado, after his training at the bar, Mr. Aylesworth had developed an experience which nobody could have foreseen would be so valuable in an entirely new field. I think in picking him I had what might be called a lucky break, for nobody could have visualized the varied problems of broadcasting—the relations with the governmental bodies, the relations with the public, and all the hundred and one aspects of a new art. These three men have helped me. They are eager to take the load whenever they can."

"But how do you divide the work?" I asked. "Is there a sharp line between the chairman of the board in organizations like yours and the presidents of the companies?"

"I have always said that the job of the chairman of the board," answered Mr. Young, "is best illustrated by a ship coming into port. The captain lays his course; he is in actual charge of the ship. I happen to be on the bridge, keeping an eye out for outside craft. In other words, the interior organization of these companies is directly in the hands of the presidents. If there is a problem of external relations, if there is a matter of broad policy to determine, I am consulted. I keep in touch with the high spots in the actual operations of the business without being responsible directly for administration. If I were to make myself a part of the administrative organization I could never get away. It is because Swope, Sarnoff and Aylesworth actually run their companies and consult me only on the major questions of policy that I can get away for prolonged periods. Mind now, I am not saying I enjoy the absence. It is only a case of sheer necessity that carries me away from base, but even when I am at my office I try to keep free from the interior workings of any of the companies."

• • • • • • • • • • •

Many a big business has at its top today a born salesman. Many a business could not have become a success unless it had mastered the problem of selling. The meat-packing business means quantity sales. And F. Edson White thinks there are fundamentals of salesmanship which, primarily, are based on asking enough for a product to bring satisfaction to the seller. This is probably another way of saying that he believes that the essential in a trade is getting the right price; and the right price is not necessarily the highest price that can be asked. He illustrates it by a story of what happened in his youth. He accompanied his father to the Peoria stockyards, where he acted as bookkeeper in recording the elder White's purchases and sales of cattle on commission. The youth noticed that small shipments of hogs frequently changed hands at attractive figures while in the process of being made into carload lots. So he asked his father for some money with which to do a bit of trading, and before the day was over he bought and sold hogs and earned a little profit.

At the close of the day's business the senior Mr. White was dictating figures which the son was recording, when suddenly the father stopped and asked:

"Did you buy any hogs?"

"Yes, sir," replied the youth, "and I sold them, but I wish I hadn't."

"But did you get your price?" asked the father.

"Yes, sir; I did," was the reply, "but I think if I had held them a little longer I could have got more for them."

"Son, you will never make a trader," blurted the father, almost angrily. "You'll never amount to anything in the trading game if you don't learn to ask a price that will satisfy you if it is accepted. If a man sells at his own price and isn't satisfied, he has no one but himself to blame. One can't always sell at a profit, but the asking price should

(Continued on Page 158)

The New OAKLAND EIGHT

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

McClelland Barclay

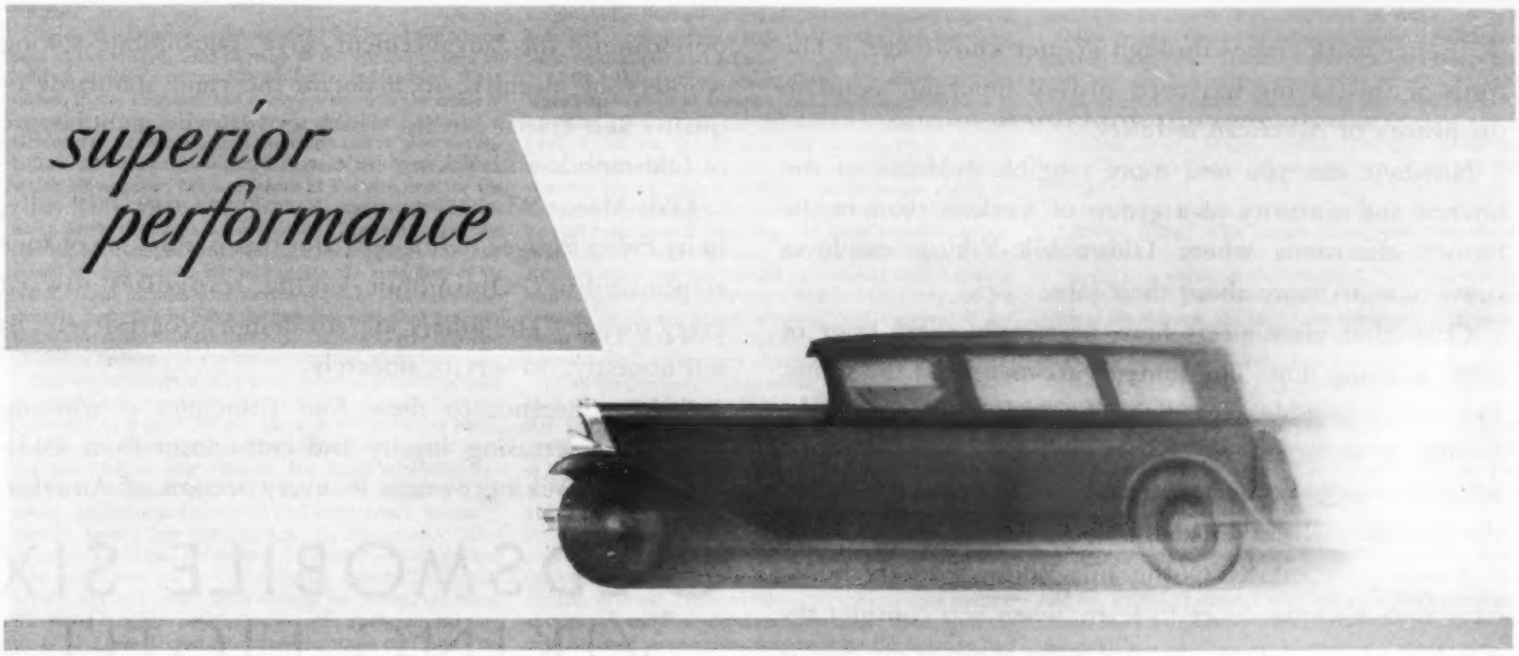
BODY BY FISHER *of course . . and that accounts for its exceptional grace and charm*

BODY BY FISHER typifies all that is fine in automobile coachwork. And the qualities which have so firmly established the fame of Fisher craftsmanship have been developed to a high degree in the bodies of the New Oakland Eight. . . . To these splendid examples of fine coachwork, Fisher stylists have imparted a refreshing grace of contour and a tailored smartness of line which emphasize the car's long, low appearance. They have cleverly harmonized lustrous Duco colors to secure new combinations of striking beauty. And in these bodies, Fisher skilled artisans and engineers have combined unusual charm and comfort with enduring strength and safety. . . . You should actually see and drive this newest of General Motors eights to realize what an exceptional car Oakland and Fisher have produced. Inspect its smart styling. Relax in its restful interiors, upholstered in fine mohair and fitted with appointments both artistic in design and durable in construction. Try out the comfort of the easily adjustable driver's seat and the deep, form-fitting spring cushions. Learn about the convenience and safety of the new Fisher non-glare vision and ventilating windshield which eliminates annoying reflections. Then, seated back of Oakland's 85-horsepower engine that develops one horsepower to every 37 pounds of car weight, experience the superior performance and delightful handling ease of this new eight. A single drive will prove to your complete satisfaction that in the New Oakland Eight you can now enjoy the advantages of a truly fine motor car at extremely moderate cost.

$1025

AND UP

Seven body types. All prices f. o. b. Pontiac, Mich., plus delivery charges. Oakland Motor Car Company



Write for an interesting booklet which illustrates and describes the design of the New Oakland Eight

TO DESIGN PROGRESSIVELY
TO BUILD FAITHFULLY
TO SELL HONESTLY
TO SERVICE SINCERELY

The Schoolroom Comes to the Workshop

"Better work comes through greater knowledge." The truth of this saying has been proved time and again in the history of American industry.

Nowhere can you find more tangible evidence of the interest and sincerity of a group of workers than in the factory classroom where Oldsmobile-Viking employes come to learn more about their jobs.

Class after class meets here, practically every hour of every working day. The students are men from the shops. Everyone is eligible, regardless of position. But since the number must necessarily be limited, those applicants are selected who have demonstrated the greatest ability and the greatest zeal in their daily work.

It is only natural that Oldsmobile-Viking workers should have such a strong desire to learn, when you consider the watchword they follow . . . "Anything short of my best is not acceptable." At the same time, knowledge and opportunity for advancement give Oldsmobile-Viking workers an incentive to maintain the rigid standards of quality and craftsmanship which govern the manufacture of Oldsmobile and Viking motor cars.

Olds Motor Works promises to manufacture faithfully, in its *Policy Pledged to Progress.* But this is only one of four responsibilities Oldsmobile-Viking recognizes toward every owner. The others are: to design progressively; to sell honestly; to service sincerely.

Strict adherence to these four principles is winning constantly-increasing loyalty and enthusiasm from Oldsmobile and Viking owners in every section of America.

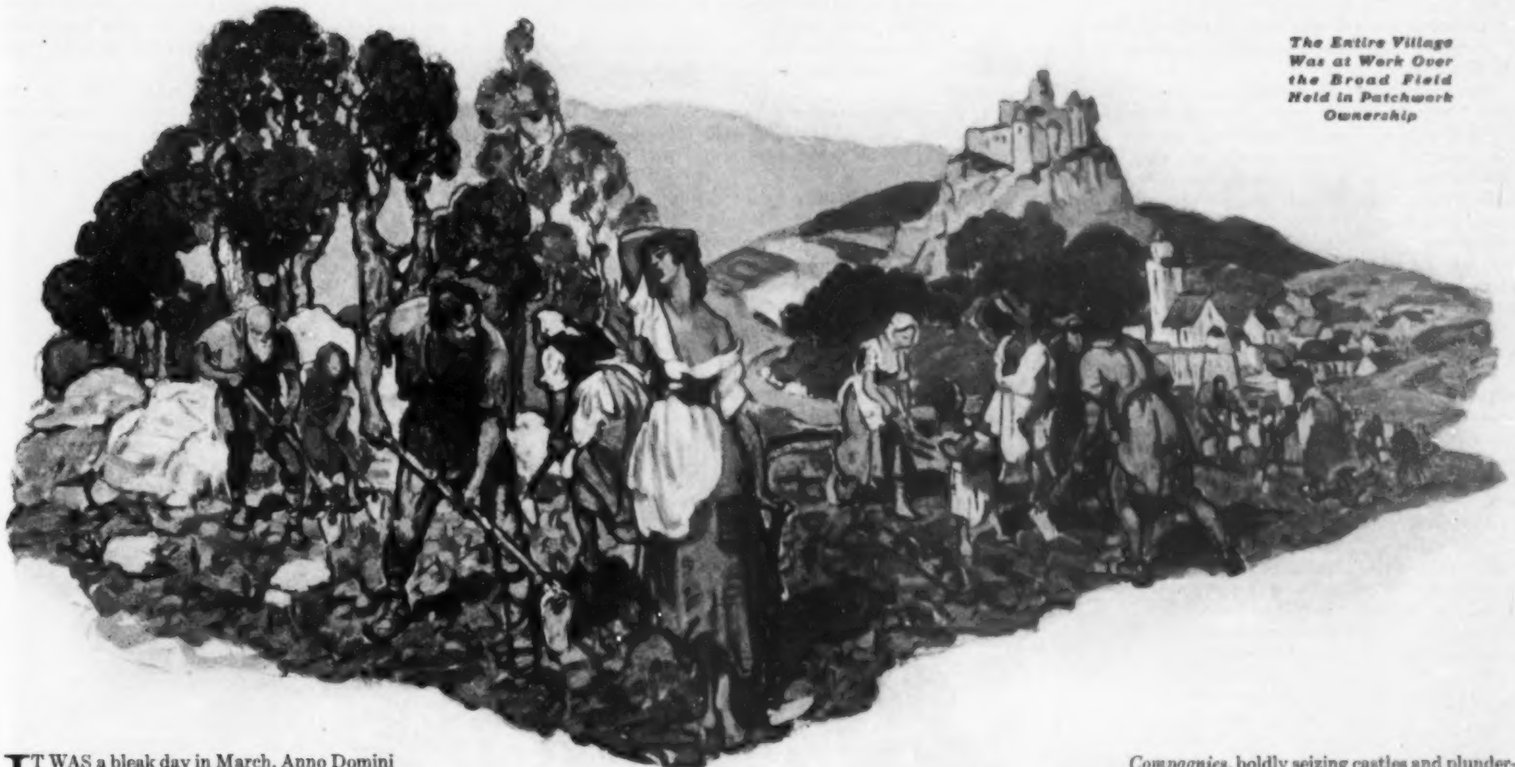
OLDSMOBILE SIX
VIKING EIGHT

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

THE RED FLAG

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN



The Entire Village Was at Work Over the Broad Field Held in Patchwork Ownership

JACQUES BONHOMME GETS ANGRY

IT WAS a bleak day in March, Anno Domini 1358. In the fields adjacent to the village of Ornière-la-Haye, belonging to the fief of Givécourt, a few leagues from the walled town of Compiègne, a number of ragged, squalidly dirty, brutish-visaged creatures, male and female, full-grown and children, hoed diligently between the sprouting corn. They were the peasants of the Seigneur Raoul, Comte de Givécourt; his villeins with variously fixed *dîmes*, *aides*, *redevances*, *réjouissances* and a multiplicity of other charges; and his serfs, limitlessly to be oppressed, "*taillable et corvéable à merci.*" Those gradations of status had importance only to themselves. Regarded from any higher level of contemporary society, villeins and serfs were alike scarcely to be considered human. Derisively, they were but "Jacques," or more fully, "Jacques Bonhomme," in that immemorial contempt for the rustic which today labels him "Rube."

Gilles, the *forgeron*, acknowledged leader of the young men of the village, hoed likewise in the portion of field he held on a *vilain's* tenure like his father before him. That father, Pierre Pruneau, had lately deceased as the result of excessive torture behind the strong walls of the château of Givécourt. Contumaciously the *vilain* had refused to contribute his arbitrarily allotted share of the huge ransom which his *seigneur*, taken prisoner at Poitiers, was for the honor of chivalry bound faithfully to remit within a year and a day to the English at Bordeaux. Roasted over a slow fire, the old man had bitten through his tongue rather than reveal the pot of coins buried beneath the mud floor of his hovel. Some months later, on the pallet he had not subsequently been able to leave, he had died with that precious hoard still safely beneath his body. Gilles was grimly proud of such a father.

The entire village was at work over the broad field held in patchwork ownership. Near to Gilles hoed Jehanne Pastourel, as a child left sole survivor of her family when, in 1348, the Black Death had carried off three-quarters of the population. Her cousins, the Luc-Pastourels, had charitably adopted her. Now was she a strappingly tall wench, as strong as a man with flail or pitchfork, unusually comely despite her squalid rags. At Eastertime, Gilles Pruneau would pay the necessary dues to the *seigneur* and take her before the *curé*, making her honorably his wife before God and man. With her was her friend, the blond Pierrette, daughter of Mahieu Courtil, and promised similarly to Alain Mortehaie, sworn comrade of Gilles Pruneau. Just beyond worked Guillaume Lesueur and his wife Marie, who had been a Delafosse; she had a young infant slung at her back, and had put her two-year-old firstborn in the shelter of the hedge. Farther away were the Porchers, the Colins, the Duboys, the Bouquets, the Gohiers, the Duchemins, men, women and children, all stolidly bent to their labor. For centuries past, representatives of precisely these same families, similarly unkempt, tattered and blackly unwashed, had tilled these fields of Ornière-la-Haye, whereof in bad times they had not more than the gleanings after tithe and tax and *redevances* ordinary and extraordinary—as when, for example, the lord's daughter was married, or the lord's son was made a knight, or the States-General of the realm imposed a special *aide*, or the royal officials rode through the land exercising their right of *gîte* and *prise*.

Little talk was there among them. Occasionally Gilles looked up to smile at Jehanne, and Jehanne smiled back in a broad display of teeth through her down-hanging, tousled hair. There was indeed but little to say; there had not been enough rain, the crops would again be poor, Easter was not far off, young Jacques Courtil would surely be hanged by the *haute justice* of the *seigneur*, now that at last he had been caught poaching. In their sententious, uncouth speech, they had long ago exhausted these topics. Another topic was too constant a dread at their hearts to be mentioned at all. Only every now and then they glanced toward the church tower, where a child kept watch, listened in a sudden terror that they might hear its bell announcing that a company of brigands was in sight.

Of all the great events happening in the world, this result of the truce made between the King of England and the still captive King of France was the only one which directly concerned them. The young Charles the Bad, King of Navarre, might intrigue with the Parisians for the throne of France, to which he had claims by the female line. The young Dauphin, stubbornly resisting the reforms demanded by the *parlement* of the States-General, might be at swords' points with those burgesses of Paris, openly rebellious under the leadership of the provost of the merchants, Étienne Marcel. These matters were the exclusive concern of *seigneurs* and townsfolk, remotely above them. But the companies of mercenaries, dismissed by the truce to find subsistence for themselves, were a menace appallingly real and close. Traditional in peasant memory were the horrors committed in previous times by similar bands of unemployed many-nationed soldiery, but these *Grandes Compagnies*, boldly seizing castles and plundering far and wide, outdid any of their predecessors. Dreadful had been the tales of their doings, and consequently had the peasants fortified the church tower as best they might, digging a moat around it for additional security, and always during the day a child kept vigil from it. Now were they especially anxious, for last night they had seen a conflagration in the distance.

It was noon. They rested from their toil, drew together at the side of the field for their exiguous meal of rye bread and onions, washed down with thin red wine. They would still be hungry when they had finished all that they could now spare themselves to eat. For the past three years the crops had been bad, and the exactions of their *seigneur* and of the tax collectors appointed by the States-General had been worse than within living memory. Only by the greatest economy of the little grain stored within their barns would they be able to exist until next harvest.

Gilles Pruneau looked at Jehanne, munching with keen appetite by his side. The Luc-Pastourels were poorer than most, and she had only a small piece of greenly moldy bread, without an onion. He had two, one large, one small. He threw the larger one onto her smock.

"*Ohé, la garce!*" he said pleasantly in their coarse dialect. "Take thy share. Soon shall we divide all, God willing."

She smiled at him in gratitude, put back the onion.

"*Nenni*, Gilles! The largest share must thou always eat, for strength must thou have for thy forge."

"Aye," he growled, in an ill thought, "and but now has the *seigneur* sent that I should make ironwork for the portcullis of the château, though I have sickles and scythes and pitchforks enough to make and repair, and plow coulters after they be finished. Natheless, keep the onion, *garce.*" He tossed it back to her. "I would have thee plump for our wedding."

"Hard is it for poor folk to wed these days," said Alain Mortehaie. "Little enough food for a man alone is there, without a wife and little ones. Yet in the château does ever the *seigneur* feast his fill. I mind me never to have eaten to my hunger."

"Thy hunger!" laughed Pierrette Courtil. "Not even the *seigneur's* table could sate it!" She tossed her blond head. "None the less, Alain Mortehaie, needst thou not wed me an thou fearest I shall eat more than my share. Others there are in plenty willing to take me before *messire* our *curé!*"

Coquette of the village was Pierrette, and always the swains crowded around her at the dances to pipe and drum outside the inn on Sundays after mass. Alain Mortehaie was quick to right himself with her.

"Nay, Pierrette," he said fondly. "Rather would I starve with thee, than without thee to revel like a great lord. I marvel only why God has fashioned it so that some men are *seigneurs*, wanting for nothing in idleness and pleasure, while others toil their life long and have but little to put into their bellies."

Old Jacques Duchemin looked up.

"Of old time was it thus made, that poor folk might be protected by their *seigneurs* from their enemies. So did my old father say."

"That may have been in times past," said Gilles resentfully, "but now is it otherwise. How do the *seigneurs* protect this realm of France? Shamefully are they beaten by these accursed English, and one said but lately that at this battle where the king was made prisoner there were many *seigneurs* and bannerets and knights who rendered themselves up to common folk of the English, even to peasants such as we.

"Like enough in so cowardly wise did our *seigneur*, whose great ransom we have paid. Nor yet against the brigands do they protect their *vilains*, but rather welcome them, so they say, in great amity and joyousness together."

"That is because the captains of the brigands are also *seigneurs* or the bastards of *seigneurs*," remarked Guillaume Lesueur. "A peddler told me even that a princess has fallen in love with a chief of one of the companies, and sent him a white charger and her favors. Shameful is it, i' faith, that such things should be, and *seigneurs* should reck so little that their villeins be mishandled in such cruelty. Pray the Virgin that the companies come not near us!"

"God's murrain upon these *seigneurs* that protect not their people, say I!" exclaimed Gilles. "Well were it that all peasants armed themselves and met together to resist the brigands, several villages together at sound of tocsin; even as the king's ordinance was cried that we should do!"

Alain Mortehaie joined in: "And so say I, comrade! Yet forget not that our *seigneur* has sworn that he would hang any who did so assemble together on his fief."

"Aye!" Gilles flushed darkly. "He knows what love we have for him. If I might truss him over a roasting fire, then would I gladly die an evil death and go to hell thereafter!"

"Listen!" cried Jehanne sharply. "Listen! The bell!"

It was indeed the tocsin, rung violently in alarm. They sprang to their feet, raced madly to the village, the women shrieking.

Gilles rushed up the interior steps of the church tower, emerged to the platform piled with heavy stones and other missiles possibly sufficient against a few stray marauders. Half a dozen other men and women of the village were close behind him. The ragged boy watcher pointed with shaking hand.

"There! There!"

They looked. The village and its fields were a clearing in the great Forest of Compiègne. Along the road from the forest approached a column of foot soldiers, their helmets and weapons glinting dully, followed by a continually issuing train of wagons and bunched-together people who were evidently prisoners. It was one of the Grand Companies on the march, a company plainly far too numerous to be resisted. From behind a nearer clump of trees appeared suddenly a troop of mailed horsemen, their lances vertical, cantering toward the village.

"Quickly!" cried Gilles, automatically asserting leadership over these scared wretches. "To the woods! To the woods! Leave everything!"

They scampered down the steep stairs again, tumbling over one another, shouting, "To the woods! To the woods!"

In the churchyard a terrified throng had collected around the equally terrified old *curé*, while other peasants were rushing to snatch what they could from the adjacent houses.

"Quick!" cried Gilles again. "Run! Run! To the woods!"

He saw Jehanne standing near him, clutched at her hand, dragged her with him as he ran with all his speed amid that mob of men, women and children streaming in panic. Even as he crossed the green open space between the church and the nearest forest, the troop charged down on them in a clank and clatter of metal, a thudding of hoofs. The fierce-visaged riders brandished their lances, laughingly shouted war cries in divers foreign tongues.

Gilles and Jehanne were safely just beyond that hurtling rush. They spared no instant to glance back at the shrieks and piercing cries, suddenly awful behind them, plunged headlong into the thicket. They arrived with the first at the place previously agreed on for assembly in such emergency, a fountain in the heart of the woods which would at least give them water. Trembling and gasping, their rags yet worse tattered by thorns and underbrush, the *vilains* appeared singly and by twos and threes, anxiously asking for friends and relatives.

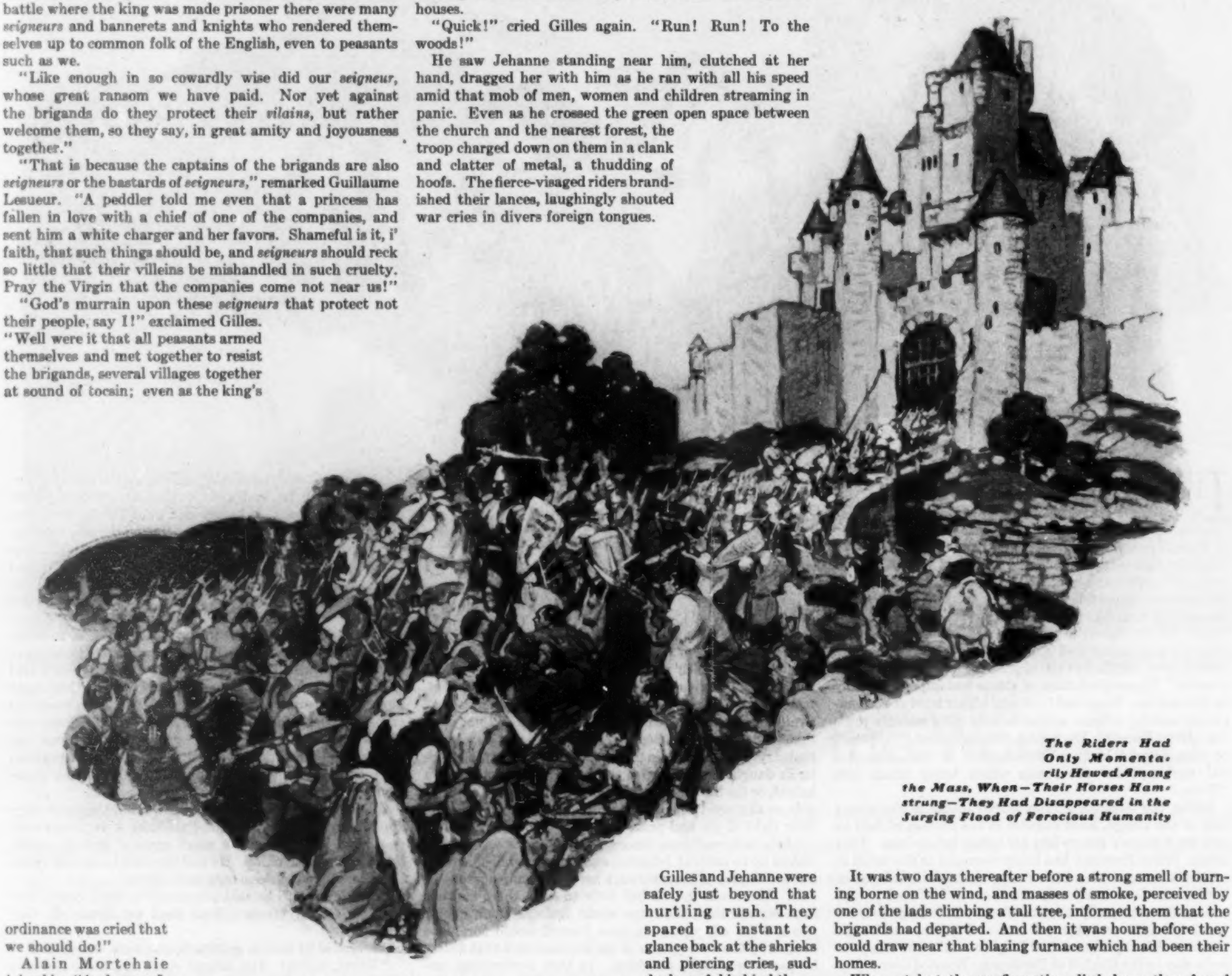
Presently the fugitives ceased to arrive. They could number themselves. Barely a half were present. They crowded around Gilles, a mob of ragged, grimy wretches, some still sobbing, uttering their despair with uncouth exclamations.

"They will not stay long in so small a village," he reassured them. "Thanks be to God, the château of Ornière is in ruin." Like many other lords, the *seigneurs* of Givécourt were too impoverished by losses at play, extravagant expenses at tournaments, and all the fashionable luxury of the time, to maintain more than one of their castles. For half a century the château of Ornière had been derelict, its walls a quarry. "Otherwise doubtless would they dwell in it as a stronghold, ravaging the country therefrom, as men say they do in other parts."

"Haply will they storm the château of the *seigneur* at Givécourt," said one of them. "Then is our case no better."

"Then shall we see of what stuff our *très noble seigneur* is made," corrected Gilles grimly. "Strong are the walls of Givécourt and he has men at arms enough to give these wolves a lesson. Yet will I warrant that he parleys with them, and pays them a ransom, as do the other great lords who care nothing so that they be not molested. We poor *vilains* pay all."

They vied with one another in maledictions on the *faineant* lords of the realm who allowed such brigands to march over the land, pillaging and slaying helpless folk.



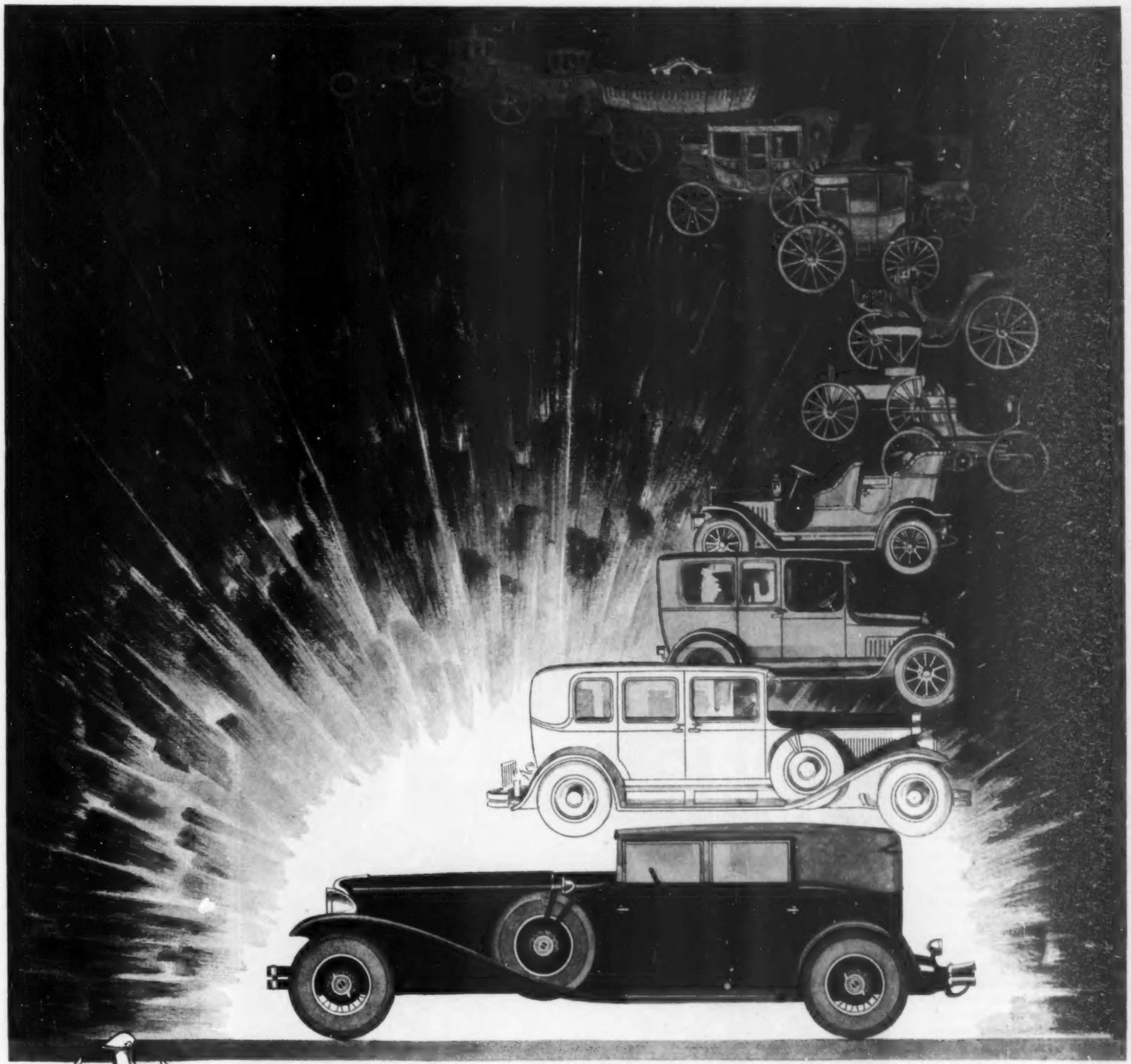
The Riders Had Only Momentarily Hewed Among the Mass, When—Their Horses Hamstrung—They Had Disappeared in the Surging Flood of Ferocious Humanity

It was two days thereafter before a strong smell of burning borne on the wind, and masses of smoke, perceived by one of the lads climbing a tall tree, informed them that the brigands had departed. And then it was hours before they could draw near that blazing furnace which had been their homes.

When at last the conflagration died down they found that everything had gone. Cottages, barns, stables were but smoking embers. The church was a burnt-out shell. Every horse, cow and bullock had been carried off. All their scanty stock of grain had vanished. The straw stacks had been burned. Even—and this was yet more appalling to them—the mud floors of their hovels had been dug up, the little hoard which nearly everyone possessed had disappeared. There was nothing—utterly nothing—except half-consumed corpses lying here and there.

As they wandered, almost insane in this dreadfulness, they saw Guillaume Lesueur and his wife stagger toward them from some half-charred bushes. She led him by the hand, and he groped blindly, his eye sockets hideous, making inarticulate sounds like an idiot. The once pleasant-faced Marie Lesueur herself looked as though she were dying. She gestured toward her husband. "They tortured him," she said lifelessly, horror exhausted in her. She explained that they had managed to escape last night, while the brigands were carousing. Someone asked timidly about her children. In that same lifeless manner, she went back to the bushes, brought out the two-year-old child.

(Continued on Page 103)



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ROOF-TOP RESIDENCES

As Told to Mara Evans

CITY life offers, unquestionably, certain perquisites: The theater and all manner of entertainment. The glamour of the crowd. Comparative freedom from inclemencies of weather. Great shopping centers, with wares of all the world on intimate display. Famous restaurants, with food from far corners of the earth. Proximity to business; the larger the city, the greater the activities that radiate from the home office across the country or the globe.

To offset these glittering gifts, there are equally obvious disadvantages: Confusion, noise, grime, bad air. A splendid chance to get run over by trucks, be bullied by policemen and overcharged by taxi drivers. The glamorous crowd is usually an unmannerly mob. Greatest hardship of all, there is the loss of space and the sense of freedom it confers—trees and the wind, the clean brown soil that mothers all life, clouds and the dome of the sky.

Parks—green spots in the barrens of brick, concrete and stone—have been set aside to assuage this nostalgia of city folk—this longing for leaves and growing grass that sometimes seem almost as necessary for human health and peace of mind as air holes in arctic ice for a submerged seal. Often, too, even parks are inadequate.

So it is only natural that, as the pressure and confusion of cities have increased, with strips of sky continually narrowing between solid canyon walls of office buildings, and cell life developing more and more as apartment houses grow, year by year, bigger and bolder, those who can afford it should turn back to garden growing on high roofs, seeking again the sky. It is an old cycle, observable wherever the exigencies of civilized life have driven men and women into crowded communities over long periods of time. The flat roof tops of India teem with life; in Morocco, after the heat of day, tired shopkeepers come out above the city to sleep under the stars. The only wonder is that in America, even with its colder months, we have not taken to the roofs before. Recent as the movement is, it has been both rapid and significant.

PHOTO. BY RICHARD AVERILL SMITH

Even Modern Cliff Dwellers Have Their Trellised Arbors

The Lure of Spain

MY OWN connection, as a landscape architect, with the new development of homes and gardens on roof tops began on a cold March day in 1923, when early spring orders were beginning to come in. A handsome car drew up to the curb below my window and a richly dressed woman stepped out and rang the bell. When she was ushered into my office in the brownstone front that only a generation before had been a private home, I drew up a comfortable chair for her.

"I think," she said, when she was settled, "you planned Mrs. M——'s estate in Brewster, didn't you?"

"Yes," I said, "I did Mrs. M——'s place."

"It's charming," she said. "And I want you to do some work for me."

"Oh, yes," I said. "What sort of work? Where is it?"

"Well," she explained, seeming a little hesitant, "it's right here in the city."

"Oh," I said. "A back yard?" I had done several interesting back yards the spring before.

"No," she said, "not a back yard. It's—well, in fact, it's on a roof—the terrace and balcony around my apartment on the roof at —— Park Avenue."

I was somewhat taken aback; it was the first order of the kind I'd had or heard of. Landscape architecture on a roof top!

"I've never tried it," I said, "but I'd certainly like to."

The next day I went up to her apartment to look it over and take measurements. She had a beautiful duplex apartment, with one large rectangular terrace and a ten-foot-wide balcony around the rest of the place. Inside, it was luxurious enough, but outside it looked bare and confined, with insistent wind and glaring sun and a thick coat of soot. The rent she paid, I learned later, was $20,000 a year.

"Have you any idea," I asked her, "how you want this done?"

Whenever I make a garden I try to find out first what vague picture of a dream garden—nearly everybody has one, I believe, hidden away somewhere below conscious thought—is drifting through my client's mind.

"Spanish," she said. "I've always loved bright colors."

"All right," I said. "We'll make a Spanish garden. But since this is the first time I've ever tried to do anything like this, I can't give you much of an estimate on the cost."

"I realize that," she said. "Anything up to $4000 will be all right."

So I went ahead and planned a roof garden for her that would have something of the small-evergreen-and-water-fountain effect that one may often find in a Spanish patio.

I realized from the first, of course, that for this job everything would have to be specially made—specially fitted, specially designed. Moreover, there would undoubtedly be only a limited number of plants to choose from. Most of the plants and flowers I was most familiar with and fondest of using would probably never be able to brave the combination of sun and wind, with little or no protection against either one. So an important item, I saw, would be shelter—shelter for plants and people alike.

I decided upon a huge awning for one corner of the large terrace. I didn't want ugly center posts to build it on; yet, in that place of unrestricted winds, there would have to be something mighty strong to hold a big awning up, and down. For two days we experimented with steel tubing, carried along the roof and braced. Every last length of that tubing had to come up in the freight elevator, and meant a lot of carting. Finally we had the big awning successfully anchored. And a gay, green awning it was.

The Lofty Cedars

IN THAT tubing business we had encountered only the first of many difficulties—the freight elevator. We were not the only people who wanted to use it, and we couldn't monopolize it. But if we stood aside and said, "After you, Alphonse," to grocery lads and laundry wights and what not, in time we got our turn at bringing up a load. Our husky day laborers were drawing down a dollar an hour apiece while they waited. That wore on my Scotch nerves. A certain amount of such delay was inevitable, but it added to the expense. So did the bribes and *pourboires* and pleas to the house attendants, as well as certain balm of Gilead to extend the patience and good nature of our own men.

There was a fountain already piped on one side of the balcony. I built around it a little Spanish fountain basin and arch of blue, green and yellow tiles. Along the walls I put colorful tiled benches. The terrace itself I separated from the balcony by a wrought-iron gate, and a section of it I raised two steps and set off from the rest by a wrought-iron archway. In a second corner of the terrace, opposite the awning corner, I made a little blue-tile-lined pool and introduced into it a few astonished goldfish. The red tiling already on the roof I left as it was.

So far, all my work was with concrete and metal and striped canvas and brightly colored tile. Rimming the house and the parapet, with space for two people to walk on in between, I planned to put the plants I had selected; in a Spanish-type garden there was no need for very many. I chose a number of rhododendrons, some English ivy, and a few staunch cedars, laurels and small pines. There were two enormous tiled urns by the gate, and a standing piece of wrought iron, in Moorish design, that held ivy, in a corner of the balcony. For the cedars I ordered three large boxes specially made, six feet square and two feet high. They were carried up on the freight elevator, put in place and filled with earth that had to be carried up in sacks. The cedars were to arrive next day. They would, of course, go up in the freight elevator, as the boxes had done.

Next morning, however, with the trees on their way, I discovered the awful fact that there was not room for them

(Continued on Page 44)

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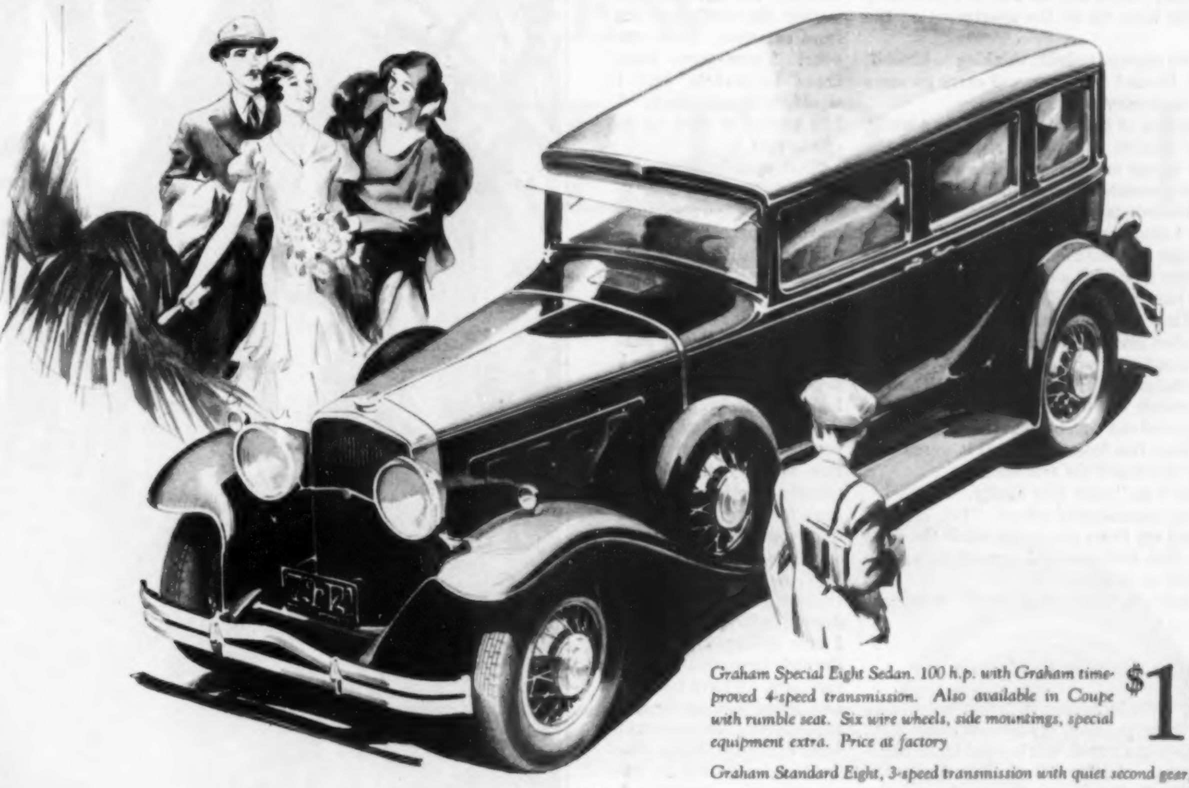

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Step the speed up to 60 miles per hour—the smoothest, easiest 60 you've ever driven, we venture—and hold it mile after mile. If you should be crowded from the rear, the dial will show 80 or better so quickly you hesitate to believe it.

Drive the new Graham Special Eight. Make any comparison, with any car, at any price, that you care to. Bring your own or any other car with you when you make the Graham test. It will be driven along, and you can change from one to the other.

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(Continued from Page 42)

in the freight elevator; there was no way it could carry sixteen-foot-tall cedar trees up to the apartment on the roof.

"So sorry," said the superintendent; thinking to himself, I suppose, "Ha-ha! Ho-ho! Now you will carry no more dirty bushes in my clean elevator."

Considerable cudgeling of brains took place for a while. Finally I phoned a reliable piano mover, presented the problem, and threw myself on his mercy. He was amused at the situation, and consented to send his truck and best piano movers over immediately.

Three hours later I stood opposite the delivery entrance of the apartment house and watched a group of men painfully easing a tall cedar tree, with a ball of earth around its roots big enough to bury a horse, off their truck.

"Get th' board, Tim," said the man in charge, and one of his minions vanished into the truck, to return with an eighteen-foot-long wooden stretcher. On this the tall, sweet cedar was laid flat and, with ropes wound with burlap where they might scorch the branches, was bound fast. Plenty of board projected out beyond that delicate tip that must at all cost be kept free from injury. If it were damaged, I should have to discard the tree entirely.

"She's tight as she'll go," said Tim finally.

"All right," said his commanding officer. "Let 'er up!"

They let 'er up, and my heart stood still, while the little group of spectators that had gathered around me on the opposite curb burbled in surprise.

"What're they doin', hoistin' up a tree?" wondered someone aloud.

A Pleasing Spanish Roofscape

SLOWLY, inch by inch, by means of tackle fastened to water tanks far up on the roof, my slender cedar tree, ignominiously strapped to a board, was hoisted like a piano into the sky, up the face of a New York City apartment house. She passed the first eight stories evenly. At the ninth, she hung for a long, terrible minute, plainly considering suicide. At the eleventh, a maid suddenly put her head out of a window and almost banged her nose on the unexpected apparition she encountered. The expression of horrified astonishment on her face compensated me for many bad minutes.

The commanding officer of the hoisting crew appeared, surprisingly, on the roof, doubled halfway over the parapet, and made gestures to his cohorts below. They obeyed whatever it was, and they shouted encouragingly to the tree. With a final boost, she climbed the parapet and disappeared.

I drew a long breath, crossed the street, and walked like a lady into the front entrance. That was over! There were more trees to watch, but I wouldn't watch them. I had plenty of work to do on the roof.

That episode illustrates one of the greatest difficulties of landscape gardening on roof tops. There is so much confusion about geting materials up fifteen, or twenty, or twenty-two stories into the air, so much likelihood of delay or mishap, that it often means a period of continual worry. I plan my design, but after that I have to find special people with special materials to carry out the extremely specialized job I have for them. I have to inconvenience a whole army of maids, butlers, grocery boys, delivery boys, electricians, and all the rest who depend on freight elevators. I have to have dirt carried through scrupulously clean corridors. I have to bribe and plead and smile and cajole. And even then I have to hurry all my own workers, so as not to impose too far on the patience of the house staff.

And to watch, besides, a tall, delicate-tipped cedar, or a huge rhododendron, or a giant privet, dangle halfway up the face of a skyscraper is too hard on the endurance.

Not a Back Yard, But a Sky Garden

Finally that first roof-top garden of mine was finished, and my client and I sat in her living room looking out toward the little pool. The two requisites of old Spanish gardens—shade and the coolness produced by jets or pools of water wherever you can have them—were also requisites of this garden on the roof, and the general effect that I had secured pleased my client very much indeed. It pleased me, too, and somewhat surprised me, for it made the place look almost literally twice as big. And so carefully had everything been placed that there was not a place where the boxes holding the plants and shrubs could be seen through the ivy trained down over them.

I'd made no estimate of cost, but had tried to steer a halfway course between economy and freedom of choice. The result came $1000 below the limit she had set—the job cost her $3000. My own compensation was not only 10 per cent of the cost, but the stimulation of something new successfully accomplished.

Soil at a Premium

MENTALLY I tabulated what I'd learned about roof landscape gardening from the episode. First, soil for plants—since wet earth weighs 100 pounds a cubic foot—must be kept down to as small an amount as will support the plants boxed in it. All plants have to be in boxes or pots—usually boxes—and every box must be specially made, to measure, strength and shape. Sometimes they are square, or round, or rectangular, or crescent-shaped, or triangular. They all have to be anchored by rivets or chains. Finally, they must all be concealed by plants.

Wrought-iron or wood trellises travel up section by section, to be fitted together on the roof and fastened firmly in place. Anything that is particularly heavy must be placed directly over some part of the building's steel skeleton; too much weight must not be on unsupported centers. Trees are chained to the parapet or to the sides of the apartment.

Every bit of soil used is triply fertilized and softened with black leaf mold from the woods, to prevent its packing too tightly in the wind and sun. And every plant must be watered often—every night—and thoroughly.

(Continued on Page 46)

PHOTOS. BY RICHARD AVERILL SMITH

Shade and Coolness Far Above the City Streets

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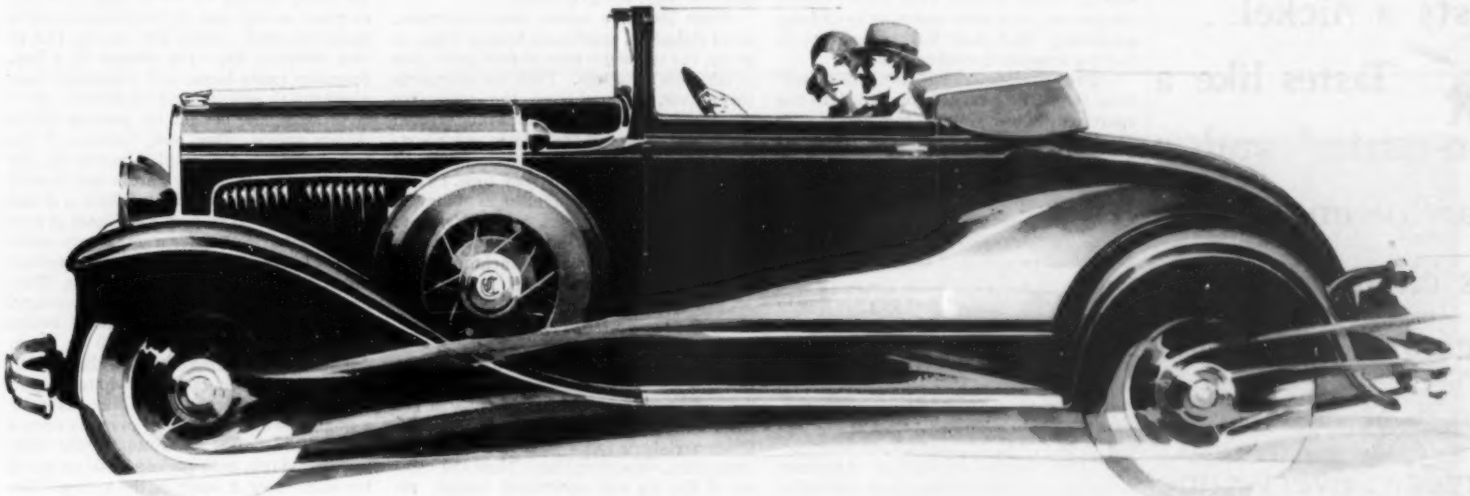

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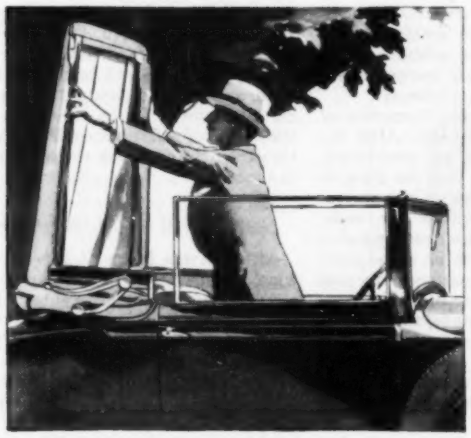

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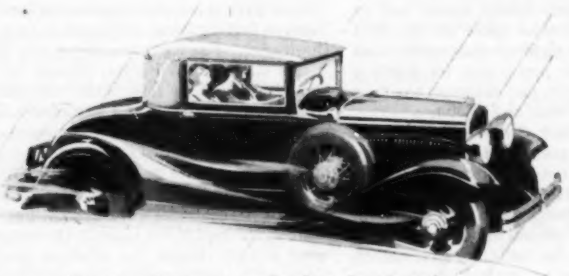
A CONVERTIBLE COUPE model on the new Chrysler Six. Two cars in one at this amazingly low price. A rich, snug Coupe for days and nights when you want a closed car—or presto!—a smart, dashing open car for joyous driving in the sunshine. ➤ One person can make the change quickly anywhere, anytime. The top folds down easily when you want only the sky over you—and just as quickly is drawn back into place again for sudden changes in weather. ➤ Open or closed, it's a smart car—just as you'd expect of a Chrysler—and always a joy to drive for the sheer thrill of its typically Chrysler speed and smoothness.



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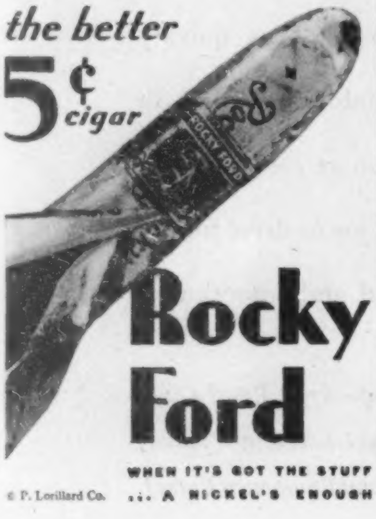


Rocky Ford

WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF ... A NICKEL'S ENOUGH

© P. Lorillard Co.

(Continued from Page 44)

As far as possible, in roof landscape gardening, effects are architectural—graceful urns, statuary, quaint fountains, wrought-iron trellises to give a sense of false perspective. Available plants for roof-top city life are limited, for the most part, to English ivy, broad-leaf evergreens, laurel, rhododendron, aspidistra, acubas and a few flowering shrubs that will last, with care, all summer. It is amazing, however, what a variety of color effects can be obtained, even with these sharp limitations. Plants have to be protected with straw-stuffed burlap in the winter, and uncovered in the spring. A good many replacements are necessary every year.

Perhaps because that first job was successful enough to furnish some charming pictures for exhibitions and bring in several similar orders, I have been drawn during the past six years more and more to roof-top gardening. Rich New Yorkers seem to be turning steadily to roof-top living.

Urban development has for many generations forced its crowded dwellers into the apartment-house system, but nowhere in the world has the shoe of congestion pinched with the same result that it has had in America. London has never really approved the apartment house. In Paris, Vienna and Berlin, apartment houses have been kept low by law, and modern conveniences have been slow to appear. Often, in fact, in European apartment houses the elevator is in such a state of mind that you use it only to go up, and you walk down. And early nineteenth-century apartment-house development in America was much the same.

The latter part of that century, however, saw two significant new features—improvement of elevators, and adoption, in Chicago and New York, of steel-frame construction—that began to squeeze American cities not only horizontally but vertically. Since 1890 more than 50,000 apartment houses, to say nothing of apartment hotels, have been erected in New York alone. In 1902, 102 were built; in 1927 the number was 4517. Greater London spreads out over 700 square miles, as against 300 square miles for Greater New York, whose population is little more than 1,500,000 behind. In New York, Mother Necessity, ravaged by steadily increasing pressure of immigration and reproduction, produced the typically American skyscraper and sent buildings 500, 600, 700 and 800 feet up into the air.

Sport for the Cliff Dwellers

At first the skyscraper was an office building; today it is a hive of homes as well. It slashes the sky line in a brief, jagged design. It towers bleakly up fifteen, or twenty, or twenty-five stories into the air, crowned finally with an apartment on the roof, and there is nothing more—that you can see from the sidewalk—to justify the increased rent asked for that roof-top residence than an elaborate awning.

What you can't see from the sidewalk is the compensation derived by that particular cliff dweller from his roof-top home. If there is any fresh air to be had in a city, he gets it. If there's any isolation, he captures it. Every night he has before him the Arabian Nights' panorama of an electrically jeweled city sparkling against the clouds.

The roof-top-home development is now about ten years old. Nearly every apartment house put up in New York since the close of the war has been crowned with one. But the first roof-top dwellers, dating back to the first years of the twentieth century, were not the elect they are today.

Fifteen years ago, the vast expanse of roof-top space in New York, as in every other large American city, was practically desert. Blocks and blocks of rubbery roof-top, melting in the summer sun and clamping your feet in quicksand if you tried to walk over it, stretched north and south and east and west of Central Park. On moonlight nights in summer, however, if you had any sense at all, you took a couple of pillows and hied you to the roof of your apartment house, provided it wasn't too swanky. The roof was cool and comfortable; you could eat peaches dreamily and aim pits at passers-by on the street eight stories below.

One by one a few enterprising artists found that by building themselves a studio on the roof top, they could get away from it all with fair success, and still be comfortably near the delicatessen. Here and there, in the Harlem and Washington Heights sections of New York, you would find a nickelodeon on the roof, with hard, green-painted benches that left you with ridges. One large publishing house on lower Fifth Avenue arranged for its superintendent comfortable quarters on the roof—four fine rooms—and the superintendent promptly took advantage of a God-given opportunity, built three or four kennel runs, and went into the dog-raising business.

When the more recent, more enormous, more elaborate, apartment houses began to go up, the top floors were at first given over to servants' quarters. Then the architects themselves, remembering the attractive studios of their artist friends as they erected one after another of these huge new apartment houses, began to realize what could be done with the despised roof tops. They began to think of the advantages of air and light and sun. They saw how roofs could be made convenient and beautiful; saw that they owned that overwhelmingly desirable feature, exclusiveness.

Prices as High as the Roof

One hardy pioneer, erecting a skyscraper, brought up water pipes, covered obtrusive water towers, and built a mansion in the skies—hurriedly reserving it for himself. Other architects followed suit, elaborating, improving, experimenting. Then the owners of the big new apartment houses, observing the popularity of the roof-top dwelling, reflected pleasantly upon what rents could be charged for the formerly despised locations, and stepped in to take the matter over. They arranged it so that these new apartments—"penthouses," as they came to be called—were not immediately gobbled up by the architects, but were left for a bit to be gobbled up by someone rich and prominent enough to be a real decoration to the establishment.

Today there are literally thousands of penthouses in New York City. After the one-apartment penthouse was established, it began to grow obvious that the thing to do was to divide the space up into several apartments, with a terrace for each. Apartment-house roofs are now separated into from one to a dozen or more penthouses. The servants' quarters have now sunk to the first-floor rear in most apartment houses. And the rents for their former quarters have risen to heights that surprise and please the builders.

Rents for penthouses today run over a wide gamut. There is one, of two rooms on the twenty-second floor of an apartment house, that rents for $1800 a year. Another, of three rooms, brings $4200. Most of them, of course, cost more. You can find comfort for $5000, and real luxury for $25,000. In general, the penthouse floor of terraced apartments brings about half as much again as similar space on the floor below. Where an eight-room apartment on the fifteenth floor rents, say, for $6000 a year, the eight-room penthouse on the floor above rents for $9000 or $10,000.

An elaborate new coöperatively owned apartment house prices its penthouses from $72,000 for a twelve-room duplex to $215,000 for an eighteen-room duplex. After paying the latter sum down for ownership, your share of the annual maintenance cost, covering care of the building, gymnasium upkeep, squash-court caretaker, tea-room hostess and all, would only come to perhaps $21,000 a year. One new Fifth Avenue coöperative is offering a real bargain—triplex apartments on the twelfth, thirteenth and penthouse floors for only $175,000! In another coöperative, the fourteenth story, with fourteen rooms, is priced at $123,000; the next floor—the penthouse—is held at $131,000 for twelve rooms.

As these privately owned or rented penthouses have developed, an upside-down arrangement of rooms has followed as a natural result. In the modern duplex penthouse, the bedrooms are on the ground floor, and the reception rooms, sitting rooms, tea corners, ballrooms, studios, and so on, on the second floor, with a terrace as spacious as your pocketbook stretching before the living-room windows.

It is in landscaping these terraces that my own work comes in. Sometimes the job is only a small one. I know of an instance where the entire expense for a little rock garden and a parapet privet hedge came to only $250 altogether. Usually it runs, even on small bits of roof, to much more than that. Labor is the biggest single item, coming, on the average, to fully as much as the cost of the plants or other materials used. Good dirt can be had at two dollars a bag—100 pounds to a bag. Specially made boxes and containers may alone run to several hundred dollars. Such trees as cedars, bought for perhaps thirty dollars apiece, often cost, because of the labor expense, $75 or $100 apiece by the time they are in place. Shrubs and flowers run from as little as eight dollars a dozen for ivy plants to an occasional item of several hundred dollars for a single rare specimen of ornamental evergreen, perhaps imported from Norway or the Orient. Trellis work of specially ordered hand-wrought iron, for clients to whom money means little, may alone run to $1000 or more. Artistic fountains may add another $1000. For statuary you can pay whatever you choose, from a few dollars to thousands for a single piece. The labor of covering even a small roof garden for winter rarely costs less than $100, with perhaps half as much for uncovering it again in the spring. Replacements on a $4000 or $5000 roof garden frequently come to $1000 a year. A popular waterproof flooring, of wood fiber and cork, painted a pale, soft green and waxed, costs one dollar a square foot laid. One well-known financier, with a penthouse on Fifty-ninth Street, has a conservatory that cost him $10,000 to build, where he raises roses, has all sorts of shrubbery, keeps police dogs and bright-colored macaws, and has had painted, by an Italian mural decorator, more landscape on the brick walls outside his apartment, to match his garden and prolong the appearance of distance.

A Bit of Egypt in Illinois

Although the range of expense is very wide, you may see that roof-top farming is not yet adaptable to any eighteen-dollar-a-week purse. My own return, except on small jobs where I set a contract price, is usually a 10 per cent commission on the total outlay. A $5000 expenditure for landscaping an entire penthouse buys all the ingenuity of an experienced architect bent on solving an intensely specialized, artificial landscape problem and making an eight-foot tiled terrace seem quite as satisfying as a long ramble through the woods.

New York is not the only place where sky living is finding favor, although it is so far the leader. For instance, Benjamin Marshall's studio in Wilmette, Illinois, on the lake front, has a fine little roof-garden treatment, with grass and shrubbery, and, adjacent to the garden, a tower room containing the biggest bed in the world, dozens of pillows, and one or two Egyptian mummies brooding in the corners. Mrs. Howard Gillette, in theatrical work herself, has had built on the roof of her Lincoln Drive apartment a little theater for amateur productions, with sure applause from the lions in the zoo across the way. The Chapin estate on upper Michigan Avenue has a high-powered telescope housed on the roof. One hotel has a presidential suite—which means that only senators and movie heroes can occupy it—on the roof, done in

(Continued on Page 48)

Dangerous ACID SHIPMENTS NOW MADE SAFE!

by exclusive Goodrich process of vulcanizing soft Rubber to Steel

●

Twin Goodrich developments,
ACIDSEAL RUBBER
AND VULCALOCK PROCESS
insure safety in acid transport

FOR years it has been a problem . . . how to transport corrosive acids with economy and with safety to life and property.

Few substances can resist the destructive action of strong acids. The most common substance . . . glass . . . is subject to breakage. And breakage means not only damage to equipment and goods in transit, but possible danger to life and limb.

In this case, a twin development by Goodrich provided the solution. One of these was Acidseal Rubber. Rubber resistant to corrosive acid action.

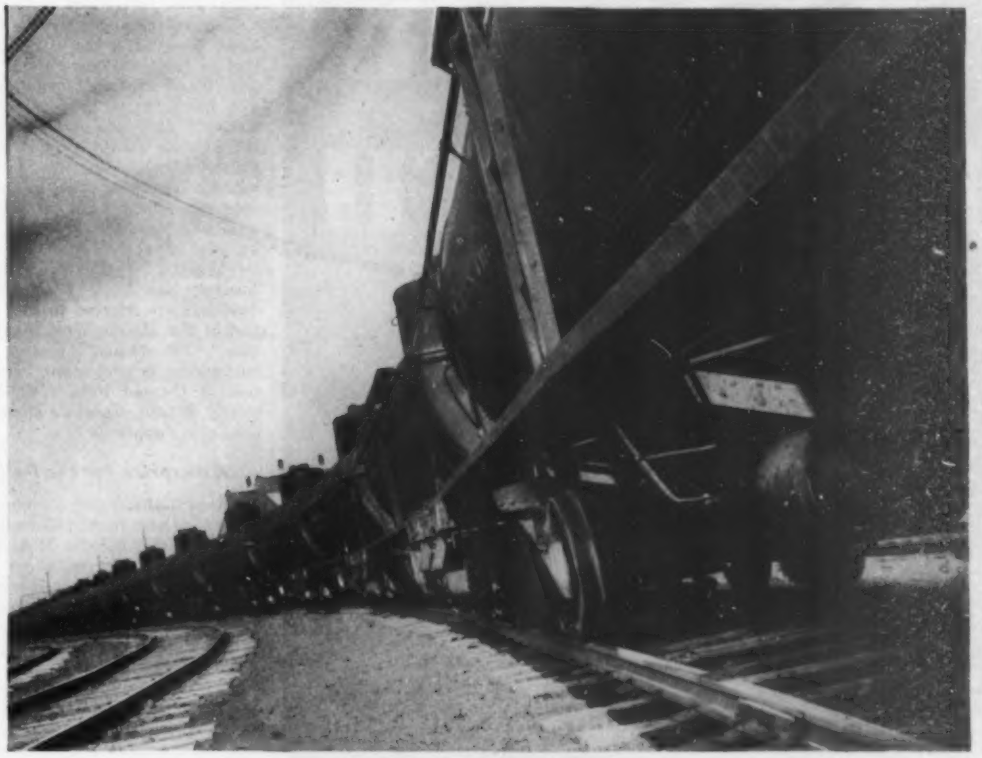
The other was not a product, but a process. The process of vulcanizing soft, flexible rubber to steel. Making a perfect bond between two radically differing materials. Permanently sealing one to the other.

Today, countless gallons of dangerous acids are carried in tank cars lined with Acidseal Rubber by means of the Vulcalock process. The shipments are carried safely. There is nothing to break . . . no chance of spillage. Lining requires no attention . . . maintenance costs are eliminated.

And in plants where acid is handled in volume, the same principle is applied equally well to storage tanks and piping systems.

It was through applied science that Goodrich was able to offer this dramatic solution to a vital problem. Applied science likewise brings equally successful solutions to simpler, more everyday industrial difficulties.

Executives are invited to put their problems before the Goodrich Industrial Research Committee. The Chairman of this Committee will be glad to discuss existing solutions or the advisability of special research. The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Established 1870, Akron, Ohio.



MORE THAN 100 tank cars lined with Acidseal Rubber by the Vulcalock process are now in use. These cars have 40% to 80% greater capacity than old-type wood cars. The first car built is still in service after 6 years of use.

THIS INTERIOR VIEW shows a typical Acidseal installation. The lining is 5/32 of an inch with rivet heads and seams covered with an additional layer of rubber to prevent injury to the lining.

ACIDSEAL RUBBER

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NEW
FINER
PLYMOUTH
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$590
AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY

So much more in fine quality than you can buy elsewhere at such prices. A full-size car; internal weatherproof hydraulic brakes; Safety-Steel Bodies . . . smart, fast, powerful, economical. Now one of the lowest-priced cars in the world.

PRICES

4-door Sedan, 3-window, $625; Coupe, $590; Roadster (rumble seat), $610; Coupe (rumble seat), $625; Touring, $625; Convertible Coupe, $695. F. O. B. Factory.

SOLD BY
CHRYSLER, DODGE BROTHERS AND
DeSOTO DEALERS EVERYWHERE

(Continued from Page 46)

Early American. The Tavern Club, in the 333 North Michigan Avenue Building, has capitalized its roof possibilities with outstanding success—several gay decks done modernistically, and a fine background of towers on one side and a view of the lake on the other.

In San Francisco, ex-Sen. James D. Phelan has a very nice bungalow on top of his Phelan Building. Mr. Clift, too, has had made a charming little bungalow on top of his fifteen-story Clift Hotel in the city's center. Mr. John S. Drum has an elaborate home on top of the Fairmont Hotel. Mr. Templeton Crocker, who has the top floor of a community apartment building on Green Street, has erected on the roof a beautiful lounge, with a view of the Bay and the hills. On the Mark Hopkins Hotel, on Nob Hill, the main roof has one large garden, entirely inclosed in beveled-top glass which acts as a wind deflector. Inside this glass house has been landscaped a formal garden, with a fountain in the center and perennial plants bordering the outer edge. Six smaller gardens are planted on terraces at the fifteenth-floor level below.

The general tendency so far in San Francisco, however, seems to be to devote the roof to gardens alone without living quarters. The Portal Apartments, on Nob Hill, will have twelve gardens—eight on the sixteenth floor, one on the eighteenth, and three on the twenty-second. On the Four Fifty Sutter Building, just completed, the roof has been kept clear, all plumbing and vent pipes have been carried to a higher level, and plans are on foot to develop living quarters there.

The word "penthouse" seems to be exclusively New Yorkese. In the West, roof dwellings are referred to as "bungalows" and in the Middle West usually as "studios." "Penthouse" means literally an outbuilding or projection, being a corruption of the old French word "*pentice*," which, in turn, traces its ancestry back to the Latin "*appendix*."

A Surprise for the Policeman

One of the most difficult jobs of all, in my experience with roofs, I had with the top of a bank building in lower Manhattan, facing the Statue of Liberty, where a group of bankers and brokers met so regularly every day for luncheon that they organized themselves into a club. They wanted a roof garden. Fine. I laid out a plan—two terraces, one twenty-five by fifty feet with a garden, another with twelve tables of four chairs each, and various little arches here and there, leading up and down the terraces and into the building itself. The view of the river and harbor was beautiful, the plan was just what they wanted, the estimate was quite satisfactory, and everything was set.

By phone and letter I made arrangements with nurserymen and awning setters-up and furniture dealers and everybody else whose coöperation I needed. I ordered twelve-foot-high privet, some rhododendron, arches in sections, laurel, ivy, and quite a collection of potted plants. Deliveries were to begin on Monday.

Early Monday morning I reached the building, and the difficulties began. First of all, the elevator did not go all the way up to the roof, but stopped a floor below. Moreover, it was not a freight elevator, and shivered at the thought of cluttering dirt. Thirdly, it was used constantly by the bank itself for transportation of gold—and, in fact, the only hours we could use it for our work were between eight and nine, and two and three. So here was a horde of sad-eyed workmen standing around at one dollar an hour, waiting for my solution to the problem.

There was nothing for it but to go ahead as best we could. I bribed the elevator man to come at an early hour every morning until the job was done. The nurserymen had to leave Long Island every morning at three A.M., deliver a load of plants, carrying them up until nine A.M., wait around until two and carry them up until three, go back to Patchogue, and start all over again the next morning at three. There were, on that job, 300 bags of soil to be carried up a whole flight of stairs and around to their boxes on the roof. There were bags of earth balled around the roots of the bigger bushes that weighed anywhere from 500 pounds up, and measured four feet through. It would be on that job, too, that the impossible would happen. One afternoon when everybody was very tired and harassed, two workmen struggling with a rhododendron were just a little careless. Just as they settled its roots in the box, a brisk wind tore it out of their hands, threw it—it was near the edge anyway—onto the parapet and whisked it out of sight of our horrified eyes. With one accord, everybody rushed for the side.

"Man overboard!" shouted one of the workmen.

Fortunately, it didn't hit anybody. It struck the pavement in front of a policeman, who was—well, surprised. He was also grieved, and very, very patient. With the helpful suggestions of a group of interested onlookers, we hurried that rhododendron right back upstairs again. But it never really got its health back.

A New Job for the Butler

On another job—for a sweet-faced elderly woman who wanted a garden in English-cottage style—I experimented with flowers that would stand roof-top conditions. Against her background of laurels and evergreens, with boxes of ivy, along the path I had covered with flagstones over the tile, we put pots of salmon geraniums, varicolored snapdragon, blue lobelias, blue Canterbury bells, lavender-blue ageratum, pink and white verbenas, dark-purple heliotrope, and begonias. Begonias stand hard light extremely well. In one corner there was a bush of very high privet—one of the best plants for roof tops—built up to hide an unpleasant view of water tanks across the way.

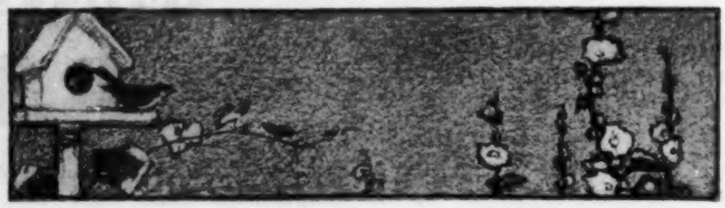
A young married woman, whose penthouse garden I arranged, wanted it done modernistically. In her case, the trellises—for which we had to get a fire-department permit, because they were wood—were in futuristic design; the low plants were set in specially made, geometrically shaped boxes, the electric lights were in modernistic brackets, the privet was cut in strange, sharp designs, and there were three cedars, whose perilous journey upward is always a source of horror to me.

I remember one time when I finished a quite elaborate garden on Fifth Avenue and was standing, with my client, looking it over. The butler came out on the roof with a card for Mrs. L——. He looked around at the array of plants and shrubs.

"Er—may I ask, madam," he said, "who's going to water all these?"

His mistress smiled sweetly at him. "You are, William," she said.

A look of deep disgust overwhelmed the face of William, but he said no word. He left us. This roof-top-garden development has created a new race of butler-gardeners—extremely dignified gentlemen who very reluctantly, and with distaste, water the plants.



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STRAIGHT EIGHT

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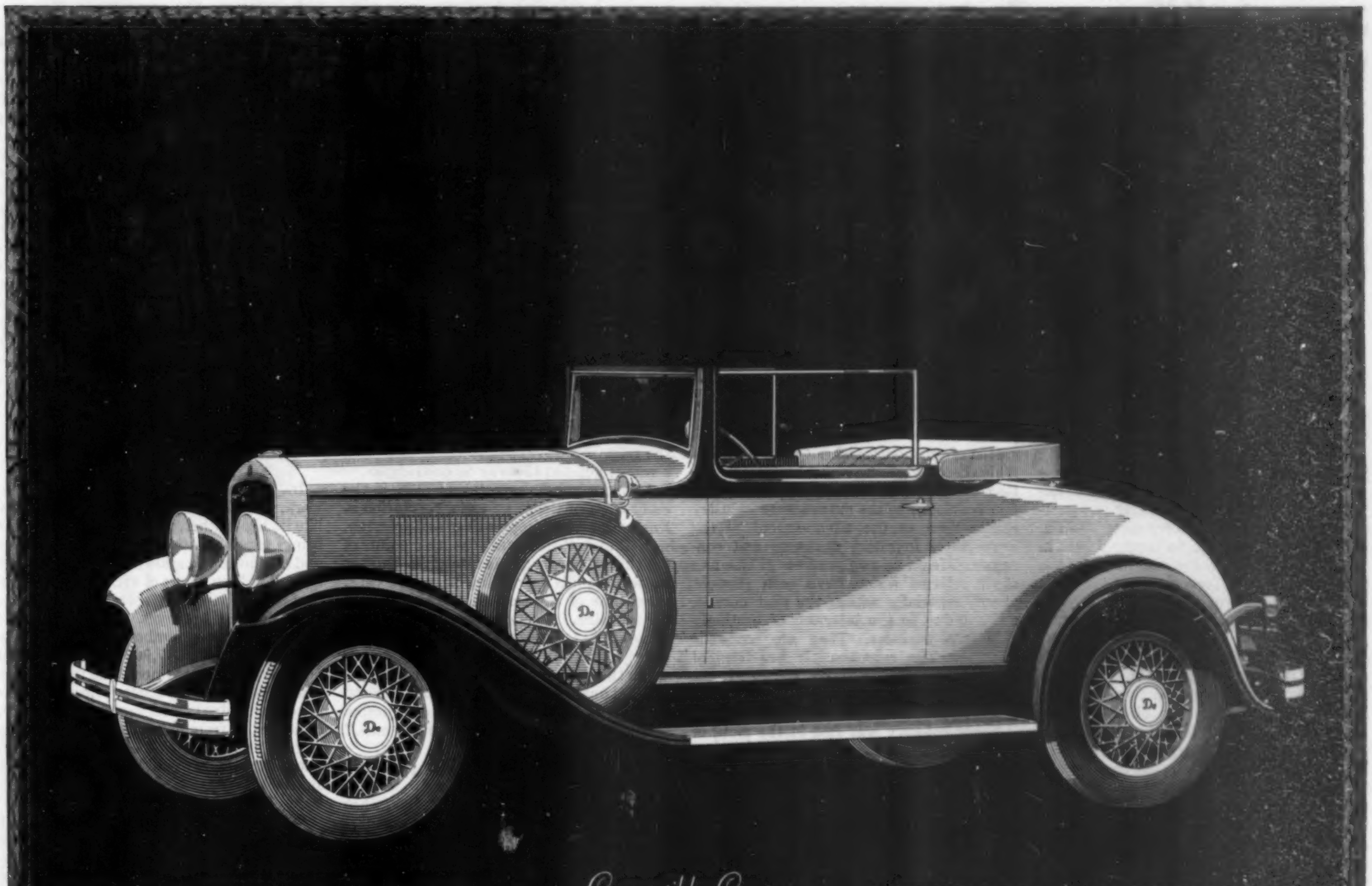


Convertible Coupe
with top folded and windows raised

There is something magnetic about genuine quality. Everyone has an instinctive, inborn yearning for fine possessions. It is man's ambition to move in a cultured environment, to live in a fine home and to own a fine motor car. Thinking people have discovered that it no longer requires wealth or extravagance to enjoy the best in life. Possessions of true quality are not always expensive. The truth of this is illustrated most forcibly in the motor car realm by the new Chrysler-built De Soto Straight Eight—a car of superb quality and yet at a low price.

$965

AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY

WORLD'S LOWEST-PRICED EIGHT

BUSINESS GROWS UP

(Continued from Page 27)

economic philosophy just as assiduously as it was building factories and machines which poured out untiringly and with unwavering precision an endless stream of commodities. There might be a suggestion of the miraculous in an electric generator developing 250,000 horse power—enough to light a modern city and turn the wheels of its industries—consuming two tons of coal a minute and requiring a river of water for condensing, but the economic planning back of it, which brought together the savings of thousands of investors to render a service to many more thousands of consumers, was quite as remarkable.

To get at the real measure of American business progress something more than a foot rule is necessary. The Stock Exchange, contrary to a general notion, is not merely the modern equivalent of the old market place. A steel plant is not only an enlargement and development of the old iron forge and furnace, dozens of which were scattered up and down the colonies from Massachusetts to Georgia. A modern industrial plant is no more a factory or mill of our fathers' day, swollen to gigantic proportions under the fostering care of a legal fiction, the corporation, than a modern office building housing thousands of tenants is an amplification of the early wooden houses where business was cradled. Revolutionary changes in the relations of ownership, capital, labor, distribution and consumption in which the United States has set the pace have brought within the range of possible achievement the planning and control of prosperity on an ever-widening scale.

Business has broken the fetters of its village environment and reached out to national horizons. It is no longer compartmented. The corner grocery store and the small-town factory are no longer secure in their isolation. They are caught up in the play of economic forces that sweep the country. Instead of relying upon a series of successive independent operations and transactions, and much changing of hands to make goods and get them into the hands of those who want them, business is bridging the gap between production and consumption by systematic direction and control. The interest of the manufacturer once stopped at his factory doorstep. When his goods were baled or boxed they passed to the purchaser and he was done with them. With what happened to them after that he did not concern himself. Each producer, each jobber, each wholesaler and each retailer who became successively the owner of the goods moved within his own restricted orbit. Only the last came face to face with the consumer. It is small wonder that the twisting channels of distribution became periodically clogged and that trade and industry fluctuated between feverish activity and paralyzing stagnation.

The Goal of Permanent Prosperity

Industry has broadened its vision to encompass production, distribution and consumption as successive stages in one economic project. The distributor is coming to regard himself not merely as a buyer of goods to be sold at a profit but as one who facilitates the flow of merchandise from production, on the one side, to consumption, on the other. Industries are coming to be earmarked less by the commodities they make than by the economic service they render. There are corporations that plan their operations from this viewpoint—some of them for a year or several years ahead—and carry them out on a nation-wide scale. Individual industries, through voluntary coöperation and organization, are adopting the same methods. If these can maintain the stability so essential to dividend payments on so large a scale, it would seem a short step for trade and industry as a whole to sustain prosperity at a constant level as a national economic enterprise.

President Hoover, addressing a group of business men meeting, for the first time in history, to consider plans to this end, said: "You represent the business men of the United States, undertaking, through your own voluntary action, to contribute something very definite to the advancement of stability and progress in our economic life. This is a far cry from the dog-eat-dog attitude of the business world of some thirty or forty years ago."

The American business man of that generation was probably no worse, or better, than the American business man of today. The dog-eat-dog attitude was part and parcel of the prevailing business code, rooted in the economic system of the day, which has become as obsolete as the duel and the trial by fire. Whatever improvement has taken place has not been due to a change of heart on the part of the business man but to changes in the methods of business.

Cash-in-the-Till Success

The profit motive, to which the Socialist and confused moralist attribute all our economic and most of our social ills, is probably as keen as ever, but instead of looking to immediate gain, to be wrested from oppressed labor and the exploited consumer, it takes on the guise of praiseworthy incentive as it becomes more apparent in the clearing business perspective that the greater profit runs parallel with the general public welfare and that prosperity is begotten of prosperity and not of poverty. It is also becoming more evident that competition directed to the destruction of rivals, which belongs to the stone age of industry rather than to the advancement of the interests of investor, workman and consumer, defeats its own purpose. These and other reforms which have been brought about, especially within the past decade, are not due to the injection of brotherly love into business. They are economic changes. The reprehensible practices of early industry have been discarded not alone because they were ethically questionable but because they no longer paid.

Early industry was cast in the mold of individual enterprise. In structure it was cellular, not vertebrate. Ownership was absolute and business was founded on the idea of private-property rights. The manufacturer, who more often than not started as a workman and looked upon his plant as the workman looked upon his tools, paid as little as he could for what he bought and obtained as much as he could for what he sold—a sound-enough tenet of the economic philosophy of the time. In England he recruited his labor largely from the almshouses—a practice of some concern to the early New England manufacturers who had only a restricted supply from this source.

The factory owner had no occasion to concern himself with the welfare of his employes beyond a natural interest in their well-being. In many cases he clothed, fed and housed them, and doubtless experienced a comforting sense of righteousness in providing them with the means of gaining a livelihood. It probably never occurred to him that they were potential customers. The appearance of a competitor in the limited field was a formidable threat which called for desperate measures, but economic warfare seldom attained the proportions of more than a street fight which disturbed little the public peace. The sole measure of success was the cash in the till at the close of a transaction. The heart of business was the countingroom. Not for many years was it to become the planning room where the once-isolated activities in which business engaged were linked together in a far-reaching economic chain of cause and effect.

With the advent of the machine the days of absolutism of ownership in industry, like the political absolutism resting upon the tottering foundation of the divine right of kings, were numbered. Mills and factories began to cluster about the streams which yielded power and were drawn to the sources of raw materials. Meager as were the advantages they offered in the way of employment, they were enough to entice workmen from the farm and household. Then began the prodigious achievement of transforming the United States from a dominantly agricultural to a dominantly manufacturing country, without adding to the day's round of toil. The work that had been done in the household—the spinning, weaving, bootmaking, chandlering, soap making, nail making and other activities—was transferred to the factories equipped with machines. That process has continued with increasing momentum, and business began not only to look to distant fields but to broaden its function.

From the beginning the structural development which, for lack of a better name, is called integration set in. The mergers, consolidations, holding companies and other forms under which activities are extended under centralized control, and which excite so much popular misgiving, are no more sweeping than similar changes which took place when industry was in its infancy. The first factories brought together under one roof many individual shop trades. With every step forward in the development of machinery and the application of power, larger business units absorbed or displaced the smaller, not because of their size but because of their efficiency. And with each step forward those who went down before the relentless advance protested that such a course pointed the way to destruction.

More than 500 years ago, in 1376, in the early dawn of the commercial revolution in England, certain apprentices and freemen, who found themselves "at the point of perishing" because manufacturers had set up water mills for fulling hats and caps, raised one of the earliest outcries against the machine. A century later, Parliament decreed that hats and caps "which were wont to be faithfully thicked by men's strength—that is to say, with hands and feet" should not be fulled in mills devised "by subtle imagination to the destruction of the labors and sustenance of many men."

Ingredients in a Bar of Soap

Five centuries, during which industry has built the cities and transformed civilization, have not altogether allayed the misgiving. It disturbed our forefathers, who suspected that the machine would undermine the virility which they associated with the tilling of the soil. But the advance has continued without interruption. In the United States, industry, with 70,000,000 horse power back of it, has transformed the average workman from a mere laborer to the equivalent of a foreman directing more than forty men. The value of a day's man power, the "hands and feet" over which the English Parliament was so solicitous, has declined to approximately eighteen cents.

But power and the machine were not the only reason for the gathering business momentum. Industry, brought to its highest point in mass production, has come to mean much more than the manufacturing of one or another kind of commodity. It embraces, under unified control, activities which, not many years ago, either existed separately or did not exist at all—scientific research, planning, statistical research, market analysis, selling, transportation, advertising, financing, engineering of various kinds, the study of employer-employe relations—all of which enter into the process of producing a bar of soap or a locomotive and getting them into the hands of those who use or consume them.

Obviously the imposing array of scientific and engineering skill, the stupendous mechanical equipment, the wide markets that were necessary to such an achievement were far beyond the reach of the small, cellular industries which were built on the ruins of the homespun and household systems around New England's water courses. The batteries of smokestacks, the acres of forges, furnaces, shops and lathes by which industry is now identified are only the firing line of the economic advance and suggest little of the extensive research and planning, the mobilization of capital, the conservation of labor and material, and the elimination of wastes in the less spectacular background, where the battle of efficiency is won or lost.

Integration—the organization of industry on a large scale—is not the parent but the child of this new efficiency. It is not a matter only of building up huge corporations under a single management or of mergers or holding companies. There is among the smaller industries a growing tendency to take these particular leaves out of the book of mass production. Those which are unable singlehanded to carry on the many operations that production and distribution now involve are by coöperation achieving the same end. Whole industries, comprising small as well as large units, are spending millions every year for scientific research, cost accounting, market analysis, the conservation of man power, the salvaging of materials and the reduction of wastes. Of the more than $200,000,000 that is spent for scientific research, a large part is contributed by trade associations, many of whose members seldom set foot in a laboratory.

Chain Stores and Group Stores

In distribution the same leaven is at work, with the same disturbing effects. Unlike its big brother, mass production, which brings together into one business household and magnifies to a scale beyond the reach of a small factory a host of activities, distribution in the chain store spreads its length to ever-widening horizons. There are chains whose links are numbered by the thousands—one reaches 17,000—and extend not only across the continent but into foreign countries. There are scores whose links run into the hundreds, and there are thousands of others, of from three to four up to forty or fifty stores, which are seldom heard of outside the communities in which they exist. In the clothing trade alone 750 chains have been counted.

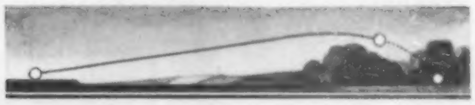
Whatever their advantages or disadvantages, the chains, just now a storm center of controversy, mark another phase of business development. They are not so modern as is generally supposed—the first one being somewhat over the three-score-and-ten mark—but they probably owe their lusty growth to later improvements in transportation and communication, and the higher development of business methods which characterize as well mass production. Here again size is deceptive. Where the line is to be drawn between the independent and chain store is still a problem. A merchant who operates one store is not different from one who operates three, or four, or forty. The border line between big and little business in distribution is an economic twilight zone that has not been satisfactorily explored.

The reverse process is exemplified by the group stores, which are associations of independent merchants coöperating to the same end. It has been estimated that in food distribution alone there are more than 400 groups, embracing 54,797 outlets.

One of the most dismal economic pictures is painted in the mortality records of retail stores. In a typical American city 60 out of 100 grocery stores will have disappeared within two years, 35 out of 100 hardware stores and 27 out of 100 drug stores. The Louisville survey disclosed that every month thirty grocery stores went out of existence and thirty-two were launched upon the stormy trade waters. The wasted

(Continued on Page 54)

Trouble enough, without adding an off-center ball!



FLIGHT DIAGRAM

A clean-hit ball is given underspin. Underspin forms an air-cushion under the ball and a vacuum above, causing it to lift itself in flight. Distance depends on the duration of this spin. If the ball is off-center it wobbles—the air-cushion is dissolved, the spin is retarded and your drive is robbed of its legitimate distance.

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•

THE 444

The "U. S." true-center 444 is what is commonly known as a "tough cover" ball. Because of its slightly looser winding it offers the utmost resistance to cutting. Mesh or recess, plain or colored dot marking, new 1.68 or present 1.62 sizes. Price 75¢.

WHY are sales of "U. S." Golf Balls increasing faster than those of any other make today? Why are "U. S." Balls being chosen and recommended by more pros this year than ever before?

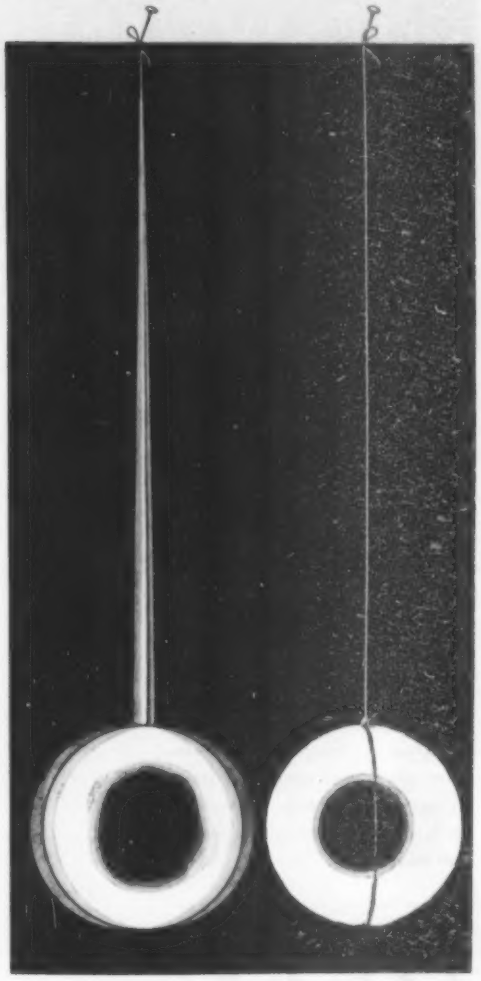
There can be only one answer: "U. S." Balls are absolutely *true-center* balls. They are made by an exclusive process which scientifically assures you of true-center in *every* "U. S." Ball. Their manufacture is controlled and scientifically checked at every step—the United States Rubber Company is the only manufacturer in this country that makes a golf ball from start to finish.

Now, why is true-center so important to *you?*

Read the paragraph under the flight-diagram at the right. This shows why it is impossible for an off-center ball to do your good strokes justice.

Read the description of the spin-test. This test shows conclusively, before your own eyes, the difference between the action of an off-center ball and a true-center ball when they get into the air. One wobbles and drops short. The other spins true and rides out your drive. On the green, their actions are just as different.

"U. S." Royals, Tigers and 444's are true-flying, true-putting balls—*because their centers are true!* Among X-ray photographs of all makes of balls, only those of "U. S." balls revealed consistently true centers.



THE SPIN TEST

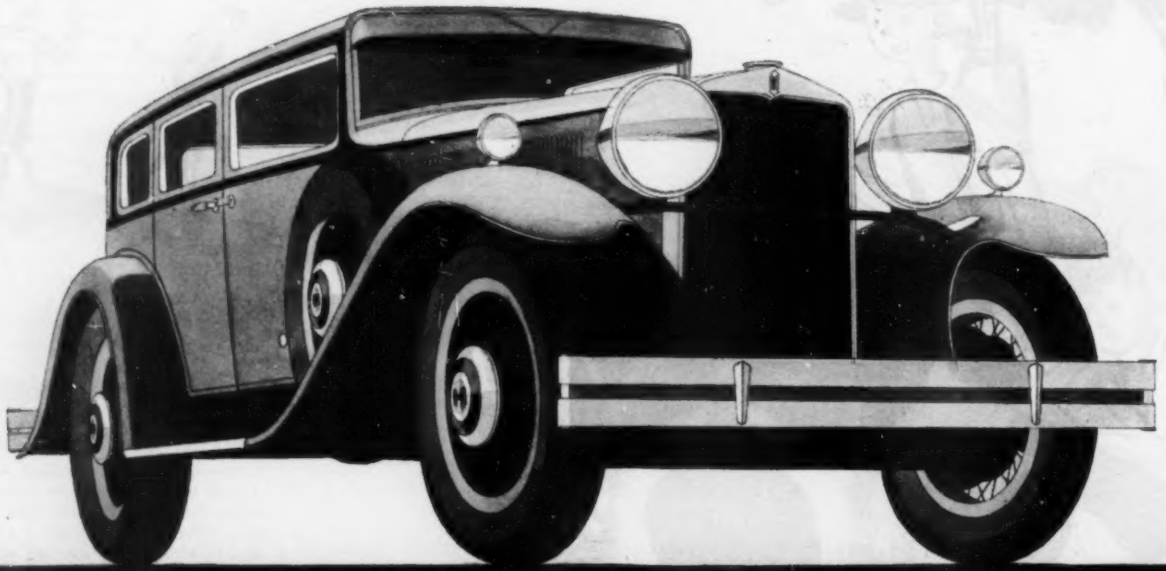
The X-ray tells the true story—and you can verify it yourself by trying the spin test. Tie ball with slip-noose to three-foot length of thread. Twirl ball to twist thread. Steady against swinging. Release. The ball on the left is off-center. It wobbles and causes the thread to vibrate. The ball on the right is true-center, and the thread does not vibrate.

"U.S." TRUE CENTER Golf Balls

Product of the United States Rubber Company

WE ALSO MAKE THE FAIRWAY—THE BEST FIFTY-CENT BALL ON THE MARKET.
PLAY A NEW FAIRWAY INSTEAD OF A "SECOND" OR DOUBTFUL "REPAINT."

THE · DAWN · OF



THE · NEW · CENTURY · SIX : 70 H.P., 70 MILES · AN · HOUR

Hupmobile announces two great

Hupmobile made motor car history with its two Century cars. Hupmobile sales shot ahead . . . doubled . . . set all-time records. The motor industry studied their developments in engineering . . . built on their smartness . . . adopted many of their innovations. Now Hupmobile re-introduces the Century Six and Eight in two cars bearing the same name. Greater in every detail—in speed, in power, in smartness, than the previous Century cars. But priced at from $200

HIGH SPOTS OF THE NEW CENTURY SIX AND EIGHT

Four rubber engine mountings of a new type, which eliminate all strain and noise . . . Light weight alloy pistons, which means less weight, more "pep" and greater hill climbing ability . . . Pressure lubricated valve tappets, which insure quiet, efficient operation . . . Smart, modern instrument panel, with convenient starter button . . . High, deep, wide radiator shell; large and fine looking radiator and hood.

THE NEW CENTURY SIX

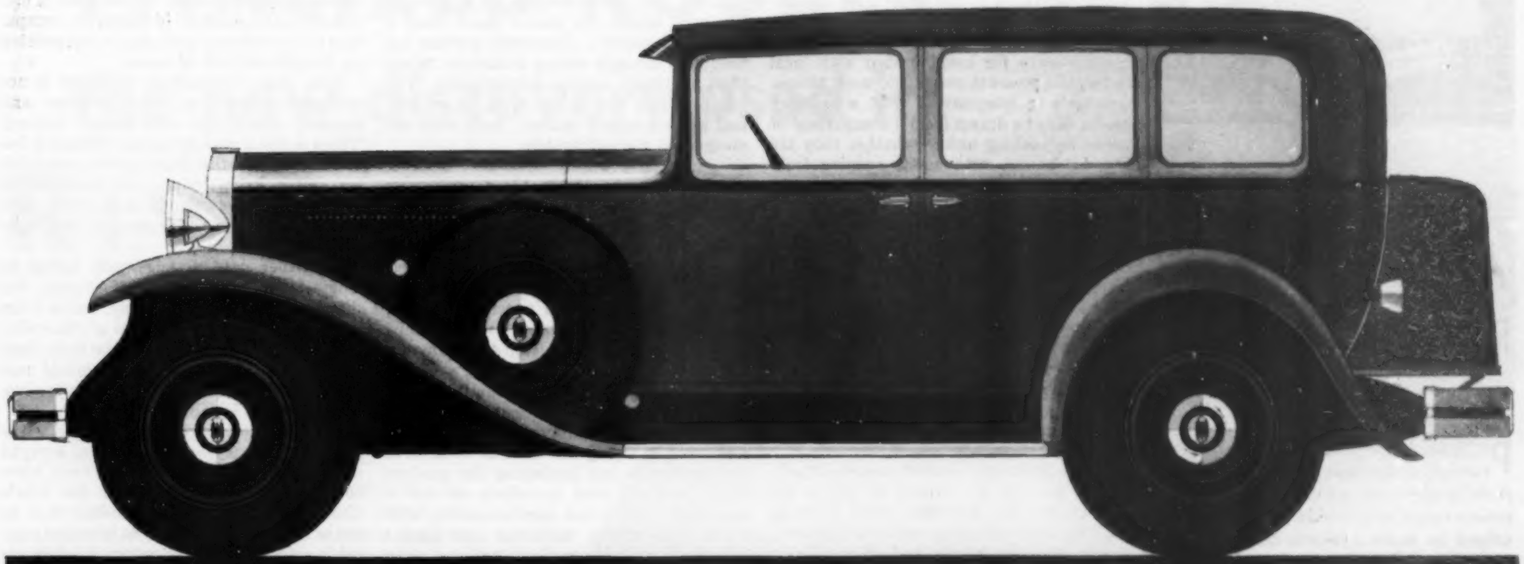
$1145 AND UP

AT THE FACTORY

HUPM

SIXES &

TWO · NEW · CENTURIES



THE · NEW · CENTURY · EIGHT · 90 H.P., 75 MILES · AN · HOUR

successors to two great successes

to $400 less. Compare these new Hupmobiles with other cars in their price class. Then you'll agree that . . . again Hupmobile steps ahead of its time . . . in beauty, in mechanical excellence, in startling performance, and in value.

●

THE · COMPLETE · HUPMOBILE · LINE

THE CENTURY SIX, 70 HORSEPOWER, 70 MILES AN HOUR . . .	FROM $1145
THE CENTURY EIGHT, 90 HORSEPOWER, 75 MILES AN HOUR . . .	FROM $1345
THE 100 HORSEPOWER EIGHT, 80 MILES AN HOUR . . .	FROM $1695
THE 133 HORSEPOWER EIGHT, 90 MILES AN HOUR . . .	FROM $2080

PRICES AT THE FACTORY

OBILE

EIGHTS

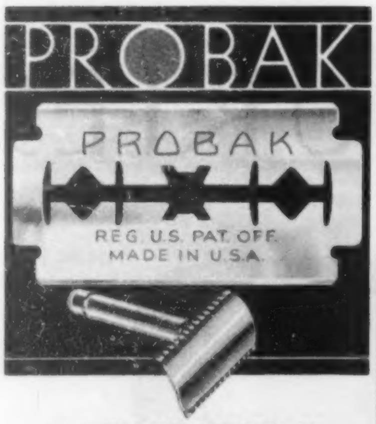
HIGH SPOTS OF THE NEW CENTURY SIX AND EIGHT

A big, substantial looking car with the moderne motif carried out in every detail . . . Long springs, matched to insure club car comfort at any speed . . . Large, powerful Steeldraulic 4-wheel brakes . . . Large tires, which add much to riding comfort . . . Large, graceful fenders—the new sweeping French type . . . Fine, body-contoured upholstery, with new type of spring construction . . . Triple Hydraulic Shock Absorbers, front and rear.

THE NEW CENTURY EIGHT

$1345 AND UP

AT THE FACTORY



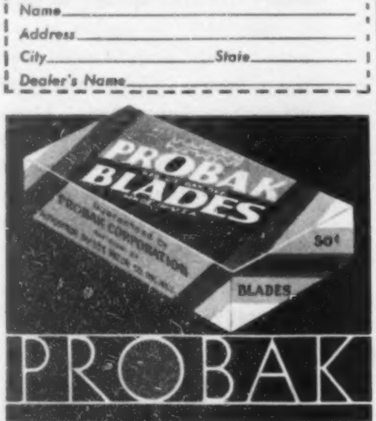
MAKE THIS
Amazing
RAZOR BLADE
TEST

PROBAK'S comparative shaving test is sweeping the country. Men know that AutoStrop—one of the oldest, largest safety razor and blade makers—can't afford to make reckless claims. When we say—*"prove Probak a better double-edge blade or get your money back"*—we mean it. Every day thousands are turning to Probak—and are getting quicker, cooler, smoother shaves.

Don't wait to use up your present supply of blades. Buy a red-green-blue package of Probaks now. Shave tomorrow with a butterfly-channeled, duo-tempered Probak. See what we mean by the "butterfly touch". Convince yourself beyond question that every Probak shave is better. If two blades don't prove it—return the package. Your dealer will refund every cent you paid. $1 for 10, 50c for 5.

Guaranteed by
PROBAK CORPORATION
Division of
AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., INC.
656 First Ave., New York City, N. Y.
Also Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Rio de Janeiro
Use coupon if your dealer has not yet stocked Probak

TRIAL OFFER COUPON
PROBAK CORPORATION, Dept. P-o6
656 First Avenue, New York City
Send me a special trial package of Probak blades for which I enclose 25c (in coin or stamps).
Name__________
Address__________
City__________ State__________
Dealer's Name__________



Protected by Patents Nos. 1,633,739; 1,639,335.
Reissue No. 17,567. Other patents pending.

(Continued from Page 50)

effort and lost motion in distribution remains as one of the most tragic aspects of business failure.

A parallel might be drawn in the banking field, where the same tendencies to substitute measured control for sporadic effort are now appearing in the form of branches and chains. There are 822 banks which have 3457 branches, with loans and investments aggregating $25,100,000,000, and 287 groups, or chains, embracing 2103 banks. Local resistance to this unification of management is as apparent in this field as in the fields of manufacture and distribution, and the necessity for keeping step with local enterprise presents one of the most serious problems in integration. But a salutary lesson may be drawn from a comparison of cohesive banking units—whether they are colossal banks, with assets ranging from hundreds of millions to billions, or banks radiating in branches or groups covering large sections of the country—and the scattered individual banks whose history is a repetition of some of the dark chapters of distribution.

In transportation, integration follows its easiest and most romantic course. The obvious advantages of a unified railroad system over the short railroads of early days, built like scattered links up and down the country, made the task of consolidation, which is almost as old as the railroads themselves, comparatively easy.

When Abraham Lincoln came to Washington for the first time, he made the journey by way of Buffalo. From there he traveled to Washington over nine railroads, purchased nine tickets and changed cars eight times. This jointed journey is not unlike the economic course once followed in production and still followed to a large extent in distribution.

The Atlantic Coast Line was, in 1830, a single railroad fifty-nine miles long, built as a community enterprise to attract trade to Petersburg, Virginia—the first of more than 100 short, disconnected railroads now comprising the system. The parent of the Pennsylvania System was the Main Line of Public Works, projected by the state in the first quarter of the last century to rival the Erie Canal as a route to the West—a combination of railroad and canal on which amphibian cars were hauled on wheels and on water. The present Pennsylvania Railroad has absorbed more than 600 railroad corporations and controls seventy others which maintain a shadowy legal existence.

Shouts From the Short Lines

The small roads whose identities were completely submerged by the growing systems did not succumb without a murmur. The 400 so-called short lines in the country are still protesting volubly against consolidation. But, in the case of transportation, public policy as defined by Congress was running with and not against the economic tide.

Although Congress hedged about integration in production with twenty legislative enactments, chief among which are the antitrust laws directed against monopoly, and although the opposition to chain stores, branch banks and mergers still runs high, in the Transportation Act it has specifically approved the principle of consolidation as being in the public interest.

There is a reverse side to the picture. Concentration of management and centralization of direction in the case of agriculture cannot be brought about with the same facility, constituting a problem which just now bulks large on the political as well as on the economic horizon. Some progress is being made in large-scale farming, which is an attempt to apply to agricultural production the methods of mass production which industry has developed, but the wide dispersion of producing units makes the general adoption of this system difficult. In the marketing, or distribution, side of agriculture more progress is being made. There are now in the United States 12,000 coöperatives, with 3,000,000 members. Some of the dairying associations not only sell milk but manufacture butter, cheese, casein, condensed and powdered milk.

In the face of the ever-widening circle of competition maintained by these larger business units and groups, the self-sufficiency of early business enterprise is giving way to defensive coöperation. Safety no longer lies in the destruction of small competitors, whose existence formerly was a challenge for the supremacy of the narrow markets then available. Capital is too plentiful and the technology of production too well known to insure more than a temporary control. Economic warfare has become a struggle among industries rather than a struggle among industrialists. The wagon maker was not crushed by another and greater wagon maker; both were destroyed by the automobile.

Private Property Publicly Owned

It has become necessary for producers to pool their resources to fight a common enemy, instead of exhausting them in fighting one another. Lumber manufacturers are giving less time to proclaiming their individual virtues and more to proclaiming the virtues of wood. Cotton-textile manufacturers are collectively evolving new uses for the fabrics they make. Manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers are exercising their ingenuity less in circumventing one another and more in aiding one another to achieve the economies and perfecting the services which are the food by which success is nurtured. There are approximately 4000 trade associations, institutes and similar organizations, state, regional, national, even international, and the number is constantly increasing. All of them are more or less effectively throwing up breastworks to protect particular industries or trades against economic encroachments.

Back of this tumultuous panorama of integration which is fashioning the colossal frame of a new national economic structure have been going on other changes, less conspicuous, but quite as far-reaching, in the philosophy of business itself. The autocracy of ownership has given ground to the onrush of economic democracy. Capital, once an industrial despot, has come down from its throne and is taking its place as a partner in enterprise along with labor, while management, answerable to both, is taking up the reins of direction and control. Consumption is no longer outside the economic family circle, to be exploited or cajoled as occasion might require, but is recognized as the source of the vitality from which business derives its strength.

Not many years ago, if the question were asked, "Who owns this or that factory?" the answer would probably have been, "John Jones," or "the Smith family." If one were to ask who owns the United States Steel Corporation, or the Pennsylvania Railroad, or the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the answer might well be, nobody. The modern large corporation is not owned in the sense that the cellular plants of our grandfathers' day were owned. The law preserves the fiction that they are private property, but it requires a resilient imagination to picture an institution with 500,000, or even 10,000, owners as private.

Human weaknesses—covetousness and pride—might or might not have played an important part in the conduct of the small industrial enterprise of an earlier day. The wage rate might have been influenced by the scarcity or abundance of labor, but the generosity or parsimony of the owner had much to do with it. With the diffusion of ownership the personal motive became less conspicuous in the business picture, although the habit of looking upon corporations as monstrous personalities actuated by greed and ruthless in the accomplishment of their purposes persists. The owner was displaced by the investor, and capital stepped down from its high place to take a position in the ranks. Economic policy was shaped more to the needs of business and less to the desires of business men.

How far this process has gone is reflected in the lists of stockholders of some of the larger corporations. Some of the more typical are:

American Telephone and Telegraph Company	470,973
United States Steel	180,284
General Motors	198,600
Pennsylvania Railroad	199,601
Montgomery Ward and Company	46,000
Standard Oil of Indiana	77,155
Irving Trust Company, New York City	51,282

Investment interest does not stop with the ownership of stocks. The interest of 65,000,000 policyholders of insurance companies in the national economy is represented by $24,000,000,000 of assets.

This phase of business evolution is not confined to industry, transportation and finance, where the corporation thrived. There is not a vast economic difference between a corporation with 10,000 stockholders and a dairy coöperative with 10,000 members, or between a chain store with 400 outlets and a retail group of 400 independents.

In either case management brings to single focus, more or less effectively, the diversified ownership interests, and to it are delegated the responsibilities of ownership without the prerogatives of the individual owner. Its attitude toward capital and labor, the two factors entering into production, is stated by Owen D. Young:

"We think of managers no longer as the partisan attorneys of either group arrayed against the other. Rather, we have come to consider them trustees of the whole undertaking, whose responsibility it is to see to it, on the one side, that invested capital is safe and that its return is adequate and continuous; and, on the other side, that competent and conscientious men are found to do the work, and that their job is safe and that their earnings are adequate and continuous."

When Consumers Don't Consume

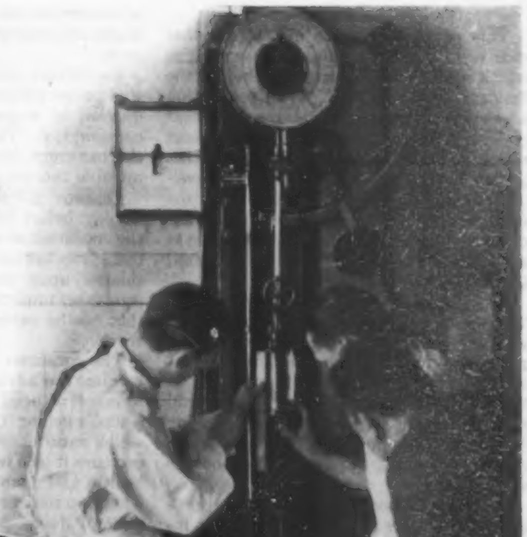
Labor, for the most part, has readily accepted this arrangement, the economic effect of which has been to check impressively the enormous waste of industrial warfare, the magnitude of which may be gathered from the fact that the estimated loss of wages alone from 1916 to 1927, due to labor controversies, strikes and lockouts, was $2,572,920,156. From a high point of 4450 strikes and lockouts in 1917, the number has steadily dwindled to 629 in 1928. Much economic history is yet to be written around this change in viewpoint which has resulted in the coöperation of capital and labor in the advancement of production, rather than fighting over the division of industry's products.

It was inconceivable that with the number of employes and investors multiplying, the consumer or purchaser of the goods which industry made would long remain outside the economic picture. For a long time he was overlooked by the economists. Professor Nystrom directs attention to the odd fact that a general literary reference guide of 1910 listed forty-odd titles under the head of consumption, but that thirty-seven dealt with the disease and only three with the consumption of goods. It was rather complacently taken for granted that whatever industry could make would find its way into the hands of the consumer. There were interruptions in the flow, of course—wars and politics and inexplicable fluctuations in the public demand—but these were held to be outside the province and control of industry.

The World War gave the last push to the tottering idea that the streams of commodities would eventually find their way to consumers as the rivers find their way to the sea. When the smoke of conflict cleared away, factories were ready to take up the tasks of peace, materials were available and labor clamored for employment, but the wheels, in many cases, did not turn. Consumption was prostrate, and the fact was impressively brought home to industry that the key to the postwar puzzle was its revival.

(Continued on Page 56)

THE FACTS ABOUT "VITALIZED RUBBER" the new discovery used in RIVERSIDE TIRES



Why mileage guarantees have been increased 12% to 50%

WE have been asked many times, "What is this remarkable discovery used in RIVERSIDE Tires and Tubes?" The answer follows.

"Vitalized Rubber" is pure rubber treated with a chemical known as "anti-oxidant." This agent doubles the life of rubber. In RIVERSIDES it gives added strength and many miles of extra wear.

What happened to tires before

Rubber deteriorates with age just as steel rusts. Both of these effects are caused by *oxidation.* Chemists found a way to prevent oxidation in steel—the result is *stainless steel.* Now they have found a way to retard oxidation of rubber by using this new agent, "anti-oxidant"—the result is *"vitalized rubber."*

"Anti-oxidant" keeps tires young and tough. It affords far greater elasticity and retards wear. Cracking and premature ageing are virtually overcome.

Extensive scientific experiments in our laboratories and 26,000,000 tire miles of road tests by our own cars and trucks give impressive proof of these amazing facts.

Brings increased mileage guarantees

As the result of this far-reaching development, Ward's mileage guarantees have been increased 12% to 50% . . . *But prices have not been raised one cent.* Today, based on these guarantees, RIVERSIDES cost you as little as 26c per thousand miles of service.

We claim there are no better tires than RIVERSIDE—in appearance, in materials, in workmanship. The price is less because our profit and selling expenses are less—*and these are the only reasons.*

You may obtain these new anti-oxidant RIVERSIDES in sizes for all cars at any of our 550 retail stores, or by mail from one of our nine mail order stores, postage prepaid.

SUPER-SERVICE RIVERSIDE
GUARANTEED FOR 30,000 MILES
30 x 4.50 $\$10^{75}$ 33 x 6.00 $\$18^{95}$

6-PLY RIVERSIDE
GUARANTEED FOR 22,000 MILES
30 x 4.50 $\$8^{25}$ 33 x 6.00 $\$13^{10}$

4-PLY RIVERSIDE
GUARANTEED FOR 18,000 MILES
29 x 4.40 $\$5^{55}$ 31 x 5.25 $\$9^{75}$

FREE MOUNTING SERVICE AT ALL OUR STORES

RIVERSIDE HEAVY DUTY

Scott Testing Machine used to test tensile strength of actual section of RIVERSIDE tire tread stock manufactured by "anti-oxidant" process.

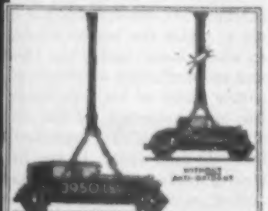


Illustration above shows results in actual laboratory test of relative strength of tread stock one inch square, after ageing, with and without "Vitalized Rubber."

FREE!

Packard, Buick, Ford automobiles

Enter the Ward contest for the best slogan for these new "anti-oxidant" built RIVERSIDE Tires. Write for full details to any store listed below or ask for rules at any of our 550 Ward Retail Stores.

RIVERSIDE TIRES

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.

Nine Mail Order Stores and More Than 550 Retail Stores

©M.W.&Co.1930

MAIL ORDER STORES AT: CHICAGO KANSAS CITY ST. PAUL BALTIMORE PORTLAND, ORE. OAKLAND, CALIF. FORT WORTH DENVER ALBANY

(Continued from Page 54)

This predicament was met by another change in business philosophy—a change which was in the making long before the first gun had been fired. With production accelerating its pace, it was apparent that consumption had to be spurred to greater speed. Advertising developed from a rather perfunctory town crier to a highly developed art devoted not only to informing the consumer where the goods he might want could be bought but also to inducing him to want them and explaining why he wanted them.

But economically this was not enough. The wants were limited by ability to pay, and the problem of bringing purchasing power into balance with production capacity was the most formidable obstacle in the way of business recovery. It could be overcome in only one way—by placing in the hands of the consumer the money or credit with which to pay for the goods he wanted.

Business followed it by spurring production to lower costs, maintaining or increasing wages and expanding credit for installment buying—the last an old device resorted to on a larger scale. There followed the most amazing period of prosperity industry has ever known, the long bull market which finally came to grief in October, 1929, not because it was based on mistaken idealism, but because it was based on idealism that was pushed too far—on overeagerness to translate into marketable value possibilities which lay some distance beyond the economic horizon.

Three-Point Suspension

Business, looking through the eyes of management, broadened its horizon still further. Its concern was not only the profits, to which the investor looks, the wages, to which labor looks, but the lower prices and more efficient service to which the consumer looks as his legitimate portion. If the one is starved, or the other is beaten down, or the third is exploited, business defeats its own ends. In the broad perspective of modern business management—the custodian of the funds of tens of thousands of investors and the fortunes of tens of thousands of employes—the welfare of millions of consumers looms as a necessity. Profits, wages and general prosperity keep the same pace.

Exorbitant profit resulting from excessive prices means, sooner or later, the reduction of wages and the exhaustion of consumption. The ill-paid wage earner and the bankrupt consumer are the most formidable threats to business security.

Perhaps we shall come to face more frankly before long the responsibilities of the consumer as a part of this gigantic economic mechanism. Already we have cast a shadow upon thrift by coupling it with prudence, implying that thrift is a virtue that can be carried to an unprofitable extreme.

The consumer cannot go on indefinitely turning the advantages he obtains in the form of reduced prices back into capital again, swelling the stream of investment which in turn demands greater income. He can turn it into leisure, into education, into health and homes and the comforts by which we measure our steps upward in the scale of living. But the expansion of the industrial plant which capital provides and upon which it depends has limitations imposed by consumption itself.

Equilibrium, balance, stability are words that are appearing with greater frequency in the business vocabulary. Nor are they altogether expressions of hope. The President's Committee on Recent Economic Changes emphasized the "welding of the people of the United States into a new solidarity of thought and action" by the telephone and telegraph, the automobile, economic reorganization, coöperation of business leaders, economic experts and the Government, the growth of trade associations and the coöperation of labor to increase production. So far has this movement been carried that it ventured the prediction that "research and study, the orderly classification of knowledge, joined to increasing skill, well may make complete control of the economic system a possibility."

Already business has struck out on this path. The executive of one of our largest corporations recently said:

"We have found that the practice of looking at least five years ahead has resulted in much more staple and economical progress than otherwise could have been possible. Other industries, I know, have also been taking similar steps to plan for the long pull. Indeed, the growth in the number of large business organizations is playing a large part in making such planning feasible. Planned progress will not only facilitate the planning of coming adjustments but will tend to minimize such temporary fluctuations in the steady rate of business expansion as may occur."

Leveling Peaks and Valleys

Demand and supply, once looked upon as being as inevitable as the tides, are appearing as controllable economic vagaries of business itself. Individual business concerns, by looking far ahead, are discovering that the peaks and valleys that ordinarily mark their course can be leveled. Power companies are evolving uses for their product which are filling in the depressions between the peak loads. Manufacturing companies are reducing, in some cases obliterating, the seasonal fluctuations by diversification of products, by adjusting production to prospective demand over long periods, by warehousing products to regulate the flow into distribution, and by a variety of other devices. Some corporations have avoided shutdowns and made employment virtually continuous throughout the year. One company whose pay roll ranged from a low point of 200 to a high point of 1400 succeeded in maintaining it at a mean level of between 800 and 900. By planning and budgeting maintenance work, the railroads have cut down the seasonal pay-roll reduction from 75 per cent to 35 per cent.

If this can be done on a colossal scale by some of the largest of our corporations it might reasonably be concluded that it can be done by business as a whole on a national scale. Some industrial concerns have found it feasible and profitable to adjust production to anticipated demand over a period of six months or a year and strike a balance between the high and low sales levels. If this could be done by all business, the boom and slump would be a thing of the past. And the step from what is actually being done to what might be done is much shorter, possibly much nearer, than most of us imagine.

The same obstacles that confront the large business units confront national business enterprise. If production outruns consumption, stagnation and unemployment follow. If too much capital is devoted to plant extension and too little to wages and consumption, the economic mechanism slows down. It is obviously foolhardy for an industry to go on making a commodity of which there is a surplus. It is just as foolish from a national viewpoint to produce goods not needed or absorbed. If it is practicable for a single industry to regulate and balance production by planning ahead, by diversifying and other means, it would seem to be quite as practicable by the same means to keep prosperity on an even keel.

For the first time in economic history such a step was taken by the President's business conferences. Instead of marking time until commodity production and consumption would, by the slow but costly process of natural adjustment, approach a common level, business attempted to stimulate consumption in an entirely different direction by concentrating attention upon building, on the one side, government works and private construction, which would not further increase the disparity between productive capacity and consumption, and, on the other, plant improvement, which would result in lower costs, that eventually reduce the margin between production and purchasing capacity. Demand appeared not in the guise of a fickle and immeasurable economic force but as an economic factor that could be brought under a certain degree of control.

The effectiveness of this method of approach will probably be more apparent in longer perspective, but it was at least a deliberate attempt—the first attempt to marshal national economic resources to the accomplishment of a national purpose. Business, on the whole, accepted the task with extraordinary courage. It undertook to shape its own destiny rather than to leave it, as it had done heretofore, to the varying winds of fortune.

If the national economic household can be set in order in this way, manifestly it would be the part of wisdom to keep it in order. The plan devised to meet a particular emergency might well be made the aim of continuous national business enterprise.

CHRISTMAS IN BAGDAD

(Continued from Page 5)

As she followed Miss Comstock into the elevator, Edna's umbrella caught in the framework of the door, and there was a moment's awkwardness while she and the elevator man endeavored to release it. It wouldn't have happened if the umbrella had been furled, but the strap had broken and she had failed to mend it for the same reason she had failed to press her dress.

On the sidewalk she tried to say good-by, but Miss Comstock would not have it so, and swept her into the waiting motor, and later, when Edna's address was communicated to the chauffeur, he didn't know where Bank Street was.

"Oh, down in Greenwich Village," he said, when she explained, and his tone was slightly patronizing. That was what you got if you were an in-betweener. You got it from both sides. Miss Comstock, though a dozen years her junior, had patronized her, too; she hadn't meant to, but it was the manner of her kind when being "gracious."

Far from calming the rebellion in Edna's heart, the limousine's beige luxury infuriated her. With her shabby raincoat, her rubbers and her old umbrella, she felt grotesque in such a setting. Anyone glimpsing her there would see instantly that she was out of place. She looked like a maid being sent to the railroad station—a good, efficient maid on her way out to open her mistress' country house.

How stupid and clumsy Miss Comstock must have thought her! And Mr. Sutphen must have thought so too. Edna writhed against the cushions. What was it about Miss Comstock that had thrown her so completely off her balance? Why couldn't she have talked to Miss Comstock just as she talked to business men downtown? This afternoon, unaided, she had negotiated with Mr. Winthrop about the Moscow matter and had left the office glowing with success, only to go uptown and be stampeded by a mink coat and some diamonds. What was it, anyhow?

"It's the way the world is organized, that's all," she told herself. "It's all chance. If you draw a lucky number you get everything, and because you have everything you're absolutely sure of yourself; but if you draw an ordinary number you slop around in a raincoat and get jostled in the subway—except when one of the lucky numbers gives you a ride."

The car stopped before the small apartment house in Bank Street, and Edna, in her haste to alight, nearly collided with the chauffeur as he came to open the door. Throwing him a quick good night, she entered and started up the dimly lighted stairs, aware as she ascended that the janitor was having fried onions for dinner.

At her door she paused. She must tell Grace of Mr. Sutphen's engagement; otherwise Grace would see the announcement in the newspapers and think she hadn't known. She didn't mention it at once, but waited until she was almost ready for bed.

"Oh, by the way, Grace," she called from the bathroom, raising her voice above the noise of water running in the tub, "Mr. Sutphen's going to be married."

"He is?" Grace came quickly to the door and gazed at her searchingly. "Who to?"

"A girl named Harriet Comstock. He had me up to meet her this afternoon. She's awfully nice."

Edna was proud of the way she had accomplished it. Cold cream was spread like a mask upon her face.

III

AS SHE awoke on a warm June morning three months later, and saw the sunlight making golden patterns on her bedroom floor, Edna's first thought was that Mr. Sutphen would have a fine day for his wedding, and that, so far as the office was concerned, all was in readiness for his departure.

Leisurely she rose, and after a visit to the manicurist and the hairdresser, came home and put on the new gray georgette and the lacy, wide-brimmed hat she had so carefully selected for this day. Surveying the completed picture in her mirror, she lingered over it, thinking she had never looked so well. A stranger, seeing her in this costume, would hardly think her thirty-eight, and would never guess her for a business woman. As she was about to leave, the reflected image tilted its head archly and gave her an approving smile.

Boys playing ball in the street were running and yelling, and as Edna waited for a taxicab she felt self-conscious in her finery, but when she reached Grand Central Station and saw the bright costumes of other women going to the special train, her new gown seemed to fade, and her thoughts turned wistfully to a blue, flowered chiffon she had looked at, but rejected. That dress, she had felt, was not for her, but for the kind of woman she would like to be.

Mr. Bosworth, one of the company's vice presidents, superb in top hat and cutaway, was seated across the aisle in the chair car, and Edna bowed to him.

"Why, Miss Perry," he exclaimed, after gazing at her blankly for an instant, "I didn't know you. Hats change women so, and without your glasses ——"

He led her over and introduced her to his wife. "Craig Sutphen's secretary," he explained, "the most capable woman on earth. Any time Miss Perry wants to quit her present boss, she can have a job with me and name her own salary."

After discussing the fortunate perfection of the day with Mrs. Bosworth, Edna returned to her seat and looked over her fellow passengers. Among them were several men she knew, officials of the company or friends of Mr. Sutphen who came occasionally to the office, but not one of the women had she seen before.

She wondered whether Mrs. Cassell, Miss Naylor and Miss Drake—the three who wrote him oftenest—were on the train, and Mrs. Railey, who never wrote, but always telegraphed, because she couldn't spell; and she was reflecting that many ladies must have begun to miss the flowers and caviar and candy and Château Yquem, when Mr. Garth, the company's auditor, passing

(Continued on Page 61)

"We always recommend RCA Radiotrons"

says

DR. FULTON CUTTING

Chairman of the Board

COLONIAL RADIO CORPORATION

"COLONIAL engineers are enthusiastic about RCA Radiotrons and test all Colonial sets with them. It has been repeatedly proven that inferior tubes are a serious handicap to complete radio satisfaction, for if the tubes do not function properly, nothing functions properly. RCA Radiotrons are recognized as the standard of the industry and are built with scientific precision. So we always recommend RCA Radiotrons to owners of Colonial sets."

RADIO ENGINEERS ADVISE:

Replace all the vacuum tubes in your radio set with RCA Radiotrons at least once a year. This is the only sure way to maintain good performance and minimize disagreeable noises and other troubles caused by inferior tubes. RCA Radiotrons will give you the maximum in selectivity, sensitivity and *tone quality.*

Old tubes may impair the performance of the new

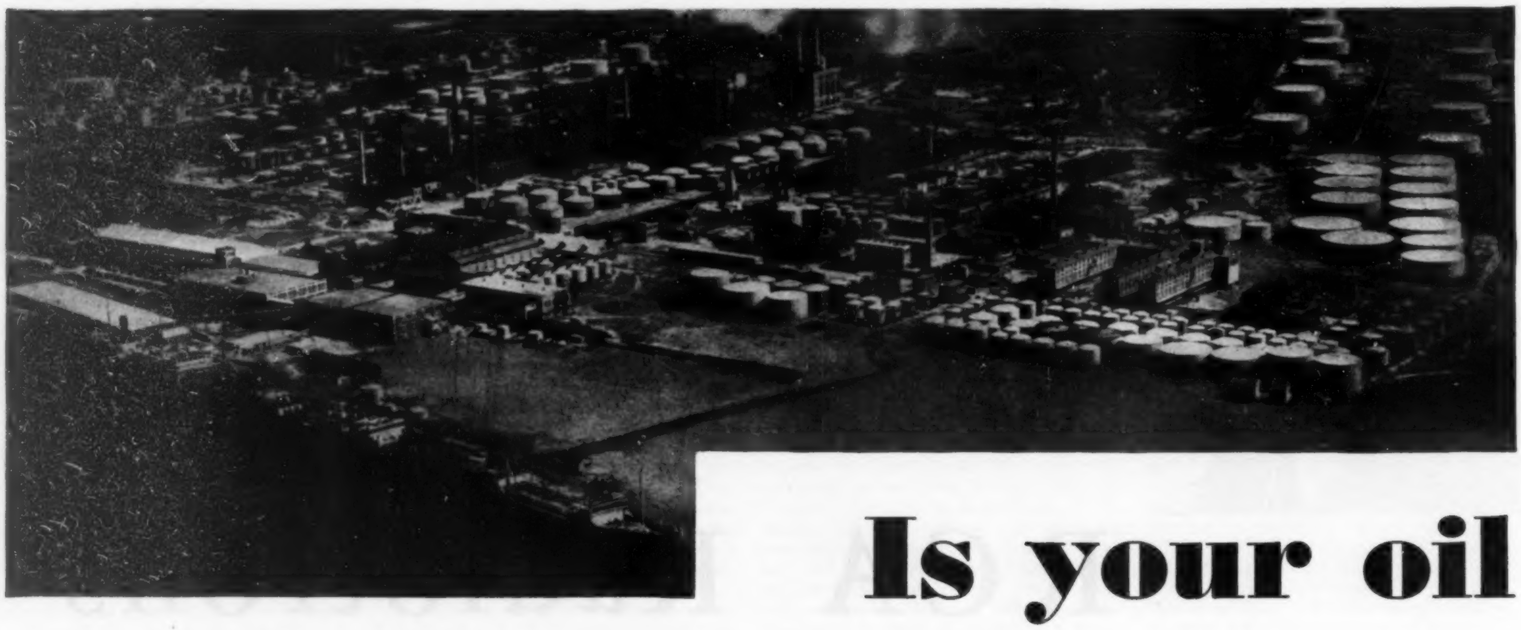
RCA RADIOTRON CO., INC., HARRISON, N. J.

RCA
RCA
UX-245
POWER AMPLIFIER
FIL. VOLTS 2.5
FIL. AMPS 1.5
PLATE VOLTS (MAXIMUM) 250
RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
Radiotron
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
RCA
RADIOTRON
UX-245
RCA

This is the 19th in a series of endorsements of RCA Radiotrons by the leading radio set manufacturers.

RCA Radiotron

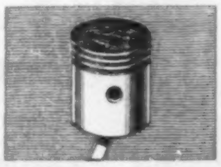
THE HEART OF YOUR RADIO SET



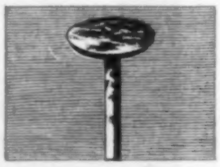
Is your oil

The making–not the crude base–determines

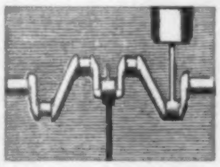
A DEFICIENT OIL MAY



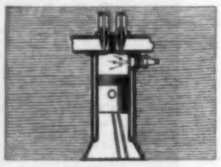
—pile up hard carbon deposits on cylinders, pistons and valves. You sacrifice power, and incur the expense of over-frequent carbon removal.



—oxidize. This results in valves gumming and sticking—restraining the action of your engine. Your oil system also is apt to clog up.



—lack sufficient oily character to keep down wear in your engine. Your car grows old before its time, and your engine begins to loosen up.



—lack heat resistance—"use up" too quickly. With modern fast driving, to be efficient and economical, an oil must *last!*

Mobiloil

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

Ask here *for* GARGOYLE Mobiloil

Do you buy oil for your engine because it is made from a particular crude?

Then this is of importance to you: Oil scientists have proved that even the highest grade crudes are at times converted into deficient oils. The lubricating value of an oil can never be controlled by the crude alone. A dozen oils of widely different quality can be made from the same crude.

Just as from the same materials a cook makes a good cake or a bad cake, from the same crude you can get good oil for your engine or a poor oil for your engine. The difference lies in the experience, skill and equipment of the maker.

To get the best oil for your engine you should look behind crudes, behind processes, and behind claims. Examine the qualifications of the maker.

WHAT ARE THE QUALIFICATIONS OF THE MAKERS OF MOBILOIL?

The makers of Mobiloil are recognized throughout the oil world as having the most experienced technical staff, the most modern plants and equipment. The Vacuum Process —the original process by which superior lubricants were made from mineral crudes—was pioneered and developed by the Vacuum Oil Company.

Experience, skill, and equipment rather than any one particular crude or any one process, have made the makers of Mobiloil the world's leading specialists in lubrication. These qualifications have resulted in specific qualities in Mobiloil that make it stand out definitely among oils.

MOTOR OIL IS MADE . . . NOT FOUND!

At the left is pictured one of the largest and most modern plants in the world devoted to the manufacture of high grade lubricants. It is the plant of the Vacuum Oil Company, at Paulsboro, N. J. If crudes settled the question of lubrication all the intricate and expensive equipment in these acres of buildings could be dispensed with.

made here?

motor oil quality!

THE 4 QUALITIES YOUR OIL MUST HAVE OR BE SERIOUSLY DEFICIENT

To provide *full duty* lubrication for your engine, your oil must:

Resist heat—last long—not "use up" too quickly.

Control carbon—keep your cylinders and valves free from hard carbon deposits—save power and improve performance.

Provide the correct oily character—to lubricate all moving parts and bearings and keep down wear in your engine.

Control oxidation, so that your valves do not gum and stick, and your oil system is kept free from clogging.

All these properties are correctly proportioned in Mobiloil.

′ In the type of Mobiloil for your engine, the essential properties are proportioned to that engine.

The difference between the several grades of Mobiloil is more than a difference of "body" or "viscosity". The grades of Mobiloil differ as to the *proportion* of their four essential properties. In the grade of Mobiloil recommended for your engine, the four essential properties are proportioned *to that engine.*

That is why, when you drive in where you see the Mobiloil sign and ask for the correct grade of Mobiloil for your engine, as shown on the Mobiloil Chart of Recommendations, you can be sure of the best oil for your engine.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Your Mobiloil dealer cordially invites you to hear the famous Mobiloil Concerts each Wednesday evening . . . WEAF and 29 associated stations.

Make this Chart your Guide

This abbreviated chart shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for most passenger cars. You will find the complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1930		1929		1928		1927	
	Engine		Engine		Engine		Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-85	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 6-66A, 6-80, 76	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler 70, 77	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" *other models*	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Dodge Bros.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant 614	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Elcar 6-70, 75	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
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Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford Model A	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....
" Model T	....	....	....	....	....	....	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Gardner 6-cyl. 136	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Graham and Graham-Paige	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
Hudson	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
LaSalle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon Big 8, 75, 8-79	BB	Arc.	....	....	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
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Moon 6-72	....	....	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" 8-80	....	....	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
" *other models*	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash Twin Ig. 8, 490, Adv.6, Sp.6, Twin Ig.6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Nash (*other models*)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless 61, 81	....	....	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
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Plymouth	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo (*all models*)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker Com'der 8	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
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Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Windsor 6-69, 6-72, 6-75	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
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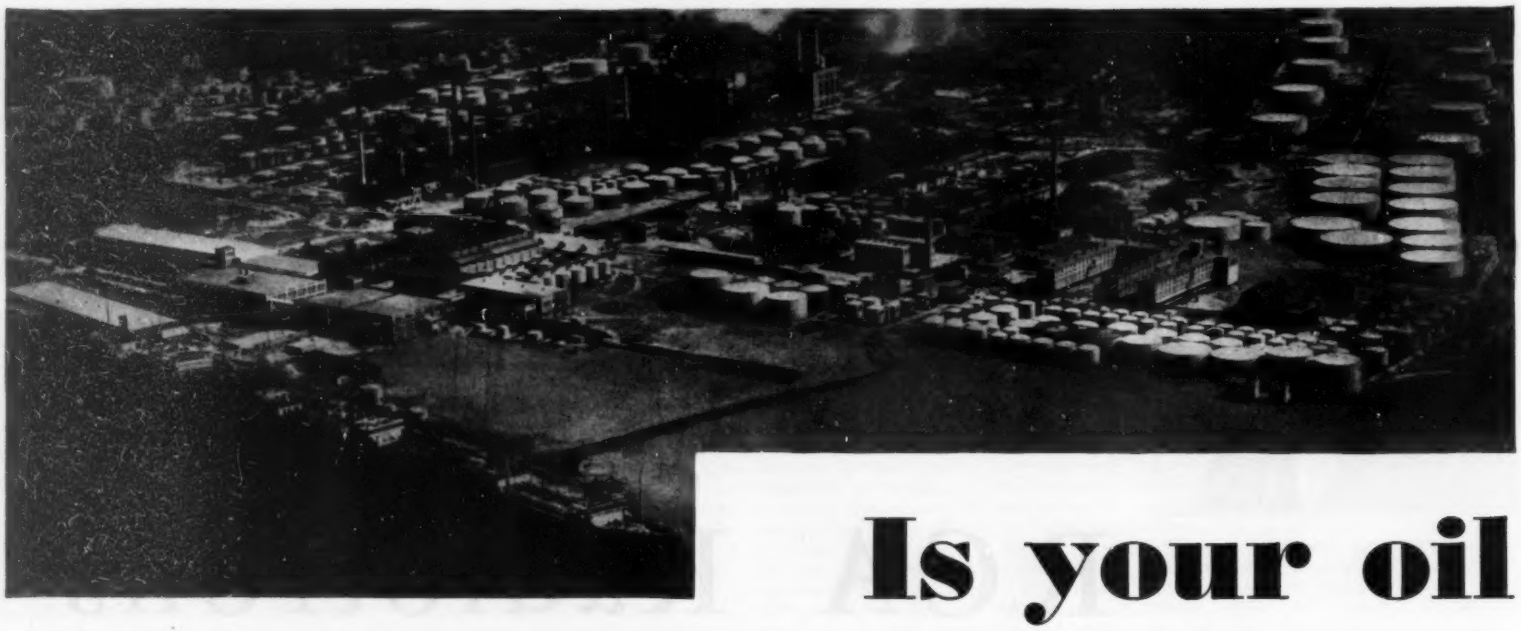
DEALER: This oil was made from good crude.

MOTORIST: The crude doesn't mean very much to me. Who made it?



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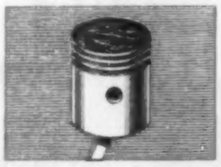

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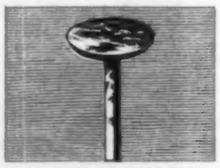

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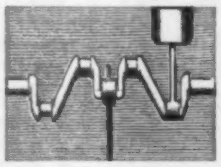

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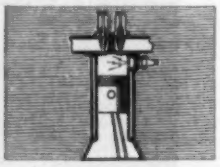

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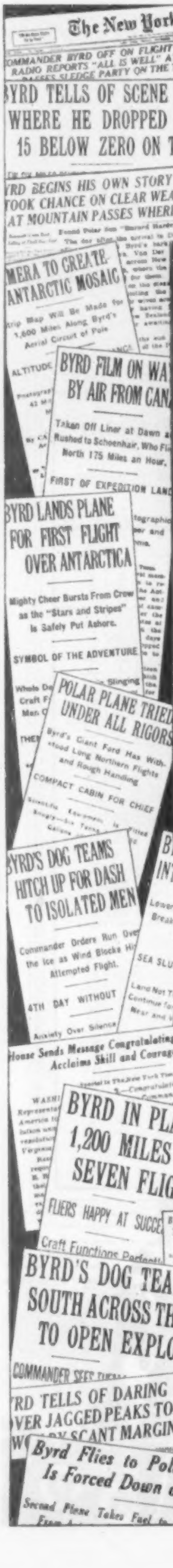
DEALER:
This oil was made from good crude.
MOTORIST:
The crude doesn't mean very much to me. Who made it?

Stark drama from the bottom of the world!



The New York Times. EXTRA—7 A.M.

OMMANDER BYRD OFF ON FLIGHT TO THE SOUTH POLE; RADIO REPORTS "ALL IS WELL" AT 6:30 A.M., 8 HOURS OUT; PASSES SLEDGE PARTY ON THE TRAIL AND DROPS MESSAGES

BYRD TELLS OF SCENE AT SOUTH POLE WHERE HE DROPPED AMERICAN FLAG; 15 BELOW ZERO ON THE VAST PLATEAU

YRD BEGINS HIS OWN STORY OF POLAR FLIGHT; TOOK CHANCE ON CLEAR WEATHER AND FOUND IT AT MOUNTAIN PASSES WHERE SEVEREST TEST CAME

MERA TO CREATE ANTARCTIC MOSAIC

Strip Map Will Be Made for 1,600 Miles Along Byrd's Aerial Circuit of Pole

BYRD FILM ON WA BY AIR FROM CAN

Taken Off Liner at Dawn a Rushed to Schoenhair, Who Fl North 175 Miles an Hour.

FIRST OF EXPEDITION LAND

BYRD LANDS PLANE FOR FIRST FLIGHT OVER ANTARCTICA

Mighty Cheer Bursts From Crew as the "Stars and Stripes" Is Safely Put Ashore.

SYMBOL OF THE ADVENTURE

POLAR PLANE TRIED UNDER ALL RIGORS

Byrd's Giant Ford Has Withstood Long Northern Flights and Rough Handling

COMPACT CABIN FOR CHIEF

BYRD'S DOG TEAMS HITCH UP FOR DASH TO ISOLATED MEN

Commander Orders Run Over the Ice as Wind Blocks His Attempted Flight.

4TH DAY WITHOUT

Anxiety Over Silence

BYRD DARES DESCENT INTO ICE CREVASSE

Lowered by Rope, He Explores Break in Barrier Near Camp, 35 Feet Down

BYRD MUST HURDLE A MOUNTAIN WALL

House Sends Message Congratulating Byrd; Acclaims Skill and Courage in Polar Flight

BYRD IN PLANE EXPLORES 1,200 MILES IN ANTARCTIC; SEVEN FLIGHTS ARE MADE

FLIERS HAPPY AT SUCCE

Craft Functions Perfect

Byrd, as He Flies, Remembers Those He Left in New Zealand

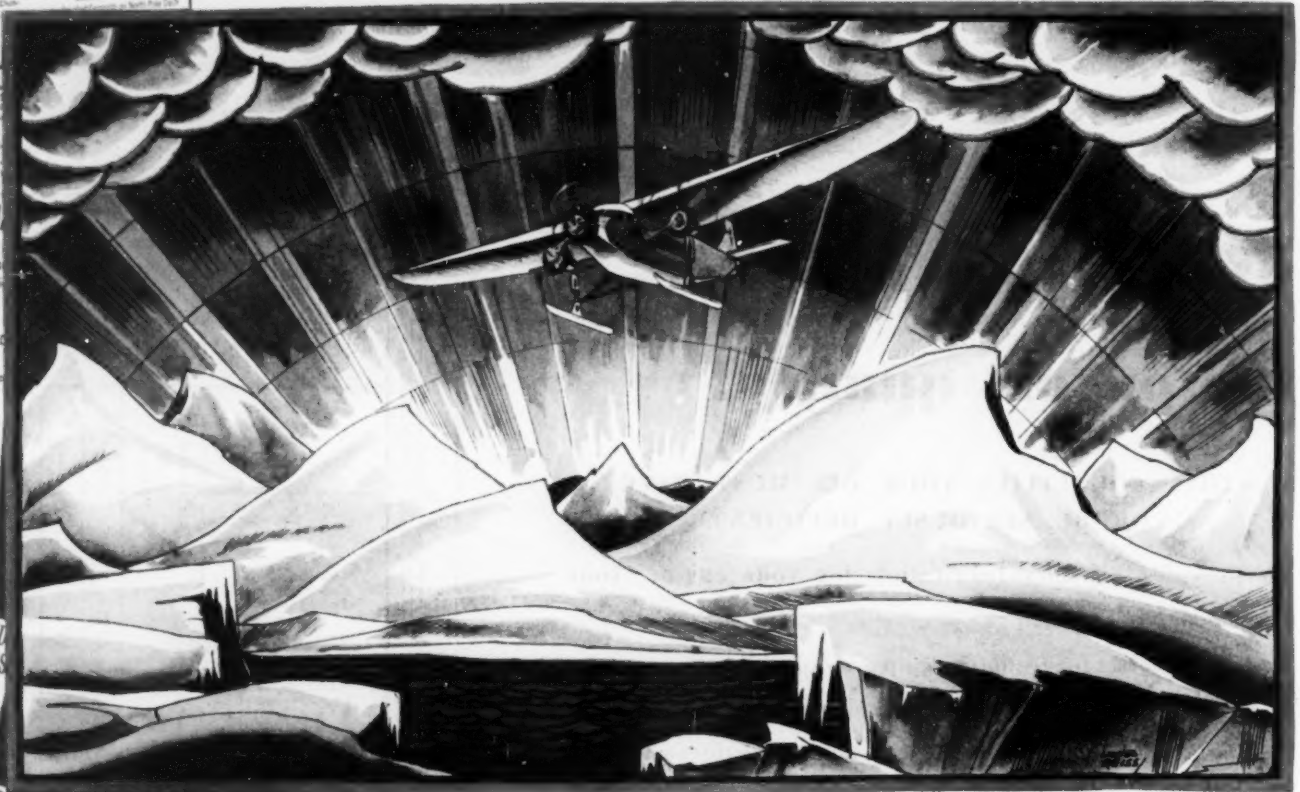
BYRD'S DOG TEAMS START SOUTH ACROSS THE BARRIER TO OPEN EXPLORING PATH

COMMANDER SEES THEM

RD TELLS OF DARING CLIMB IN PLANE VER JAGGED PEAKS TO POLAR PLATEAU; W BY SCANT MARGIN, THE POLE AHEAD

Byrd Flies to Polar Range; Is Forced Down on Return Trip

Second Plane Takes Fuel to



"WITH BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE"

THE greatest story of adventure ever filmed! A true record of terrifying exploits and unflagging courage in uncharted lands of the greatest danger. ¶ Paramount's exclusive sound and talking wonder picture, two years in the making, including *actual scenes of Rear Admiral Byrd flying over the South Pole!* Sheer, stark drama that will hold you breathless from the start, give you something to talk about for weeks and remember all your life! ¶ The greatest expedition of modern times—and it is only natural that its filming was entrusted to the greatest organization in motion pictures. ¶ Very soon now, a theatre near you will show "With Byrd at the South Pole." Watch your newspapers for announcements and be sure the whole family goes. For breathless suspense, startling drama, sheer entertainment—there has never been anything like it. ¶ *"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"*

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BUILDING, N. Y.

Paramount Pictures

(Continued from Page 56)

through the car, stopped and introduced her to his wife.

"Sit down, dear, and get acquainted with the power behind the throne." Mr. Garth thrust his lady into the chair adjoining Edna's and perched himself upon the green plush arm.

"I'm certainly delighted to meet you in the flesh at last, Miss Perry," cried the flamboyant Mrs. Garth. "My husband has sung your praises until it's made me wildly jealous."

As if to inform Edna of the playful intent of this remark, she laughed, and her laugh was so loud that occupants of neighboring chairs turned to see what was going on.

"By the way," said Mr. Garth presently, "what's all this talk about our maybe doing business with the Soviets?"

"Oh," said Edna blandly, "are they talking about doing that?"

"There's a rumor to that effect," he replied. "I thought you might of heard the big boss say something about it."

It was not the first time he had tried to pump her. Many people tried, and often their efforts were amusing to her, but today she felt that business talk might well be laid aside, and she was glad when her visitors moved on, leaving her to herself until the train reached Greenwich, where motors were waiting to transport the guests to the Comstocks' hill-top home.

In a leafy bower beyond the lily pool at the end of the formal garden, an orchestra struck up the march from Lohengrin, and as the bridal party advanced slowly down the garden's central aisle, Edna suddenly caught sight of Mr. Sutphen standing at the edge of the pergola, waiting. Thereafter she ceased to look, and gazed at a white lily in the pool beside her, dimly conscious the while of a ludicrous harmony between the droning, cadenced voice of the minister and the persistent whir of motion-picture cameras.

The service over, Edna followed the other guests to the house and took her place in the line leading from the wide stone terrace to the library, where the reception had begun.

A vague smile was her greeting from the tired bride, but Mr. Sutphen seized her hand between his and kept her there a moment, holding up the line.

"How nice you look, Miss Perry!"

"Thanks, Mr. Sutphen. . . . The Moscow papers are all ready."

"Fine, bring them to the boat tomorrow night." He patted her hand, and she moved among strangers to the lawn, where feasting was in progress under a huge, striped marquee.

Uneasily she passed among the tables, hoping to find an acquaintance with whom she could sit down, and she was about to take a place alone when Mr. Bosworth hailed her and invited her to join his group.

As Edna seated herself, a contented gentleman across the table lifted his champagne glass and gazed appreciatively at the golden fluid.

"Now, this is what I call good wine. You folks can have all the gin and whisky, so long as you leave this stuff for me."

"You'll be going over pretty soon, won't you?" someone asked him.

"We would be if I had my way," spoke up a lady, evidently his wife, "but in spite of his ravings about wine, he's sick of Europe, so he's dragging us all out to the ranch instead."

"Rats," retorted her husband. "You love it out there."

"Oh, it's all right," she answered, "but I'll miss Antibes, and I ——"

"Speaking of Antibes, my dear," burst in another woman, "I hear that Vera's following Clarence over there again this year with two Pekingese and twelve new bathing suits. After what happened last year, I swear I don't know how she has the nerve to do it."

"Yes, sir," reiterated the first speaker, "you fellows can have all your hard liquor, and welcome, if you'll just leave this stuff for me."

Edna hurriedly finished her chicken salad and excused herself. As she moved away from the table, one of the women spoke to Mr. Bosworth in a low, bantering tone which Edna realized she was not meant to overhear:

"You've always liked those quiet ones, haven't you, Teddy?"

Mr. Bosworth answered quickly, a note of protest in his voice. Only two words of what he said reached Edna's ears. The words were "secretary" and "efficient."

Leaving the marquee, she encountered Miss Pennock, Mrs. Comstock's social secretary, who took her up to see the wedding presents, displayed in several bedrooms so crowded with china, glass and silverware as to present the appearance of a luxurious specialty shop in which Miss Pennock, with her proprietary air, might have been head saleswoman.

As they toured the rooms, Edna was on the lookout for the gift she had sent. It had seemed to her a little daring to send cocktail cups, but the salesman at the fashionable jeweler's had assured her that a dozen large plain silver ones would make a present in the best of taste, and she had liked the idea of sending something handsome which Mr. Sutphen would admire and use.

On a table in the second room she saw a satin-lined case containing silver cocktail cups, but they were not hers, and it was the same with the next set she saw, and the next. Hers was the seventh set she came upon, and having seen them, she started downstairs, trying to console herself with the thought that at least she had not sent a traveling clock. There were twenty-two traveling clocks, Miss Pennock said.

Edna felt tired. Somehow, this day to which she had so anxiously looked forward had completely flattened out, and it was a relief to get into a motor and start back to the train. Her new slippers hurt her, and her new gray dress was a disappointment. Perhaps she would dye it blue.

In the chair car a seat across the aisle was occupied by a flowerlike blonde, exquisitely dressed, who, throughout the journey to New York, kept an adoring husband on the run. Now he must open a window for her, now he must adjust her white fox scarf about her shoulders to protect her from the draft, now he must quench her thirst with ginger ale or draw a shade to keep the sun out of her eyes.

Always Edna had thought these helpless, pretty little women somewhat ridiculous, but now there was envy in her heart. What was the use of having brains and being capable? While you were busy doing things, the chance for happiness was slipping past you, to be seized by women of this kind, whose strength lay in apparent weakness.

Edna turned her chair and gazed out at the rushing landscape. People were continually passing through the car; if she faced the aisle, someone from the office might stop and speak to her, and she had had enough of wedding guests.

But she had not seen the last of them, for next evening she went to the ship with a brief case full of business papers and found the Sutphens' little suite crowded with bridesmaids, ushers and relatives who had come down to see them sail.

As she entered, Mr. Sutphen pressed a glass of champagne into her hand and turned to greet other new arrivals who had followed her. Stewards appeared at intervals with flowers and baskets of fruit, and more visitors continually pushed in, making it difficult for Edna to get a few uninterrupted words with Mr. Sutphen about the papers she had brought. As she was trying to say good-by, a fat man in evening dress lunged through the door and threw his arms around him.

"Why, Craig, old man! You on this ship? Fine! Nettie's with me. We'll have some bridge."

Edna slipped out. The corridors and decks were crowded like the sidewalks of the shopping district on a busy afternoon. People were talking in loud, excited voices, speaking the glamorous names of foreign lands and foreign cities.

"We're going to spend Christmas in Bagdad," someone said behind her.

Christmas in Bagdad! Feeling that a person thus blessed should be distinguishable from the multitude, Edna turned to look, but saw only a group of ordinary people—people like herself.

Christmas in Bagdad! The words sang in her mind, epitomizing her longing for distant and romantic places, white walls glittering in the sun, deep, shadowy bazaars filled with Oriental color and mysterious scents.

Wandering over the liner, she imagined herself a passenger and in fancy was already far at sea when the loud beating of a gong and the cry of "Visitors ashore!" shattered the dream and sent her to the gangway.

Under the hot brilliance of electric lights, she stood at the edge of the pier and gazed at the vessel's towering side, a steel wall studded with boltheads and punctured by even rows of shining portholes. "They are like eyes that have seen the whole world," she thought, and there floated through her mind visionary scenes like colored pictures from the travel booklets she had hoarded for so many years in the deep drawer of her desk.

Intermittently, excitingly, the gong resounded from the decks above, while, like spirits banished from heaven to the nether regions, visitors streamed down the gangway, and winches chattered out their tinkling song. Then a startling whistle blast, hoarse and deep, that seemed to lift Edna off her feet, the lowering of the gangway, and another whistle blast as, almost imperceptibly, the steel wall began to move.

A swarthy man at Edna's side cupped his hands and shouted to someone in the waving group that lined the vessel's rail:

"Tell Joe Zelli to keep a bottle on the ice for me!"

"What?"

"I said—tell—Joe—Zelli—to ——"

"Wha-a-at?"

With a gesture of disgust, the swarthy shouter turned away, and at that moment Edna caught sight of Mr. Sutphen, leaning on the rail. She gazed at him fixedly, hoping he might see her, but he and Mrs. Sutphen were waving to people farther down the pier, and he was carried from her sight as the ship swung out into the burnished darkness of the river.

IV

A FRIEND of Mrs. Sutphen's—a woman of fashion who had lost her money and discovered the uncertainty of cigarette and cosmetic indorsement as a source of revenue—had taken up interior decoration and had been given the order to "do" the walls, curtains and lighting fixtures of the new penthouse apartment purchased by Mr. Sutphen shortly before he sailed. The lady was talented but inefficient, so to Edna fell the task of pushing the work to completion, moving the furniture and making the place ready to receive the bride and groom on their return from Europe, and she was there to greet them when, in the late afternoon of an October day, they arrived at their new home.

"It's all too wonderful, Miss Perry," exclaimed Mrs. Sutphen, folding her jeweled lorgnette and dropping with a contented sigh to a sofa in the softly lighted library. "Until we got your wireless we were planning to go to a hotel, and you can't imagine how I dreaded settling this place." She turned to her husband. "She's even put hangers in the closets, Craig. Did you ever hear of anything like it?"

"Knowing Miss Perry," he said, "I'm not surprised. She's a grand institution. Now you girls go and powder your noses, and we'll run out and get some dinner."

"Oh, but I've ordered dinner for you here," Edna told them. "I thought you might be tired."

"Heavenly!" cried Mrs. Sutphen. "And of course you'll stay and dine with us."

Sharply etched memories of awkwardnesses in her earlier encounters with Mrs. Sutphen had made Edna dread this meeting, but tonight she found, to her surprise,

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Univer[illegible]eekly Chat

Lupé Velez

in "THE STORM"

While PAUL WHITEMAN, familiarly known as "The Peerless Paul"—Master of Modern Music—has gathered fame throughout the world, the crowning effort of his life is "King of Jazz," produced by UNIVERSAL under the direction of John Murray Anderson, creator of "Greenwich Village Follies" and other elaborate successes.

To be absolutely truthful with you, this production can only be described with such adjectives as "superb," "tremendous," "magnificent," "fascinating" and "thrilling." It represents a gathering of two score celebrated artists in many lines and a panorama of novelty—a volume of melody such as has never been heard on stage or screen. It is the *ne plus ultra* of all musical productions, and in this I am quoting the foremost critics.

The entire production is in technicolor—the very last word in the reproduction of gorgeous colorings of costumes and settings. And one of the striking novelties is the *first and only dramatization* of Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue."

LUPE VELEZ is the fascinating heroine in UNIVERSAL'S talking production of Langdon McCormick's great story of the North, "The Storm," and she fits like a glove in this splendid French-Canadian character. WILLIAM BOYD has the male lead.

Watch for UNIVERSAL'S Big Three—"Captain of the Guard", "All Quiet on the Western Front", and PAUL WHITEMAN'S "King of Jazz."

Have you any suggestions or ideas of stories or incidents that would make good moving-pictures? Write and tell me about them. Maybe you would like to be my voluntary correspondent in your town. Would you?

Carl Laemmle,
President

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that she was actually enjoying herself. Her becoming new black crêpe probably had something to do with it, but, what was more important, it seemed to her that Mrs. Sutphen wasn't trying to be "gracious," but was genuinely cordial. At dinner the talk was all of Europe, and Edna was fascinated by their accounts of interesting places they had visited and humorous happenings along the way.

"And now," said Mrs. Sutphen as they drank their coffee in the library, "I feel exactly as I used to when I was a child and had to go back to school after summer vacation. I must settle down to being a good wife and balancing my check book." She sighed and shook her lovely chestnut head. "Oh, dear, I wish they'd made me learn arithmetic."

"You needn't worry about balancing your check book, Hat," said Mr. Sutphen, with a little laugh. "Just do the way I do—tell your troubles to Miss Perry."

"I'll be delighted to do anything I can," Edna assured her.

"Oh, that will be too wonderful!" As Mrs. Sutphen clasped her hands in an exaggerated gesture of gratitude, the diamond on her finger glittered icily.

The Sutphens sent Edna home in their limousine, and as she drove downtown, fondling the handle of the fitted bag they had brought her from Paris, she reproached herself with having been unfair in her earlier estimate of her employer's wife. Mrs. Sutphen was charming and friendly, and there was something appealing in her childlike eagerness for help that made Edna resolve to aid her in every way she could.

Her first opportunity to be of service came a few weeks later, when she discovered a mistake in a market bill which had been passed on to her for payment.

"Hannah ought to have caught this error," she told Mrs. Sutphen as they sat together at the library desk going over the accounts. "She must be told to add her bills as she has always done. Will you speak to her about it, or shall I?"

"Oh, I think we might just let it go this time, Miss Perry."

"You mustn't let her get careless," Edna warned.

"I know, but she's such a good cook I don't want to risk upsetting her."

"There's no danger of that, Mrs. Sutphen. I engaged her in the first place, and she's always been expected to check her bills against the slips and verify additions."

"Well, we'll just watch for a while and see how things go. It's kind enough of you to attend to the accounts, without bothering over my domestic problems too."

"I don't mind a bit, Mrs. Sutphen. I've done these things for your husband so long that it's second nature to me."

When they had finished the accounts, Parkes brought tea and Mrs. Sutphen mentioned some new furniture Edna had already noticed.

"I couldn't stand Craig's leather-covered sofa and chairs," she said. "They were all right for his bachelor flat, but they made this room look like a men's club, so I quietly gave them to the Y. M. C. A., and when he came home he found these overstuffed things here instead. Aren't they lovely?"

"You gave them away without asking him?" It had never crossed Edna's mind that anyone would venture such liberties with Mr. Sutphen or Mr. Sutphen's possessions.

"That was the simplest way to do it. You know how men are, Miss Perry; you can't explain to them how things are going to look; they have to see."

"But that leather set was so expensive, Mrs. Sutphen."

"Yes, so he told me, but it just wouldn't do."

The conversation left Edna somewhat disturbed, and she turned it over in her mind as she went home that evening. True, Mrs. Sutphen had an ample fortune of her own and she had been brought up luxuriously, but that didn't justify waste. On the other hand, settling a home was always an expensive matter, and perhaps, when she had arranged the apartment to suit her and had gained a little more experience in housekeeping, she would learn to be more careful.

During the next few months Edna offered occasional suggestions, which were received by Mrs. Sutphen with apparent gratitude, and their relationship became so friendly that when Edna telephoned her, or when Mrs. Sutphen telephoned her husband at the office and recognized Edna's voice, they would engage in pleasant little chats.

On one of these occasions Edna spoke to her of a charge for several dozen napkins on one of the monthly bills.

"Mr. Sutphen bought new napkins a year ago," she said, "and you got a lot for wedding presents, so I'm wondering if there isn't some mistake about this item."

"No, it's all right. We seemed to be short of napkins."

"But, Mrs. Sutphen, that worries me. When I made the inventory last September, you had dozens and dozens. You'd better check the linen over with Parkes."

"To tell the truth, Miss Perry, the inventory seems to be lost. The other day I got an old English tea set from my uncle, and when I went to enter it, I couldn't find the book. It's a perfectly lovely thing—Georgian, with ivory finials. You must come up and see it."

She ran on, telling of the circumstances under which her uncle had purchased the tea set, but Edna was still thinking of the lost inventory.

"My goodness!" she exclaimed as she hung up the receiver, and having thought herself alone, she was startled to hear Mr. Sutphen's voice behind her.

"What's the matter? Telephone bills again?" With some papers in his hand, he was standing in the doorway, and the shadow of a smile in his blue eyes told Edna that he knew she had been talking to his wife.

"No, the household inventory has been mislaid. I kept two copies, so it doesn't matter much, but—well, I do wish we could get Mrs. Sutphen to be a little more systematic."

The smile spread over his face. "She isn't built that way, Miss Perry, and if you ask me, I think she's pretty nice the way she is."

"Of course. She's perfectly lovely. But it would be so much better all around if she'd just keep things a little bit straight. I'm still fighting with the telephone company about those Los Angeles calls in December, and this month there are more long-distance calls she isn't sure about."

"If I were you," he said, "I just wouldn't let those things bother me so much. The telephone company is generally right."

"But I object on principle to paying bills that can't be verified."

"So I've noticed," he said, chuckling.

"Well," returned Edna, nettled, "it's a good thing that somebody around here tries to keep expenses down."

"Oh, I don't know," he answered, ostentatiously placing a check before her on the desk. "Here's what I cleaned up last night."

"Seven hundred and forty dollars! Oh, Mr. Sutphen!"

"Pin money for my wife," he commented airily.

"I'm to deposit for Mrs. Sutphen?"

"Certainly—bridge winnings."

"But you pay your own losses," she protested.

"Never mind, my winnings always go to her. It's a grand way to pacify a wife if you sit up playing late." He handed Edna some papers. "Here's a letter from old Idwal. He says his golf and his neuritis are both improved."

"It's arthritis," she corrected.

"Well, anyway, it's better, and he's thinking of coming back to work. It's rather awkward." Slowly he began to pace the rug, a frown upon his face.

"I don't think it's awkward at all," Edna answered firmly. "You were extremely considerate with him, and if he were a man of any perceptions, he would have known he was through. It's not fair for him to come back bothering you like this."

"I know, but ——"

"Let me write and tell him you're busy and you're glad he's better. That's all that need be said. I'll attend to him. Don't you worry about it, Mr. Sutphen."

"All right. And don't you worry about little things up at the house."

"I'll try not to."

She did try not to, but as the months passed she found it increasingly difficult to reconcile herself to bills she could not verify, and repeated overdrafts in Mrs. Sutphen's checking account.

Her feeling on the subject would not have been so strong had Mrs. Sutphen been spending her own income, but her husband gave her a generous monthly check for household and personal expenses, so that her income might accumulate for reinvestment. To be sure, the overdrafts were sometimes trifling, and in such cases Edna transferred funds to cover them and said nothing about it, but now and then, when the deficit was large, she felt compelled to call it to Mrs. Sutphen's attention.

"This month's bills total six hundred dollars more than your monthly check," she informed her one day in the early spring.

"Oh, do they? Then you'd better deposit an extra thousand for me."

"How would it be to take it from your investment account this time, Mrs. Sutphen?"

"Why do that? Have Mr. Sutphen fix it as usual."

"I just thought you might have forgotten that he gave you fifteen hundred dollars extra last month."

A few weeks earlier, Edna would have lacked the courage to offer this reminder, but various episodes had lately combined to make her definitely critical of her employer's wife.

Mrs. Sutphen apparently had no conception of the pressure under which her husband worked. She didn't seem to understand it when, sometimes, on telephoning him, she found him too busy to talk with her at length, or run uptown to meet her for luncheon or for tea, and on one recent occasion when, at considerable inconvenience, he went to show her a new roadster he planned to buy for her, she let herself be detained by a fitting and kept him waiting an hour at the automobile salesroom, with the result that his afternoon schedule at the office was entirely disorganized.

(Continued on Page 65)

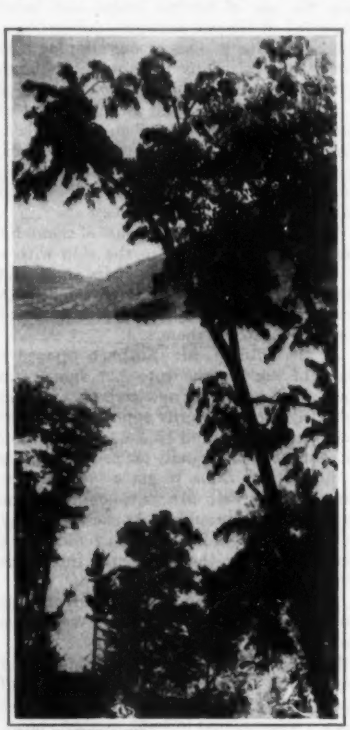
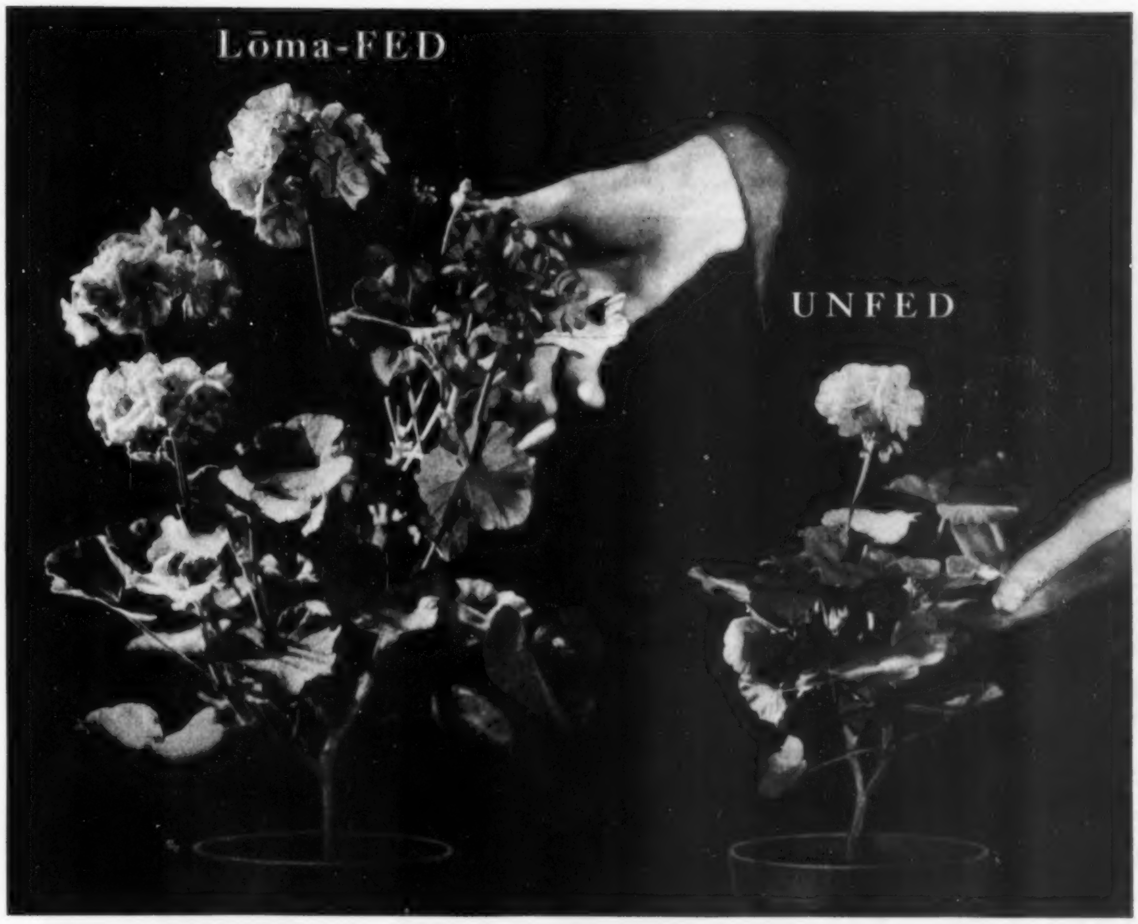


PHOTO. BY GEORGE W. CASE

A Glimpse of Canandaigua Lake, New York, Through the Trees



The photograph shows the result of feeding with Lōma in the Vaughan Greenhouses—in this instance, four times as many flowers.

"*There were* 4 T*imes as many* F*lowers on the fed plants as on the unfed*"

"**This demonstration certainly showed how easy it is for the average home-owner to have a lovely flower-garden,**" says Mr. E. W. Kohlenberg, **Superintendent of the Vaughan Greenhouses,** Western Springs, Illinois.

The demonstration of which Mr. Kohlenberg speaks was conducted on a bench of more than 300 geranium plants, in one of the Vaughan Greenhouses. Half of the plants were fed with Lōma. The other half were left unfed, so a comparison could be made.

Lōma was fed to these plants twice—at three-week intervals—and soaked down thoroughly.

"At the end of seven weeks," says Mr. Kohlenberg, "the flowers on the Lōma-fed geraniums outnumbered the flowers on the unfed plants four to one. Not only were there more flowers and larger flowers, but there was also an increase in the size of the plants themselves and in the sturdiness of their stems. They found Lōma surprisingly easy to apply—and I am sure if garden-owners would start with good seed—give regular feedings of Lōma—their flowers and vegetables would respond just as well as ours did."

* * *

Already, the truth of Mr. Kohlenberg's remarks has been proved by hundreds of thousands of home-owners. They have discovered for themselves the wonderful results obtained by feeding Lōma to flowers, vegetables and lawns.

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This new scientific plant food is a *complete* plant food—a carefully balanced combination of richly concentrated food elements — nitrates, potash and phosphates.

If you haven't already tried Lōma, get a carton today and make **a two weeks' test** on your lawn or your garden. You can obtain Lōma from any dealer in lawn, garden or florists' supplies—six sizes, from 100-pound sacks down to five-pound cans, and one-pound cartons for potted plants. Tennessee Copper & Chemical Corporation, New York, N. Y.

"The part of the lawn fed with Lōma *has far fewer weeds; and the grass is coming through thick and vigorous and green," says Mrs. Frederick Stathers of 7105 McCallum Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.* Lōma *was applied to one-half of Mrs. Stathers' lawn. The other half was left unfed. The improvement in appearance of the* Lōma*-fed grass was soon very apparent.*

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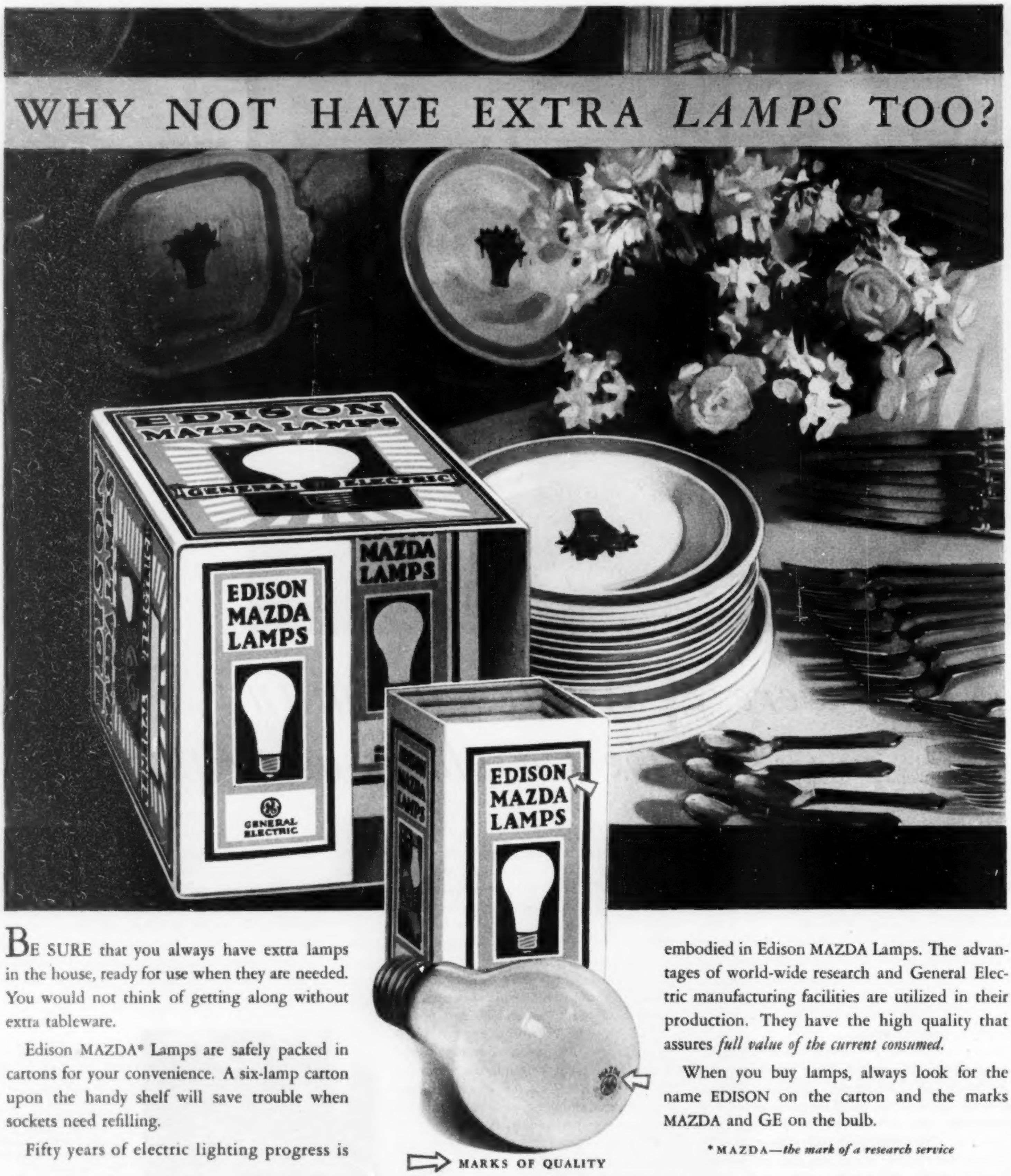
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EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 62)

Mrs. Sutphen ought to have more understanding, more sense of partnership in her husband's affairs, Edna felt, and she was particularly irritated by the lady's attitude in the case of Mr. Mott, one of the company's largest customers, who, with his wife, had lately visited New York.

In the old days before Mr. Sutphen married, Mr. Mott had sometimes been his guest at his apartment for two weeks at a time, yet now he couldn't even invite the Motts to his house.

"Those people I met on the boat coming home from Europe?" exclaimed Mrs. Sutphen, when Edna telephoned to say that he would like to bring them home for dinner. "But they're so common. I don't want them here. Ask him if he won't please take them to a restaurant, instead."

"But, Mrs. Sutphen, we do eight millions a year with the Mott interests."

"That's all very nice, but I can't stand them."

That evening Edna recounted the story to her sister.

"Considering that Mr. Mott spends hours and hours in my office every day," she said indignantly, "using my stenographer and smoking his nasty cigars and calling me 'sister,' Mrs. Sutphen certainly ought to be able to stand them one evening. It's a shame, and I hope she knows just how I feel about it too."

"Well, I hope she doesn't," answered Grace. "You've done a lot of interfering with that woman, Edna."

"Nonsense. I haven't interfered. Didn't she ask me to help with her accounts?"

"Yes, and I'll bet she's sorry she did, the way you go dinging at her every month."

"Don't be absurd, Grace. I've only tried to teach her to be a little systematic, so she'd stop wasting Mr. Sutphen's money."

"But he's got plenty, and, anyway, it's not your affair."

"Well, if you'd worked as many years as I have, helping a man build up his business, you'd find you'd care a little too. I've always tried to protect his interests, and I always shall."

"If you try to protect him from his wife," said Grace, "you'll get in wrong with both of them. If you want to know what I think, I think you're jealous of her."

"Stop it, Grace!" Edna rose and moved toward the bedroom, but her sister's voice followed her:

"You're in love with Mr. Sutphen. I've always said so. You may not know it, but you are."

V

THE date pad on Edna's desk announced the first day of October; somehow, the hot, dusty summer had worn itself away. The Sutphens had spent the season on Long Island and were expecting a baby early next year; Grace had been abroad with some other school-teachers and had brought home post cards of the usual cathedrals and Italian primitives; Miss Vogt had returned from her vacation with a sunburn and a wedding ring. But to Edna nothing had happened. At home and at the office, life had run in a dull tranquil groove, and even the monthly plague of Mrs. Sutphen's bills had abated during the hot weather.

The quiescence in the battle of the bills was not of Edna's seeking, but was due to Mrs. Sutphen's failure to answer letters of inquiry. Now that the lady was in town again, it was time to resume the struggle, and so, with a memorandum sheet before her on the desk, Edna called up the apartment.

"Oh, didn't I write you about that smoker's set, Miss Perry? Well, all I can tell you is that I often order wedding presents of Coppitt & Blaine by phone and let Mr. Blaine select for me. Doubtless he sent a smoker's set to somebody, and it's probably the same with those other odds and ends."

"All right, Mrs. Sutphen. I'll check with Mr. Blaine. What about the bill from Gaston's?"

"I got a lot of things there; I guess it's all right."

"And the Bar Harbor calls?"

"My mother was there and I telephoned her sometimes, so I guess that's all right too."

"I've been hoping, Mrs. Sutphen, that you'd get into the way of using those phone-record forms I sent. It would make things much simpler if you would."

"Not for me, Miss Perry." Mrs. Sutphen's voice grew cold. "Some time ago I asked my husband to tell you that I simply cannot fuss with lists. I'm too busy. I don't want to be bothered this way about all sorts of little things."

"All right, Mrs. Sutphen, but I ——"

"I'm just rushing out to an appointment, so I can't talk any longer."

Had the woman been deliberately obstructive, matters could hardly have been worse. She was maddening.

"I ought not to let myself get upset about it," Edna reflected. "It's just that I need a rest."

But she couldn't take a rest just now. She had planned her vacation for this month, but had abandoned it because Mr. Sutphen was leaving soon on a business trip to California.

The day before he left, he told her she looked tired.

"I want you to take things easy while I'm gone," he said. "I'm going to turn over Mrs. Sutphen's accounting to Miss Vogt."

"Oh, I can manage all right, and I'm not sure Miss Vogt can handle it the way I'd want her to."

"Then she'll have to learn." He took up his hat and coat. "Give her the books and start her right away."

Miss Vogt's experience with deficits began at once, for her summary of household bills that month showed a shortage larger than ever before.

"Mrs. Sutphen said to make a deposit to cover it," she told Edna on her return from her first session with that lady, whereupon Edna called up the apartment.

"With Mr. Sutphen away," she explained, "I don't quite know how to handle this deposit that you want."

"I don't understand, Miss Perry."

"I haven't authority to draw so large a sum from his account without his definite instruction."

"Do you mean to say," demanded Mrs. Sutphen slowly, "that you think it necessary to ask my husband's permission to sign a check for me?"

"Of course it's only a matter of form, Mrs. Sutphen, but I would. There's your investment account, though, and we might ——"

"My investment account is not to be touched."

"Then I'd better telegraph him."

"You needn't trouble. I'll telegraph him myself."

Next morning Mr. Sutphen wired Edna to make the deposit, and a few days after his return from California he spoke of the matter.

"If Mrs. Sutphen ever wants money when I'm out of town, Miss Perry, give her whatever she requires."

"Yes, Mr. Sutphen."

He moved to the window and stood for a moment surveying the harbor and the river.

"And another thing," he went on as he returned slowly to his desk: "If anything comes up that might cause friction, I hope you'll—well, try to handle her with gloves." He seemed to be studying the pattern of the rug. "It's really important, Miss Perry."

"Yes, Mr. Sutphen."

Edna was sorry for him; apparently things were being made difficult for him at home; but opportunities to exercise diplomacy on Mrs. Sutphen were wanting, for in these days she seldom telephoned the office, and when she did so, she would ask for her husband without giving any sign of recognizing Edna's voice.

Ultimately Edna was forced to break through this barrier of pretense.

Early one morning Mr. Sutphen arrived at the office intent on finishing his annual report to the company's stockholders. "I've got to get through this job at once, Miss Perry," he declared, brushing aside his mail and ringing for Miss Vogt, "and I want you to see that I am not disturbed."

Retiring to her office, Edna mounted guard, taking messages, making appointments and blocking visitors, and she had just refused admittance to the head of the company's legal department when her telephone rang for what seemed the hundredth time.

"Mr. Sutphen, please." It was his wife's voice.

"This is Miss Perry, Mrs. Sutphen. I'm very sorry, but he gave me strict orders not to interrupt him. I'll call you the moment he is free."

"When will that be?"

"About one, I should think."

"That will be too late. I'm afraid I'll have to speak to him now."

"But, Mrs. Sutphen, he's behind with his report and it has been worrying him frightfully. Can't you give me the message, please?"

"No, Miss Perry, I cannot." The telephone clicked in Edna's ear as Mrs. Sutphen disconnected.

Remembering Mr. Sutphen's injunction to handle his wife carefully, Edna was much disturbed, but she felt that in the face of great unreasonableness she had done the best she could.

The moment he had finished dictating, she rang up the apartment, but Parkes said Mrs. Sutphen had gone out, and when Edna told Mr. Sutphen what had happened, he listened attentively, but made no comment.

Seated at her desk one afternoon a few days later, Edna was startled by the sound of the muted buzzer. Several times, recently, the buzzer had startled her like this. Nerves, she thought, as she moved toward the private office.

The last time she had gone in, Mr. Sutphen had been pacing the rug, but now she found him seated.

"Come in," he invited genially. "I want to have a talk with you." He motioned her to a chair. "You're looking tired. Have you any plans for a vacation?"

"I thought I'd go South for a few weeks when you could spare me."

"A few weeks isn't going to be enough. What about that trip abroad you've been putting off so many years?"

"I couldn't very well go now."

"Why not?"

"My work."

"That's what I thought you'd say." He leaned.back in his chair. "I've been thinking a lot about you lately. You aren't getting what you ought to out of life, Edna. You must see something of the world while you're still young enough to enjoy it."

Edna! It was the first time he had called her by her given name.

"You've been with me twenty years," he ran on expansively. "We've come to a big anniversary and something has got to be done about it. You're going to sail for the Mediterranean just one month from now, and I don't want to hear any argument about it. It's orders."

"Oh, Mr. Sutphen!"

He smiled. "Yes, and it's going to be the kind of trip you deserve—not just a little tourist jaunt. You'll stop at the Azores, Portugal and Morocco; then Egypt and the Nile, and after that you swing back by way of Greece to Naples, or you can fly from Cairo to Bagdad and go ——"

"Bagdad! Oh, Mr. Sutphen!"

"Yes, Bagdad or anywhere you like. Around the world if you want to."

"But I haven't time," she gasped. "It would take months! I could never ——"

"Forget about time, young lady. Forget about everything except a glorious trip. I've been working you too hard and now I want to square myself by sending you off without a worry on your mind. And to show you how we feel about you in this office, the company is going to make you a present of your ticket and a letter of credit for three years' salary."

Three years' salary. . . . He had called her Edna. . . . And not a word about her coming back. . . .

Apprehensions which had hung over her like dim shadows since her last talk with Mrs. Sutphen suddenly congealed into black and terrible reality.

Mr. Sutphen was talking, talking, his voice beating painfully, meaninglessly upon her ears. Why must he go on talking? If he didn't want her any more, why couldn't he say so and have done with it? With Mr. Idwal and the rest he had been able to put it over. They didn't know the strain of weakness in him that made him try to spare himself by sparing others. They weren't familiar with this formula of his for easing people out. But with her—oh, he ought to have known better—he ought to have known better!

"Just look these over at your leisure." He was offering her a sheaf of travel pamphlets.

As she took them she hoped he didn't notice that her hand was trembling. It was cruel of him—cruel—to keep her sitting here in the sharp light.

"Thanks, Mr. Sutphen," she said; and, with the feeling of one pronouncing a valedictory, added, "You've always been so kind."

"Then it's all settled." She felt his relief. "You'd better start breaking in Miss Vogt at once."

"Yes, Mr. Sutphen."

"And remember," he said with a kind of exuberance as he rose, "you're not to get so excited about temples and mummies and bazaars that you forget your old friends back here at the office. We'll be expecting to hear from you, Edna. Remember that."

VI

A HOARSE whistle blast and the brassy clangor of a gong resounding through the ship announced that the midnight sailing hour was at hand; many visitors had already descended to the pier, and the steamer's rail was lined with passengers, waving and calling to friends ashore.

At the head of the gangway, Edna Perry embraced her sister.

"Good-by, dear. Don't wait on the pier. It's too cold."

"All right," said Grace. "Good-by, you lucky girl!"

Edna stood for a moment watching her move down the steep decline; then, with a little shiver, she turned and went inside.

Bereft of visitors, the interior of the ship seemed quiet, almost deserted; under the bright lights of the foyer efficient-looking stewards moved with quick, silent steps, and from overhead came faintly the sound of a gay tune played by stringed instruments.

Aimlessly Edna wandered up the broad stairs and looked in at the doorway through which the music came. The ship's orchestra was playing to a huge room, empty save for an idling steward and several passengers who, at small desks, were writing feverishly.

Almost everyone, it seemed, was out on deck, awaiting the moment of departure. Edna had decided that she did not wish to look back at the city's lights, but now she felt the need of seeing people. She would get her heavy coat and go outside.

Retracing her steps, she descended to her stateroom, and entering, switched on the light. On the table, which had been bare a few minutes since, stood an enormous basket filled with flowers, crowding the little room with color and with fragrance.

She caught her breath.

Attached to the handle of the basket amid artful loops of satin ribbon was an envelope. Quickly she opened it. "Bon voyage" he had written on his card. No secretary had been told to order these flowers, she thought exultantly; he had picked them out himself. She bent and gently laid her face against the blooms.

A whistle blast, mournful and persistent, shook the night. The ship was quivering, and beyond the portholes lights began to move. The dreamed-of voyage had begun.

Edna flung herself upon the bed and wept.

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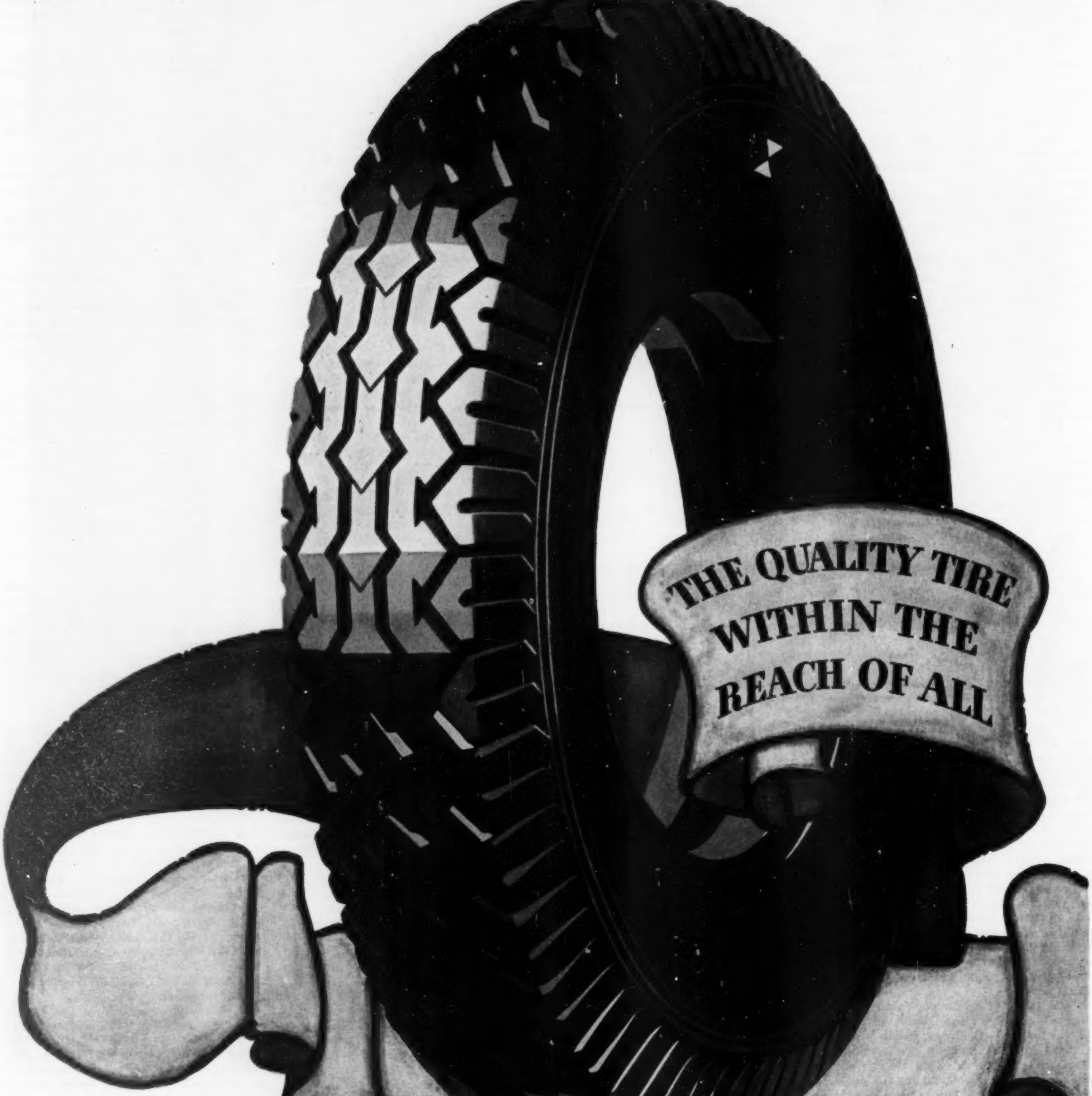
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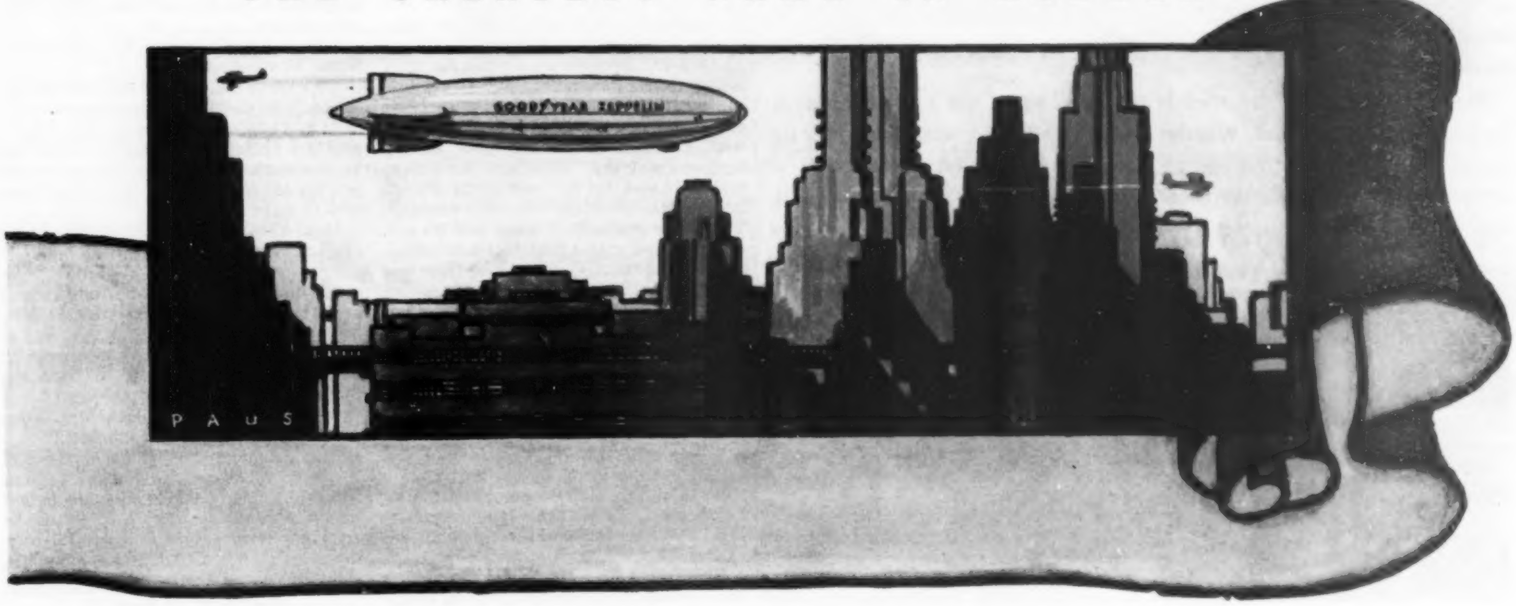

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F. O. B.

(Continued from Page 19)

"What do you mean?"

Mrs. Spiflaker cleared the way for heavy traffic with a flash of the stop sign.

"We got to go back to Arkansas, Mrs. Allen. Our daughter's husband has gone and got himself in jail for running a still in his smokehouse, and left her with five kids."

"Ain't that too bad!"

"So we've got to sell our ranch before we even get our trees in. We're just giving away our equity."

"What's that?"

"It's what you pay down and out on a place."

"Oh."

"I'd like to see a nice widow like you get hold of it, even if we didn't get so much."

"What are you asking for it?"

"Two hundred dollars for our equity," said Mr. Spiflaker.

"One hundred dollars to you," amended his wife hastily.

"One hundred or two hundred, I ain't got it anyhow. I was just asking."

"You've got your car, ain't you?"

"It's worth more than that," said Pete, nudging his mother.

"So's our ranch. Tell you what we'll do. We'll take your car just the same as cash. We'd have to buy one anyhow to get back home."

"How did you get here?"

"Oh, we did have a car, but we used it for a first payment on the ranch."

"And you'll take ours in the same way?"

"We better look it over first," suggested Mr. Spiflaker.

"It goes, don't it, or they couldn't have got here," said Mrs. Spiflaker sharply. "Maybe you want to walk back to Arkansas from here, but I don't."

Mrs. Allen picked up the paper with naughts scattered over it like a broken string of beads. "How much money did you say this figured?"

"Eighty thousand dollars. And all you got to do is plant your dates and sit back and wait."

"It's too much of a bargain to miss," declared Mrs. Allen. "After a few years, if we get tired of ranching, we can go into Hollywood and buy up a whole movie company for Bunny."

"You ought to give us some cash too," said Mr. Spiflaker tentatively, "as long as this is a used car."

"No more than this is a used ranch," parried Mrs. Allen with spirit.

They spread their beds at the back of the house and dumped the sleeping Bunny and Buster on them.

"I can't hardly wait till morning to see the ranch," yawned Mrs. Allen. "In the picture, them date trees looked like outsize ferns."

"Well, you gotta remember they ain't set out yet," said Pete reasonably. "Most likely we'll have to wait till this hot spell is over to plant them."

She was wakened early by the gobbling of turkeys, and sat up with eyes still filled with a dream of fronded trees waving against a pink sky. All around her, except for half an acre that had been partly cleared, lay the same desert she had seen yesterday. The house was built of wood and tin and faded canvas, with a thatch of date palms. Under a discouraged cottonwood there was a turkey pen, with fortlike walls of railroad ties. A fence of gray-green athol trees ran down to the road. She waked Pete.

"I don't know if we better trade or not," she said dubiously. "Maybe dates won't grow here after all."

"Sure they will. What do you think that roof is if it ain't date leaves?"

"That's so."

"And another thing," whispered Pete, "I don't think we can ever coax that car on to Los Angeles anyhow, the way it's been acting. We better trade it in while we got the chance."

They could hear the Spiflakers moving about inside the house, and from the scraps of dialogue that percolated through the canvas walls it was evident that they were packing. Mr. Spiflaker seemed to want to take a great many things which Mrs. Spiflaker wanted to leave behind. There was the stove, for one.

"It takes up too much room."

"But I could set it up on the running board with a few bricks under it, and we could bake as we went along. It would be mighty nice to stop and take a hot meal right out of the oven."

"We're not going to take it, Spiflaker. And what are you going to do with that enlarged picture of Willie?"

"It won't take up much room."

"We're not going to take it."

"I paid three dollars for that frame."

"Oh, all right. Let it look out the back window. Maybe it will scare the speed cops. But you cannot take that phonograph."

"I'd like that," called out Mrs. Allen.

There was a whispered conference between the Spiflakers.

"We'll trade it for your tent."

"No, you won't."

"It ought to go with the car. It's part of the outfit."

"Well, I don't believe I want to trade for a ranch anyhow," said Mrs. Allen. "It seems too bad to stop this close to Hollywood."

"I don't want to be small," said Mrs. Spiflaker. "You can have the phonograph, and I'll throw in the records."

Having caught the tune, Mrs. Allen was now prepared to make the Spiflakers dance to it. She went into the house and found them piling domesticana.

"I'll fix up them papers as soon as I can find the ink," said Mr. Spiflaker.

"Wait a minute. Do them turkeys out there go with the ranch?"

"No, they don't."

"Yes, they do," said Mrs. Spiflaker. "There's twelve of them. Spiflaker, make out that deed like I told you to."

"Got any feed for them?"

"Three sacks. You can have it for three dollars."

"I'll trade my trailer for it."

"The trailer's part of the car, Mrs. Allen."

"No such thing!"

The two women eyed each other.

"If it wasn't that I just have to get back to Arkansas, you wouldn't be cheating me like this."

Mr. Spiflaker was laboriously copying a paper of legal aspect.

"I'll make this out just like the one they gave us when we took over the place, only put in different names," he explained, putting water in the dry ink bottle and shaking it vigorously.

"Don't I have to take it to the courthouse, or something?"

"We never did. This is just like the paper the folks we got the place from gave us."

"I tell you another thing, Mrs. Allen," said Mrs. Spiflaker. "As long as you don't go to the courthouse with this, they can't send you ary tax bills, because they won't know who to make them out to."

Mrs. Allen nodded understandingly, as one business woman to another.

"Sign your name here, Mrs. Allen."

She took the pen from Mr. Spiflaker and drew her name stroke by stroke: Mrs. Millie Allen.

"And now you better give us something to show the car belongs to us," said Mr. Spiflaker. "Where's your pink slip?"

"What's it to you?" said Mrs. Allen primly. "Anyhow, I wear knickers."

"He just means the pink paper they give you when you buy a car," explained Mrs. Spiflaker. "You have to have one in this state."

"They never gave me none. I'll copy the paper I got and change the names, like you did."

(Continued on Page 70)

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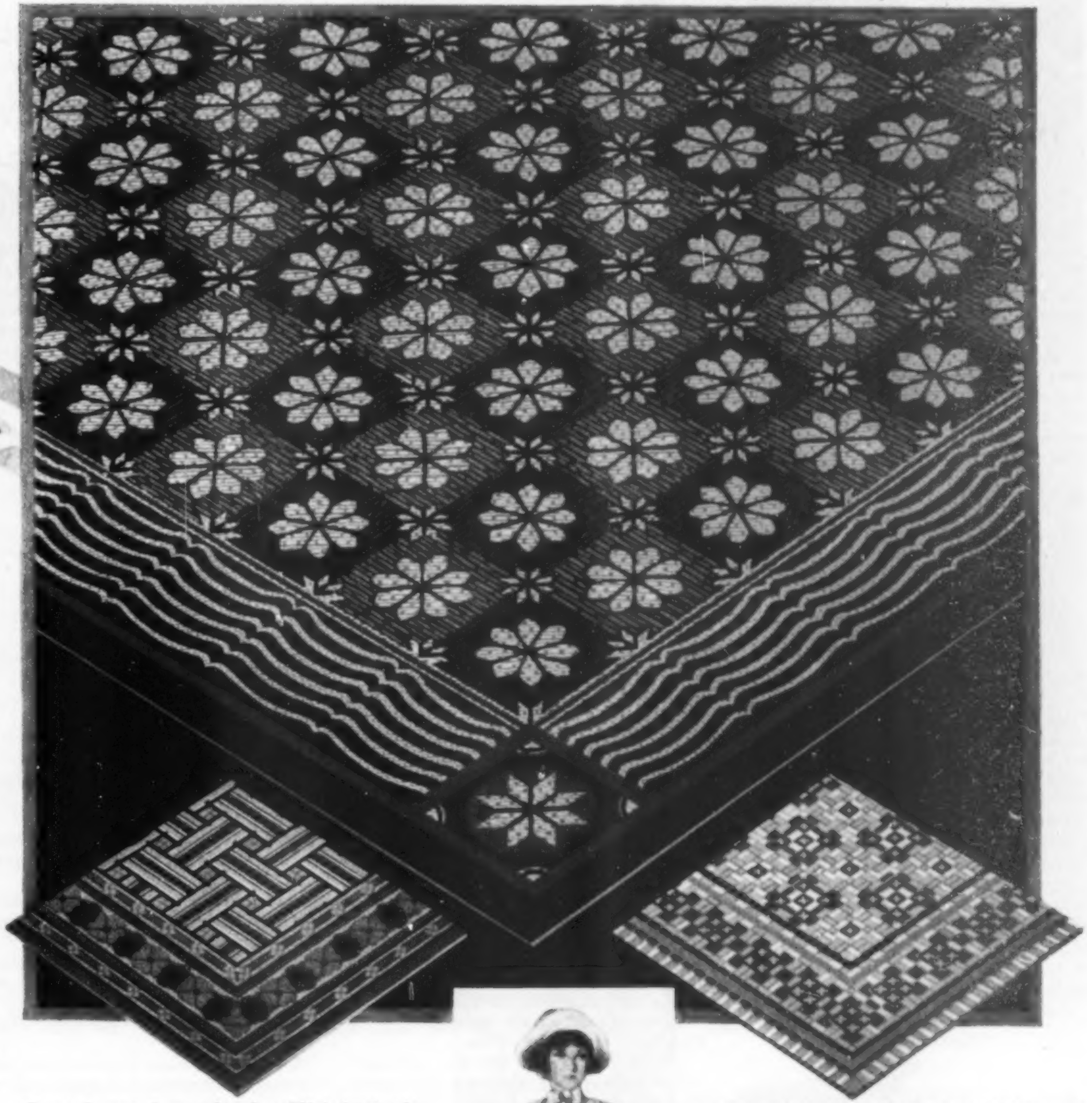

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OFF to the cottage . . . let's have a good time . . . but remember that this is to be *mother's vacation, too.*

For after all, unless we do away with the need for worrying about floors, she will be spending hot summer hours on her hands and knees . . . hours she should be spending in rest and recreation.

So let's settle *that* now . . . with Armstrong's Quaker Rugs. These, you know, are the rugs that lighten housework, because they are so easy to keep clean.

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The patterns, too, are as appealing as the good housekeeping advantages. Especially now that the stores are showing a de luxe range of new-type patterns created by Armstrong designers especially for these smooth-surfaced rugs that cost but a few dollars.

But, of course, the important thing is to ask for *Armstrong's Quaker Rugs.* Then no matter what the coloring, what the pattern you select, you are sure to be satisfied with the value and service.

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(Continued from Page 68)

Having cleared up legal matters in a manner satisfactory to both sides, the Allens unloaded their gear from car and trailer, and the Spiflakers put theirs in. The enlarged picture of Willie, sitting upright in the back seat, seemed to stare at the great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world. Pete stood a little apart, watching the car with worried eyes.

"We're sunk if she won't start," he muttered.

But the car did start, and soon it was bobbing along the highway against the rising sun. The Allens looked after it with seriousness that increased in ratio to the distance that separated it from them.

"It's gone," gulped Pete.

"And we're here," said his mother ruefully, "and it looks to me like a long, hot walk to Hollywood if we don't like it."

"Why didn't they wait for breakfast?" asked Bunny.

II

THE Allens were sitting inside their house, each his own thermometer, watching with longing eyes the occasional cars that passed along the highway with never a glance toward the sign on the cactus that announced Ranch For Sale Cheap Also Turkys. They were twitching with nostalgia for the smell of gasoline and the sight of landscapes riding up to meet the eye and passing by. The sound of Bunny's harmonica rose mournfully above the gobble of turkeys from the thin shadows of the smoke trees.

"Pigs!" said Mrs. Allen petulantly. "Let 'em gobble. The more you feed 'em the skinnier they get. They got the most ungrateful carcasses I ever saw."

"I don't want to ever taste turkey again," said Buster. "I wish the coyotes would eat them, so we wouldn't have to."

"Then what would we eat?"

A parching wind rattled the canvas walls and added more sand to the considerable deposit that coated everything in the room. The picture of the flourishing date grove looked down on them ironically from the wall.

Mrs. Allen rose and tied a battered hat on her head with an air of desperate resolution.

"Where you going, mom?"

"I'm going to walk down to the railroad track where that gang of men is working and ask for a job. Ranching don't appeal to me."

The children covered their heads against the ardent sun and followed her. It was dusk when they came to a group of battered freight cars on a siding that housed a small construction crew.

"Say, where's the boss?" she asked a group of men who were cooling off after supper.

"O'Malley!" they called.

A little gray-haired Irishman as lean and hard as jerky came to the door of a box car with a cup and a dish towel in his hand.

"Do you want a cook or somebody to do washing?" asked Mrs. Allen.

"We're makin' out fine by oursilves," said O'Malley, pointing to a row of underwear and grayish rags flapping from a line.

Mrs. Allen sat down on a pile of ties. "I want work awful bad. That is," she amended honestly, "I don't reelly want it, but it just looks to me like I got to do it."

"Just like the rist of us. Where did ye come from?"

"I got a ranch back two-three miles."

"Sheep or cattle?"

"It's supposed to be dates, but I've planted pretty near six packages, and there ain't one of them growing yet."

O'Malley shook his head. "That ain't the way to raise dates at all. Ye'd have as much chance to raise potatoes from a sack of potato chips. Ye've got to set out shoots."

"Well, I don't like ranching anyhow. It keeps you tied down too much."

"If I was you I'd get into my flivver and move on."

"You bet I would if I had one, but I traded it off a month ago for this darned ranch."

"Och, where had ye parked yer brains?"

"I don't know."

"Thim kids yours?"

"Uh-huh."

"Sind the ould man over tomorra and I'll give him a job."

"He's dead. But he wouldn't work anyhow."

O'Malley laid down the cup and dish towel and scraped the bowl of his pipe out carefully. Then he filled it from a red can, rammed it down with his thumb, and puffed thoughtfully.

"This outfit don't rate anny cook. We feed oursilves."

"I'll cook for nothing if you'll just feed us. We'll starve to death waiting for them dates to come up. We won't bother you, Mr. O'Malley. Honest, we won't."

O'Malley looked at the three leggy, sunburned children with wide eyes pleading from their peeling, freckled faces.

"Oh, all right. Ye can star-rt in tomorra."

Sunrise found them trudging down the railroad track laden with bedding and bulging straw suitcases. Even Gambler, with her faded fur sheared unevenly like threadbare plush for the sake of coolness, carried a rattling load of frying pans and the coffeepot.

Giggling and carefree, the children tried to walk the rails or beat the long shadows that strode ahead of them like giants. The crew stuck their heads out of the windows of the caboose sleepily.

"Anny more of yiz?" asked O'Malley, regarding Gambler with disfavor.

"We're all here but the turkeys, and the kids are going back after them," said Mrs. Allen cheerfully.

"Tur-rkeys?"

"Sure. I've got five left, and I'll let you have them for a dollar apiece."

An incredulous, delighted grin irradiated the faces of the crew.

"No more canned willy for us!"

"No more goldfish!"

"Turkeys!" exclaimed a red-headed boy. "I seen the new moon over my right shoulder last night, and I knew it meant luck!"

III

TWO weeks later the crew sat smoking on the steps of the caboose after supper, a silent and hungry-looking group.

"How'd it be to take the hand car and ride into Sandburg for a square meal?" asked the red-headed boy.

"Ten miles each way? You're lousy."

"I can't stand this chow of hers much longer."

"How'd you like a little stewed turkey?"

"Aw, shut up!"

A scrawny turkey crawled from under the cars and strutted along the track with his tail spread out.

A look of distaste followed it. The red-headed boy threw a rock after it, stirring up a flurry of sand and cinders about its feet. It gobbled tauntingly.

"Look at the old buzzard swear and get purple in the face! No wonder they're too tough to eat."

O'Malley took his pipe out of his mouth. "It's the way she cooks thim. She's a nice lady, but she can't even boil tay."

"How are you going to get rid of her, O'Malley?"

O'Malley dragged heavily at his pipe. "I'm layin' awake nights, boys, tryin' to figger that out, and I don't get nowheres at all."

A headlight shone far down the track, and they heard a whistle. O'Malley took out his watch.

"That'll be Buswell. He's on time to the second."

A freight rattled by at slackened speed. The engineer leaned from his cab. "Hello, O'Malley!" he called. The brakeman, walking along the tops of the cars, tossed down a bundle of newspapers.

"They all know me," said O'Malley complacently. "I've been on this division pretty near twinty years. There ain't annything the boys won't do for me."

"Then ask them to stow this Allen gang away in a box car and dump them at Los Angeles," said the red-headed boy.

A slow grin spread over O'Malley's weathered face. He leaped off the platform and ran back to the freight car where Mrs. Allen was dipping dishes into a pan of greasy water and handing them to Bunny to wipe.

"Lave the dishes be, Mrs. Allen, and pack up your wardrobe trunk! Ye're going to take a journey in a side-door Pullman."

"What are you talking about, Mr. O'Malley?"

"We're goin' to flag the tin o'clock freight and give you a free ride to Los. Here, boys, lend a hand rollin' up their beds."

Mrs. Allen took her hands out of the dishpan and began to throw things into a straw suitcase, calling excited directions to the children.

"Wash your faces and put on your good clothes, so we'll look nice when we get to Hollywood."

"They won't take ye that far, Mrs. Allen. They'll have to drop ye outside the yards, so they won't get caught. Just kape on what ye're wearin'."

"We'll have to get a plank ready to load Gambler on," said Pete.

"Ye'll not be takin' that goat."

"Then we won't go."

"All right, all right. Get a plank, boys."

They piled the luggage, all firmly roped, beside the track, and the Allens sat on it, waiting for the westbound freight. O'Malley looked at his watch and lit a red lantern.

"It's a quarter till tin, Dave. Run down the track a hunderd yards and light a flare, so they'll be lookin' out for us."

The red flare burned evenly. O'Malley looked at his watch. A headlight shone like a small, low star. He waved his lantern desperately. The engine whistled and came to a stop. He ran forward, hailing the engineer.

The fireman and brakeman joined them in a low-voiced colloquy, followed by laughter. Then the brakeman ran back and threw open the door of an empty fruit car. Many hands tossed in the luggage, and the Allens scrambled in after it. Then Gambler was rushed on board before she had time to organize an opposition.

The Allens stood in the door, calling goodbys.

"Good luck to yiz," called O'Malley.

The brakeman closed the door and the train started. The Allens fumbled for their blankets and spread them out in the dark. Mrs. Allen gave a chuckle that partook of a snore.

"Ain't we the luckiest folks in the world?" she asked drowsily.

RIDE A BIKE

SLIDE, KELLY, SLIDE!

To get from the school room to the home green . . . have a game of ball . . . and get home in time for supper . . . Ride a Bike. Why, a boy without a bike is like a puppy with only two legs. He is left behind or arrives too late to get his share of any of the big times in store for all kids. No time like now to get yourself a new bike and be among those present.

Dad and mother know from their own experience the joy and health that the bicycle brings to every boy and girl . . . with its pneumatic tires . . . its ball bearings . . . its coaster brake . . . its shining trimmings. Perhaps they don't realize that a bike now costs less than one-half what they had to pay in their day. Put it up to them today. Ask your dealer about it. He will be glad to supply you with a modern bicycle on very easy terms.

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Great athletic champions, coaches of all kinds of sport and doctors recommend cycling as a health and body builder. Read their comments and see their pictures in the booklet "Cycle-logical Ways to Happier Days." Your name and address on a postal will bring you a copy. Write to

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Your local DEALER will show latest models

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

IT'S WISE TO CHOOSE A SIX

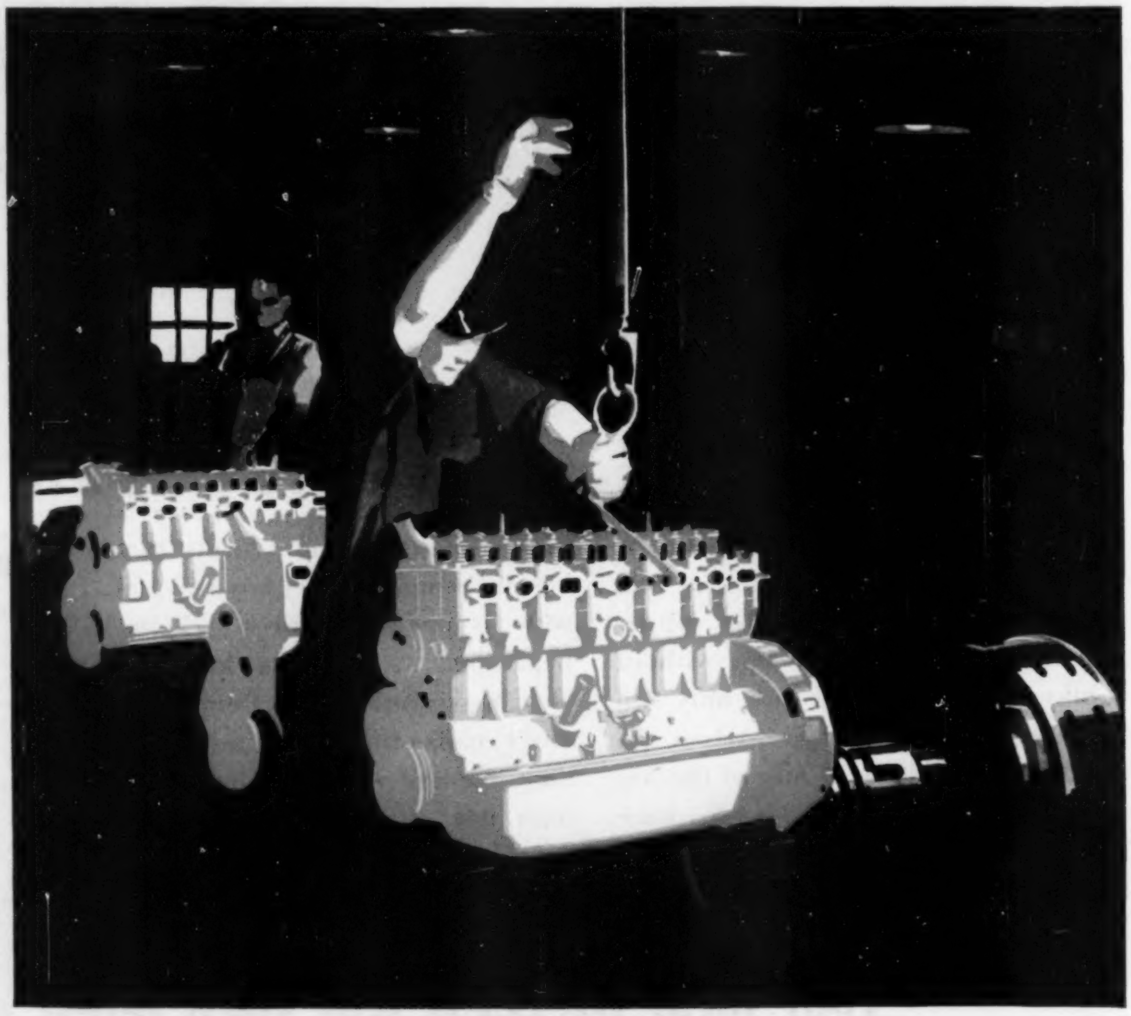
Because so much depends on Smoothness and Quietness of Operation

In the great low-price field, old ideas of motor car value have undergone a radical change during the past eighteen months. The six has swept into spectacular popularity and today is leading all other types in sales by a decided margin. And largely responsible for this great nationwide swing is the fact that Chevrolet has made available to buyers in the low-price field the advantages of six-cylinder smoothness and quietness of operation!

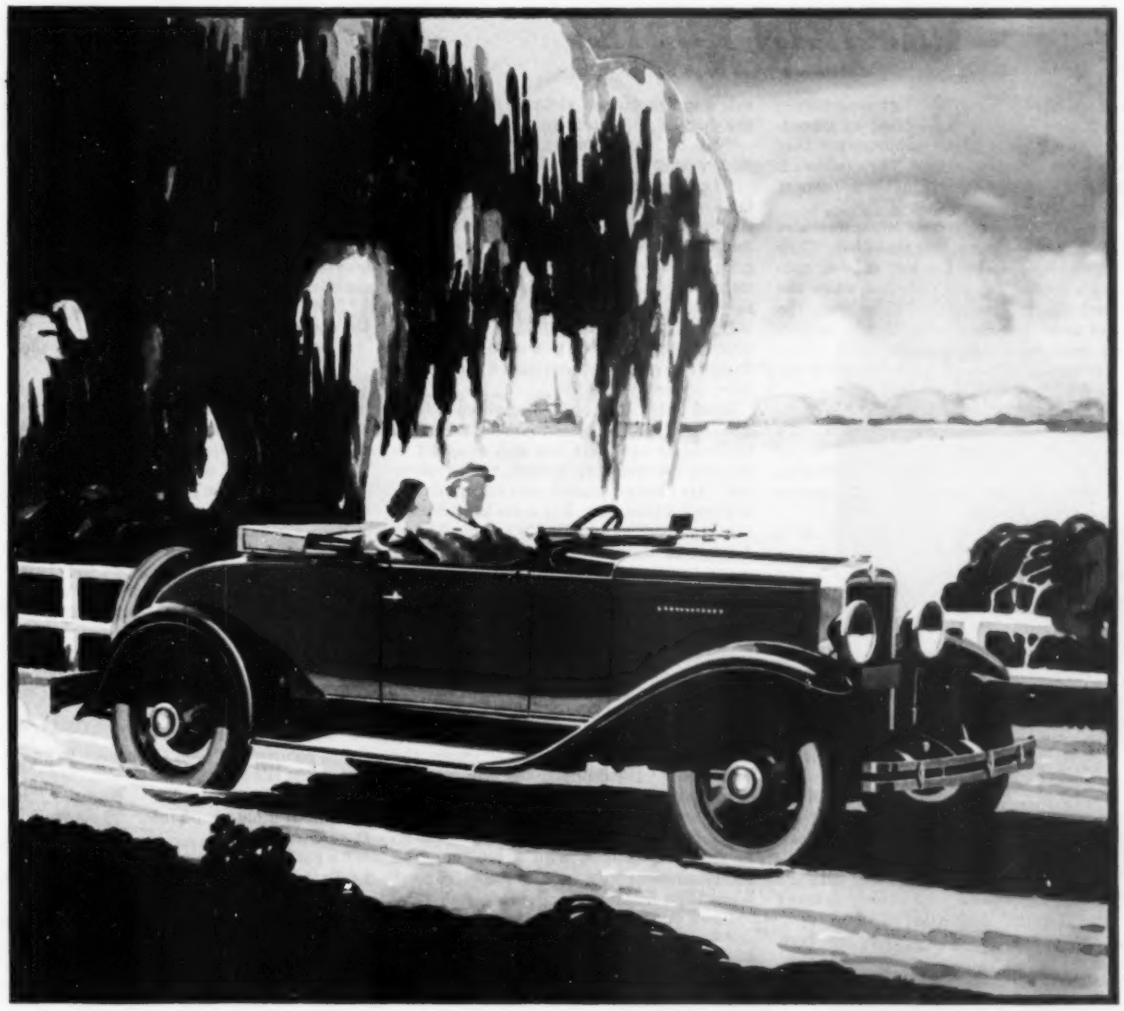
You need only to drive the Chevrolet Six to realize what a remarkable difference two more cylinders make. The finer, easier, more delightful performance convincingly shows why so many new thousands each week are agreeing—"It's wise to choose a six."

At every speed and under all conditions, the big 50-horsepower motor operates with that effortless smoothness so essential to genuine motoring enjoyment. There is no tremor in the steering wheel—no rattling of the floor boards—no annoying rumble in the body. Everyone in the car has a pleasant and restful ride.

In addition to increasing the enjoyment of



Chevrolet's six-cylinder motor not only embodies modern principles of design, but it is built according to modern precision manufacturing methods. This assures uniformly high quality—which means continually high performance.



The Chevrolet Sport Roadster is characterized by long, low, racy lines. Wire wheels with oversize hub caps emphasize its smartness. The spacious rumble seat accommodates an extra couple. Price $555 f. o. b. Factory, Flint, Michigan.

motoring, Chevrolet's six-cylinder smoothness actually protects the car. At no time are the chassis or body subjected to the harmful effects of continuous vibration. This does away with the necessity of frequent "tightenings" and makes for lower upkeep costs. Also, the car lasts longer and is worth a higher price when offered at resale.

Entirely aside from finer, smoother, more flexible performance there are *many other reasons* why it's wise to choose a Chevrolet Six.

Chevrolet offers the smartness and luxury of beautiful bodies by Fisher—tastefully upholstered, completely appointed and built of hardwood-and-steel, the type of body construction preferred by leading fine car builders.

Chevrolet gives you the comfort and security of modern spring design; four long semi-elliptic springs set in the direction of car travel and controlled by four Lovejoy Hydraulic Shock Absorbers—eliminating body-sway on curves.

And Chevrolet provides those vital elements of safety you have a right to expect in any car you buy. The gasoline tank is mounted at the rear outside the body—a modern safety factor. The four-wheel brakes are fully enclosed and completely weatherproof—giving definite assurance that the car can always be quickly, quietly and positively controlled.

Yet for all these advantages, the Chevrolet Six is just as economical as any car you can own. It is priced as low as $495 f.o.b. factory, Flint. It costs no more for gas, oil, tires and upkeep. It can be bought on the most liberal easy payment plan available in the automotive industry today. And it gives you, above all, the six-cylinder smoothness and quietness on which so much depends!

CHEVROLET SIX

The Sport Roadster	$555
The Coach or Coupe	$565
The Sport Coupe	$655
The Club Sedan (5 wire wheels standard)	$665
The Sedan	$675
The Special Sedan (6 wire wheels standard)	$725

Roadster or Phaeton

$495

Special Equipment Extra

The Sedan Delivery	$595
Light Delivery Chassis	$365
1½ Ton Chassis	$520
1½ Ton Chassis with Cab	$625
Roadster Delivery (Pick-up box extra)	$440

Prices f. o. b. factory
Flint, Michigan

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

RAMIKIN RUBIES

(Continued from Page 23)

or amid unusual circumstances. She never appeared when she might have been expected, but seemed always to present herself when it was utterly impossible that she should be within miles of the locality. Rather mysterious she was, exceedingly charming, a bit bewildering, but somehow stable and admirable and very dependably competent.

Miss Smith was not her name, but she had been presented to him as Miss Smith. She was friendly, almost encouraging at times, but never to the point of giving him her confidence. What her name might really be, where she lived, what was her occupation—upon these points she was rather more than silent.

"If you wish to see me," she said more than once, "you must find me."

"But how shall I find you? You give me no clews."

"If you want to find me badly enough," she said with a sidewise smile, "you will manage."

It was she, of all the world, who had mastered his own secret and who knew unerringly which was Randy Hyde and which was Smithfield Wagg. This had disturbed him at first, but then he had become content.

"But why," she demanded, "do you want to find me? You, Randy Hyde, one of the richest young men in creation! What friendship is possible between you and myself? And you are nice! Oh, yes; you're that. And"—she appraised him with her eyes—"you look nice. What then? I open the door and let you into my life. To my own possible misery. Suppose I allowed myself to adore you." She shrugged her shoulders. "Then you would be compelled to marry somebody, and I would be left forlorn. No, thank you, I'm not taking any."

"Just because," he said, "I happen to be Randy Hyde, should I not have the same chance as any moderately respectable young man?"

"You should have, but circumstances won't let you. You're too important. Why, you have told me yourself they're trying to make you marry this Miss de Senlis."

"Whom I never have seen," he said. "And I have seen you. Mind, I'm not saying I'm in love with you. But you're quite the most interesting person I know, and the most thrilling company, and very lovely to look at. Besides which, I have a feeling that you would never let a fellow down. All I'm asking is the chance to see more of you and find out."

"Suppose we both found out?" she asked.

"Then," he said, "come wet, come dry; come hot, come cold; come hell or high water, I'd marry you if you'd have me."

"The impossible would remain the impossible," she said.

So she had compelled him to promise that he would never follow her from their chance meetings, nor would she make rendezvous with him. "Leave it to chance," she said. "I think I believe in fate. Or luck, or destiny. Either we will encounter each other again, or we won't. It must remain on the knees of the gods."

Hence it was that he always was watchful, and once in a blue moon his watchfulness was rewarded.

Now he walked westward through one of the more disreputable of the Forties, intending, perhaps, to drop into a motion-picture house for an hour before dinner. He crossed Sixth Avenue and was midway in the block when he saw her. She appeared from one of those iron-grilled doors which give under high steps upon the fronts of old, blank houses upon the northerly side of the street, and without a glance about her, walked with every appearance of haste toward Broadway.

Randy set out to overtake her, and so intent were his eyes upon her rapidly moving figure that he did not note the sudden interest of two loungers in her departure—two young men, sleek, dressed so exceedingly fashionably as to demonstrate that they were not gentlemen. They followed, speaking now and then from the corners of tight mouths.

Miss Smith hesitated at Broadway and cast a quick, anxious glance about her. Then she proceeded northward and entered suddenly a brightly lighted *rotisserie*, where she seated herself at a table visible from the street and—fortunately for Randy—otherwise unoccupied. He entered.

"It turns out," he said, "to be one of my golden days."

She started and then expelled a little breath of relief. "Oh," she exclaimed, "it's only you."

"Only," he said. "And may I dine with you off rotated fowl and such other bounties as the place provides?"

She closed her eyes for an instant, as if from great weariness of the sudden necessity to confront a decision. When she opened them again, they were dark and full of trouble. Almost he fancied he could read an appeal.

"I think," she said, "you would do well to go away—and quickly."

"Why?"

"This is no place for Randy Hyde," she said, whispering his name. "This is no place for anybody. It's no place for me. Please go away."

"Something in the world," he said, "has gone cockeyed. A lady obviously in distress! Therefore I seat myself and await disclosures, if any."

She patted the back of one hand with the other. It was a troubled, anxious, almost frantic gesture.

"You must not stay." Then she hesitated. "It has the look of a rendezvous. I'm afraid the harm is done already."

"What harm, if one may ask?"

"Of being seen with me tonight."

"By whom?"

Her eyes, constantly upon the door, widened. The two immaculate young men entered without glancing at her and seated themselves at an opposite table.

"At any rate," Miss Smith breathed, "it is safe here. The lights, the street, the people, the window here! Nothing can happen here."

Randy calculated, "Which is why you came here? To protect yourself from something by making yourself conspicuous. This, young woman, hath a serious look. Also you regard those fashion plates with some apprehension. Do they enter into the scheme of things?"

"They followed me here," she said.

"Indeed. And is mashing indicated? Have I your permission, madame, to apply knuckles to noses? Do I behold the genus masher in his native habitat?"

"Mashers! I wish they were! Oh, please, Randy Hyde, go away from here before—before something dreadful happens." She leaned across the table and whispered: "Either one of those men would shoot you for the pleasure of it."

Randy turned leisurely and surveyed the pair. He lifted his fine brows. "Gunmen, eh? At last! I've heard of the species, but never seen a copy. Have they guns with them, do you think?"

"I know," she said.

"Odd—very odd! And what is your concern with the First and Second Murderer? It's not in character. Why do these perilous persons dog your steps?"

"Of course you won't go," she said resignedly. "You're that sort of idiot. Darn it! Darn almost everything. And here we are, and however we are going to get away I don't know. We can't sit here for days and days."

"In the meantime we can eat," he said, "and I might remind you the great metropolis retains and pays an extensive crew of policemen to protect its citizens. In fact, there is one of them staring in hungrily. If evil gunmen pursue virtuous beauty, it is the duty of the cop to put his foot down."

"No, no! Anything but that! You don't understand."

"I confess it. I confess it freely. I am so far from understanding that I stand upon the threshold of bewilderment." He leaned forward suddenly, his face grave and rather grim. "You're in some mess ——" he commenced, and then his elbow encountered her hand bag, which lay upon the cloth. With a cry she clutched at it, but it slid over the edge and fell to the floor. Randy stooped to recover it and raised it from the floor, opened by its fall.

Open in his hand as he straightened himself—open under the brilliant lights which poured into the little bag and returned to astound his eyes with molten, ruddy splendor! He blinked, stared, and his lips closed in a teeth-bitten line. For there lay rubies—rubies and rubies! Instantly he knew them. A hundred times he had seen them before about the throat of the adipose Mrs. Ramikin. The stolen Ramikin rubies!

He closed the purse deliberately. "Well, well," he said. "So that's that."

She was pale now, and her eyes were fixed upon his, not in appeal but with some odd expression which he could not translate.

"That," she said, "is that. And what are you going to do about it?"

"First," he said gravely, "annex the swag—so." He dropped the bag into his side pocket. "Second, get you out of this predicament, whatever it is. Gosh," he exclaimed, "don't you know better than to be traipsing around with a few hundred thousand dollars' worth of stolen rubies? Some idiot might misconstrue."

"And you—don't you misconstrue?"

"Why, no. Not exactly. Not with your eyes and your ears—what I can see of them—and the way you walk. Not with your lips when they smile or your brows when you are serious. Not with your chin and the way you carry your head. Not with all of you in ensemble. Oh, no. I don't misconstrue."

"What, then," she asked, "do you do?"

"I rally 'round," he said simply.

"Without explanations?"

"Mine not to reason why."

"They're stolen."

"To be sure."

"And in my possession."

"In mine," he said. "Which proves a person can be in possession of stolen jewels, doesn't it, without having associated himself in the filching?"

"Either," she said, "you are tremendously dumb or ——"

"Or?" he prompted.

"—— big," she said—"bigger than I dreamed anyone could be."

"I'm so big I bulge," he said lightly. "Which brings us to the soup. It is not good soup, but nourishing. Soup stimulates the brain. I must figure out an adroitness. Oh, what a day! And it has happened to me!" He grinned delightedly. "Look out of the window. See all those people—millions of them. They're just people. They're going home to dinner. Think of it, there isn't one of them that has a stolen necklace of rubies in his pocket!"

"Nor," she said somewhat dryly, "two gunmen at his elbow."

"Ah, yes; the boys," he said.

"They can't be sure I have them," said Miss Smith thoughtfully. "But they mean to find out."

"You haven't them," he said, "and we might as well attend to that feature of the program."

"What are you going to do?" she asked with sudden breathlessness.

"Amuse the children," he said, and got to his feet. He stepped across the café and bent genially over the two dapper young men with the pasty faces.

"Boys," he said confidentially, "I've got them. In the good old pocket. If you don't believe me, and if you'll promise not to be unmannerly and snatch, I'll show them to you."

They regarded him with eyes like the eyes of dead fish, and in spite of himself little chill ripples ran up and down his spine.

"Who are you?" one of them asked softly.

Randy made a gesture of one removing false whiskers and then, with the air of conferring a delightful surprise: "Hawkshaw, the detective," he said.

"He's a funny guy," one of them said to the other.

"He's comin' down sick," said the other.

"With bullet fever," said the first.

"So," said Randy, with the air of winding up a clinching argument, "the lady is out of it. Concentrate on me. Eh? From now on I'm the object ball. Do we agree?"

"He is funny," said one of the gunmen.

"See me laughin', don't you?" replied the other.

Randy beamed on them a moment before he returned to his own table and seated himself. "Now," he said, "you may enjoy your dinner, and then be on your several ways about your lawful concerns. The boys, I take it, have set their hearts on me. When you have finished your sweet and coffee, you will arise, stroll nonchalantly out of this gilded palace and be seen no more."

"No," she said simply.

"Wrong answer."

She pondered. "Don't you want to know how I got the rubies?"

"Positively pop-eyed with curiosity," he said, "but innate good manners compel me to conceal it."

"I got them," she said, "from the most brilliant woman I have ever met."

"That," he said, with a chuckle, "is a confession you didn't remove them from Mrs. Ramikin."

"She," said Miss Smith, "is the greatest jewel thief in the world."

"Love to meet her," said Randy. "We often hear of them in my set, but seldom meet them socially."

"Her name," said Miss Smith, "is Sophia Brand. You'd like her tremendously," she said enthusiastically.

"I'm confident of it."

"She gave them to me."

"Charming. Like giving a friend a bomb with the fuse lighted."

"She gave them to me," said Miss Smith, "because she is going to retire."

"As a souvenir, I suppose, of her surrendered glories."

"No. To return to Mrs. Ramikin. Honestly. It would have been all right, only there were other people after them."

"The Ramikin rubies?"

"Yes; but Sophia took them right under their noses, and they were very angry about it."

"One understands their disgruntlement. And then?"

"They've tried to take them from Sophia."

"Who wished them on you?"

"No; when she found out they were watching the house, she gigged back. But I just took them and came away."

"And here we are."

"Exactly," she said.

"The police are barred."

"On Sophia's account, of course."

"You've finished your ice," observed Randy.

"I'm not going," she said firmly.

"Do you see that policeman staring in at the roast chicken with avid eye?"

"He is very visible, thank goodness."

"If you have not gone before I can count a hundred rapidly, I shall motion him in and earn him promotion by giving him the necklace. He'd be very grateful."

"You wouldn't!"

"I give you my word of honor," he said gravely.

Miss Smith regarded him thoughtfully and nodded her head once in a quaint, jerky, delightful way.

(Continued on Page 78)

WHO

arrives first at the directors' meeting ?

THE first to arrive is the *one* man privileged to waste others' time. But he seldom does. The president is generally in his chair on the very stroke of the hour.

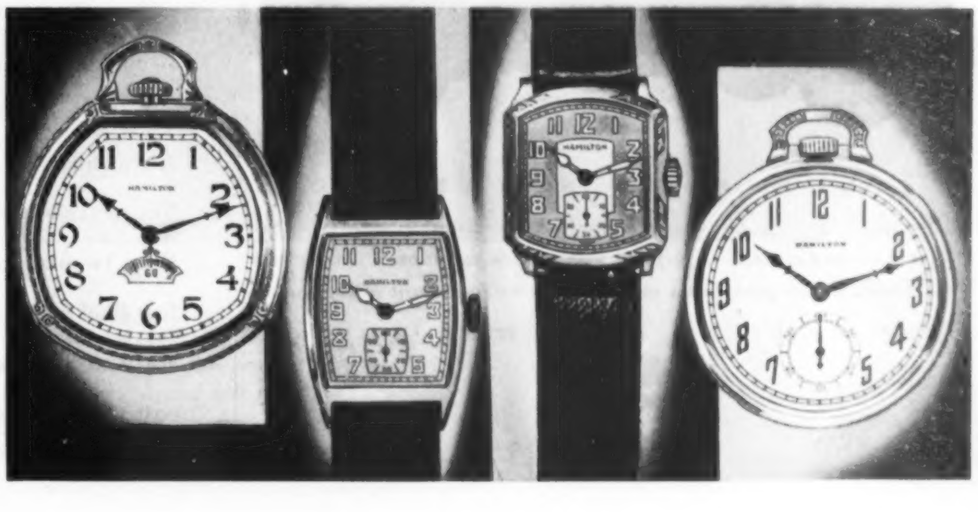
Perhaps he is president because he has learned and never forgotten that time means money . . . that wasted minutes, slipshod habits and a poor mind too often live together.

Successful men fight for their minutes as intelligently as they fight for their business. Their clamor to save time is answered by ships that chop a day from the transatlantic voyage . . . by the air-mail that claws hours from inter-city correspondence . . . by extra-fare trains that rescue part of a business day from a journey . . . even by the radio telephone that snips off minutes from European communication.

They want a watch that is as eager for accuracy as they are. That's why you are more than likely to find Hamiltons ticking in their pockets and around their wrists.

The famed accuracy of a Hamilton appeals to the man whose mind is keyed to the modern tempo. It is a pleasant surprise to find a watch that ticks away with such effortless accuracy—hour after hour, day after day.

Let us send you a copy of "The Timekeeper," our beautifully illustrated little booklet, showing a complete line of handsome Hamiltons and telling something of the care taken in making Hamilton, the Watch of Railroad Accuracy. Address Hamilton Watch Co., American manufacturers of high-grade watches, 850 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pa.



Left to Right—The VAN BUREN—With secometer dial, in 14k filled green or white gold, $60. The GLENN CURTISS—A new 19-jewel model in 14k white or yellow gold, $150. The TONNEAU—In either filled or 14k yellow, green or white gold, plain at $55 and $85; engraved (as shown) $57 and $87. The WHEATLAND—In 14k filled green or white gold, $50.

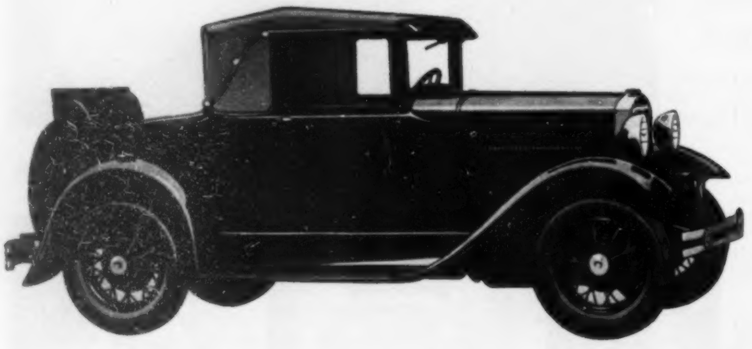
Other Hamiltons for men and women from $48 to $685

HAMILTON

The Watch *of* Railroad Accuracy

QUALITY THAT ENDURES

THE extra value built into the new Ford is reflected in its alert, capable performance, reliability and long life. Beneath its flashing beauty of line and color there is a high quality of material and mechanical excellence. Many measurements are accurate to the thousandth of an inch—some to three ten-thousandths of an inch. Every part has been carefully designed and made to give you many months and years of faithful, uninterrupted service. In safety, comfort, speed, power, economy—in all that goes to make a good automobile—it is a value far above the price. The quality of the new Ford is a quality that endures.



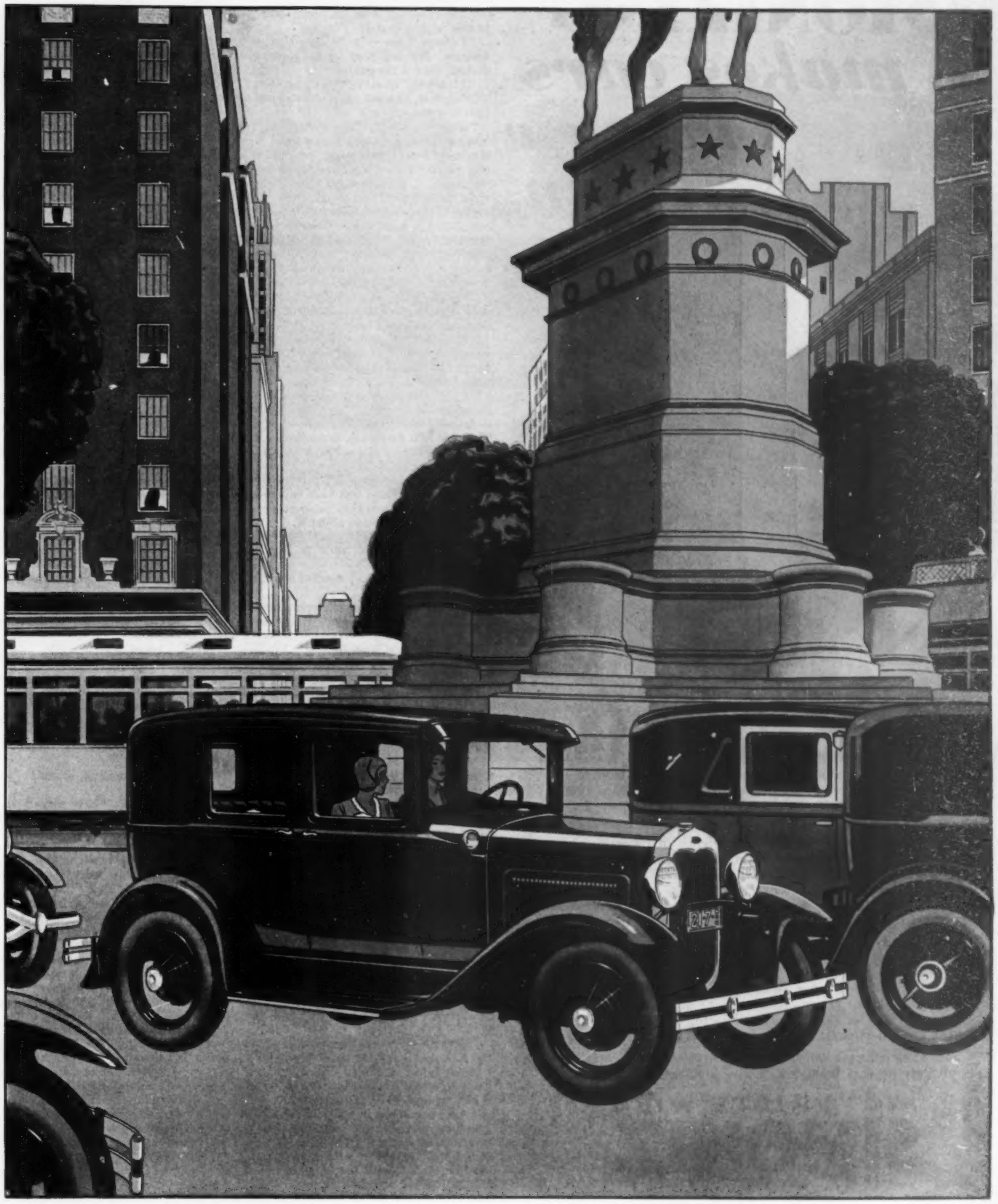
THE NEW FORD SPORT COUPE

A particularly good car for the woman motorist because of its surprising ease of operation and control. Equipped with a wide substantial rumble seat. The Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield is an important safety feature.

Ford

Outstanding Features of the New Ford

New streamline bodies. Choice of colors. Adjustable front seats in closed bodies. Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield. Four Houdaille double-acting hydraulic shock absorbers. Bright, enduring Rustless Steel for many exterior metal parts. Fully enclosed four-wheel brakes. Steel-spoke wheels. Aluminum pistons. Chrome silicon alloy valves. Torque-tube drive. Three-quarter floating rear axle. More than twenty ball and roller bearings. Extensive use of fine steel forgings. 55 to 65 miles an hour. Quick acceleration. Ease of control. Low first cost. Low cost of operation and up-keep. Reliability and long life. Good dealer service.



One of the newest Ford cars. A truly de luxe sedan in line and color and in the richness of its appointments and upholstery. Generous room for five people. Front seat is adjustable. Rear seat has a disappearing center arm and arm rests at each side. An economical car to own and drive because of the low first cost and the low cost of operation and up-keep.

THE NEW FORD DE LUXE SEDAN

SIMONIZING
. . makes cars
look new
again

BEFORE AND AFTER

And it lasts

DULLNESS AND DISCOLORATIONS ARE THE DANGER signals warning you the finish of your car is in trouble and needs Simoniz to save it from destruction. New cars should always be Simonized before driven very far. In fact, the sooner any car is Simonized the better.

Simonizing will make a wonderful difference in the appearance of your car. It is the natural way of cleaning any finish and restores the lustre by removing dullness and other effects of exposure that eventually destroy the surface. Simoniz is very durable and protects the finish under all conditions of weather and climate, makes it last longer and keeps the color from fading.

Anyone can Simoniz a car . . . it's fun. All you need is Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener—every leading hardware and auto accessory dealer has them. They don't cost much. If your car is dulled and discolored, a few strokes with Simoniz Kleener thoroughly cleans off all grime, discolorations and blemishes—truly the only safe way of satisfactorily restoring the lustre. Then, a few strokes with Simoniz and your car looks new again.

Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener—it's the secret of keeping cars looking new and beautiful for years.

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THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
2101 Indiana Avenue
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Send free booklet "HOW TO KEEP YOUR CAR LOOKING NEW."

I

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Address ....
City .... State ....

(Continued from Page 74)

"You win," she said.

"And some day soon you'll introduce me to this Sophia Brand? Promise."

"Perhaps," she said, "sooner than you imagine. But will they let me go?" She nodded toward the gunmen.

"I fancy so," he said. "Please be ready."

With that, he arose again and stepped to the other table.

"Boys," he said, "the young lady is leaving. She is out of the cast now. I'm staying to make it interesting for you, and I give you my sacred word the rubies are in my pocket." He turned his head. "Good night, Miss Smith," he called.

One of the gunmen stirred as if to arise, but Randy's hand rested heavily on his shoulder. "The policeman yonder would intervene in a common brawl," he suggested. "And if you stir a stump I shall unquestionably sock you just under the ear."

"Fellow," said the gunman through tight lips, "there's going to be slow music behind you that you won't hear."

"May I take my coffee with you?" Randy asked. "There's a vacant chair here." He did not wait for permission, but seated himself and beckoned the waiter. "Do you mind a few personal questions?" Randy asked brightly. "My besetting sin is curiosity and my experience is so limited. This, odd as it may seem, is the first opportunity I have had of chatting with gentlemen of your calling."

The gunmen looked at each other in some bewilderment. They, too, were enjoying a novel experience, and they could not make out precisely what to do about it.

"For instance," Randy went on, "have you interesting names, such as Gyp the Blood and Chopper Charlie?"

"Aw, close your trap," directed one of his companions.

"Reticent," said Randy reproachfully, "and I so eager for friendship. Well, I must call you something. Now my name is Wagg—Smithfield Wagg for short. You"—he turned to the shorter of the men—"I shall mark Exhibit A and refer to as Dopey Dick, and you, sir"—to the other—"shall be Exhibit B, and your name for the occasion shall be Tim the Swag. Eh?"

The gunmen regarded each other once more with manifest discomfort. "He's blowed his top," said the shorter one, which, being translated from the idiom of the trade, signified that Randy had taken leave of his senses.

"Kick in wit' the rubies," said the other out of the corner of his mouth, "and we'll forget you muscled into this deal."

"Do you," asked Randy, "carry your guns on springs in your sleeves, or do you shoot through the pocket, or are arm-pit holsters your choice?"

"He's shootin' off his mout'," observed the taller one.

"One more question," Randy said ingenuously: "Are you married, and do you, according to the stories, adore your wives and send your daughters to expensive finishing schools under *noms de guerre* such as Gwendolyn Gore-Quackenbush, and the like?"

"When this guy was born he'd lived too long already," observed the shorter one.

Randy rather wondered what to do next. There seemed a limit to the time he could sit at that table in comparative safety and hold his companions in light conversation. Sometime he would have to move, he would have to sally out upon the street, and it seemed well to have in mind some adroitness if he were to save the Ramikin rubies and possibly his own good health. At any rate, Miss Smith was well away, which to him was more than half the battle. He glanced through the plate glass at the street and discovered that half the battle was not won after all.

A taxicab drew up at the curb; as his eyes rested upon it, Miss Smith's face appeared for an instant in the window and her hand beckoned. Randy felt something of a thrill of elation. Much as he desired her to be at a distance and in safety, nevertheless his heart leaped at the knowledge that she was not the sort to absent herself and leave a friend to win his way out of a difficulty. Instead of escaping herself, she had set about instantly to devise a means of extricating him. That was sportsmanship.

He yawned and stretched his arms far apart—not, perhaps, the most commendable table manners. The two gunmen sat with elbows on the cloth and heads close together after the secretive fashion of their kind, and Randy's eyes glinted with malicious humor as he yawned his spurious yawn and stretched his spurious stretch.

His hands came toward each other swiftly, until one rested upon the nape of the neck of each gangster. Then, with enthusiasm, he brought together those two heads with a most satisfying bump. It was a hearty bump, a bump with muscle behind it, and no expert bumper might find a criticism to offer.

While the pair were observing constellations and collecting their wits from what was to all intents and purposes a knock-out, Randy darted through the door, sprang across the walk and entered the waiting cab. The driver started instantly and Randy lurched back upon the seat.

"Miss Brand," said Miss Smith, exactly as if the presentation were being made in a drawing-room, "this is Mr. Wagg." Randy observed that Miss Smith played the game and protected his masquerade even in this emergency.

"You amateurs!" exclaimed a deep, pleasant voice, and in the dimness Randy could make out a slender woman of perhaps thirty, with handsome, intellectual, rather aristocratic features. "Amateurs and sentimentalists!"

Randy rattled the rubies. "If," he said, "I should be caught with these, I fancy I would lose my amateur standing."

"Already," said Sophia Brand, "you have between you quite ruined me professionally."

"Anyhow," Randy said harshly, "we're out of this mess."

"Yes?" asked Sophia.

"Looks so," said Randy.

"Then, young man, you would do well to look again. For instance, you might observe the car just behind us."

Randy nodded. "Of course, they would have kept a watch on you too."

"You have a modicum of intelligence," granted Sophia.

"Are you in command, or am I?" asked Randy.

"I," said Sophia, "have retired. In response to the exhortations of Miss Smith, I observe henceforward the convention of *meum* and *teum*. I am a lady who has no dealings with the so-called underworld. And I shall be very, very interested to see what you shall contrive."

Randy craned his neck to look at the pursuing car. "It contains," he said, "two gentlemen in addition to the driver."

"Two eminent gentlemen," agreed Sophia. "On the left you will see none other than Crazy Kane; on the right is Blinky Matthews. The driver is just a driver. You are now dealing with principals, not subordinates."

"This," said Randy, "has turned out to be a swell evening. First in order of importance, I have met Miss Smith again. In between I have acquired a string of stolen rubies of fabulous price; I have met familiarly two gunmen, unidentified; I am being followed by Messrs. Crazy and Blinky; and I have been presented to Miss Sophia Brand. A crowded hour, what?"

"So crowded," said Sophia, "it jostles. Personally, if I were you, I'd think of something."

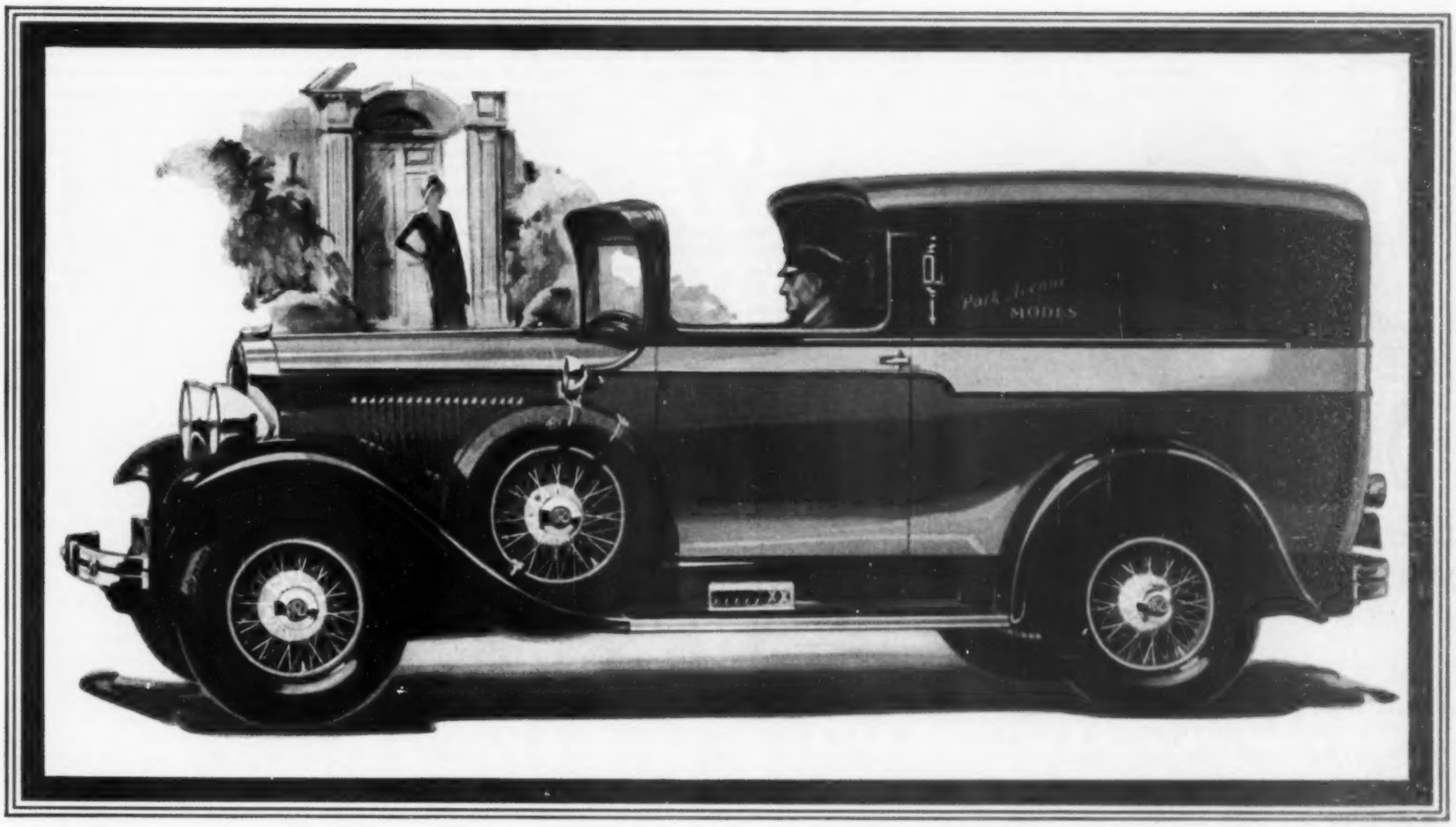
"While I talk I plan," said Randy with gay sententiousness. "Would I offend if I asked why you retired from your—er—chosen profession?"

"Not at all. First, it was beginning to bore me; second, it didn't pay; third, I've become very fond of Miss Smith, and she asked it as a favor."

"And now what?"

"I shall make a great deal more money a great deal more easily in honest business,"

(Continued on Page 80)



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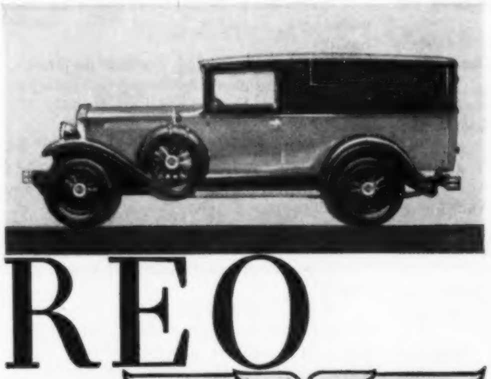

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The beauty of wood, in chair construction, can be imitated but not duplicated. The adaptability of wood as a working medium makes possible unlimited variety of design. The warm, friendly touch of wood is an important *comfort* factor.

Ask the nearest Sikes Dealer to show you chairs of beautiful, enduring wood. Chairs that excel in:

Design

Sikes chairs give interest and individuality to any office. Grace and distinction of design are instantly appealing. Further inspection reveals the depth of color, beauty and tone found only in the natural figure and grain of fine wood.

Durability

Fine woods, excellent construction features, and unsurpassed workmanship give long life to all Sikes Chairs. Many Sikes Chairs produced thirty or forty years ago are being used today. Good chairs serve their purpose throughout the years.

Comfort

Sikes Chairs are *comfortable* chairs —each line curved to fit the contour of the body. Sikes Chairs cost no more than ordinary office chairs. The complete Sikes line includes chairs for any purpose and offers a wide range of prices.

THE SIKES COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

A complete line of matched office suites and commercial desks is manufactured by the Sikes-Cutler Desk Corporation, at Buffalo, New York.

SIKES CHAIRS PHILADELPHIA

SIKES

Chairmakers for 70 years

(Continued from Page 78)

said Sophia. "I'm very smart and almost abnormally able. I shall probably rise to be a second Hetty Green, but with a trifle more solicitude for my personal appearance."

"Is it fair to ask where you encountered Miss Smith?"

"It is not," Miss Smith said emphatically. "Please fix your mind on the immediate emergency."

"I wouldn't," said Randy severely, "be as mysterious as you are—not for gold and precious stones. It isn't womanly. Besides which, it is irritating. Isn't it enough to be beautiful and reeking with charm, without running around in a glittering mantle of glamour?"

"If," said Sophia, "you don't arrive at an expedient, you will presently be occupying what the uncultured call a wooden overcoat."

"To my muttons," said Randy. "What says the great ballad?

"'*It is sweet to dance to violins*
When Love and Life are fair; . . .
But it is not sweet with nimble feet
To dance upon the air.'

"Garbled, perhaps, but to the point, if you substitute automatic revolvers for gallows." He leaned forward and spoke to the driver: "Young man, you will proceed to Fifth Avenue and thence northward. When you arrive at Fifty-ninth Street you will make haste—and when I say haste, haste is what I mean. Jump the traffic, if you can do so without peril to life or limb, and I'll square the cops. Are your brakes good?"

"Swell," said the chauffeur.

"Then see how suddenly you can come from top speed to a full stop when I give the word," said Randy.. He leaned back again. "They're not likely to tackle us in the open, I take it."

"Those lads will tackle you any place or follow you anywhere," said Sophia.

"My compliments to them. When this taxi stops, will you ladies be spry? If our man does his job, the enemy will shoot past us a ways before they can stop, and split seconds are of the essence of the contract."

"I believe," said Sophia to herself, "the young thing has some sort of an idea."

They swung across to the Avenue at a very notable speed and then headed northward. Traffic was not heavy and the driver was skillful. At Fifty-ninth Street the following car was half a block behind them.

"Now step on her," Randy said.

The other car crept up upon them; was not a dozen feet behind.

"Edge toward the curb," Randy ordered. "Get ready. House on the southeast corner. Now! Slam on the brakes!"

The cab lurched, skidded, came to a stop which all but hurled them from their seats. The other car whizzed past them. Already Randy had the door open.

"Scamper," he said, and with the young women at his heels, ran across the walk to his own front door, which he unlocked and opened with sure, swift, deft movements. "Up the stairs," he said gayly. "The drawing-room is on the right."

Miss Smith looked back. "You forgot to close the door," she cried.

"Exactly," said Randy. He paused at the top of the stairs an instant until he saw two men rush to the entrance, pause a moment as if in indecision, and then enter, crouching and ready. Randy permitted them to see him, and then turned as if in flight. The pursuers rushed headlong up the stairs, where they paused as suddenly as the taxicab had stopped, for Randy stood in the drawing-room archway, smiling and bowing genially.

"Do come in," he said affably. "I was expecting you."

In their moment of surprise, he turned and walked into the room. "This way," he said. "You might remove your hats before you join the ladies."

The man who bore proudly the name of Crazy Kane was in the lead, and he showed his teeth in a saturnine grin. "Kick in wit' them stones, kid," he said grimly, and then, with a sneer: "Was you in too much hurry to shut the door?"

"The book of etiquette," said Randy, "tells us guns are worn in the pocket in the presence of ladies. . . . Ah, Wilmot," to a servant who appeared in answer to his ring, "refreshments for the gentlemen. . . . Miss Smith, Miss Brand, may I present Mr. Matthews and Mr. Kane?"

"Cut the gab and kick in wit' the rubies," said Mr. Matthews shortly. "Say, what kind of a dump is this here anyhow?"

"And by the way," Randy continued to the departing servant, "when Mr.—er—Hyde returns, ask him to change into the gray suit and step into the drawing-room."

"He returned just before you, sir."

"Then ask him to make haste, please. Say that we have guests."

"Say ——" commenced Mr. Kane; but Randy interrupted: "Do be seated. I really have an excellent cellar—and we have so much to talk over."

"What is this joint—a swell speak-easy?" asked Mr. Matthews.

"It's swell," said Randy, "but not a speak-easy. Now, as to the Ramikin rubies—I understand you had planned to acquire them yourselves."

"And the dame slipped in ahead," said Mr. Matthews.

"So really," said Randy, "you have no valid claim. First come, first served. But we'll discuss it. Now, first about the open door below. It was not an oversight. I really desired your better acquaintance. If I had shut you out you would have been hanging around, now, wouldn't you? You'd have been underfoot. Every time I went in or out, there you'd be—which would be unpleasant. No, it's best to talk it over and clean the matter up in a final sort of way. Don't you agree?"

"We agree we're goin' to have them rubies, now. Fork 'em over," said Mr. Kane menacingly.

Randy took Miss Smith's bag from his pocket and extracted from it the rubies, blood red, scintillating, marvelous. "Really, you know," he said, "you haven't the faintest claim. . . . Ah, thank you, Wilmot—and nice-looking sandwiches, too. By the way, did you ever see an arrangement like this?"

He swung back a section of books and disclosed a small wall safe, ajar. Nonchalantly he tossed the rubies within, closed the door and twisted the knob. "Just for the sake of argument," he said smilingly. "Really the latest model. Said to be inaccessible to the most skilled petermen. They will rest there very nicely until we finish our discussion, don't you think?"

Kane snorted. "Not so slick," he said between his teeth as he pressed his gun against Randy's abdomen. "Open her up, kid."

"They can't get away," Randy said, and then: "Ah, here I come. You thought I was here—did you not?—right at the end of your gun, but there I am yonder. . . . Evening, Waggy. Come in and meet the guests."

Kane blinked, stared, ejaculated. Matthews merely stared, being of a more taciturn nature.

Here, with a gun against his stomach, stood the young man they had pursued to this strange house, but yonder in the archway he stood also. Feature for feature, garment for garment, identical.

"Wat t'ell!" exclaimed Mr. Kane.

"Precisely," said Randy. "Bewildering, isn't it? I thought it would entertain you. . . . Do help yourselves."

The phenomenon of resemblance unsteadied them; they lost assurance and their eyes began to shift uneasily. "Say, what's this joint?" Matthews demanded again.

"Just a house," said Randy, "easy to get into, but hard to get out of. Really impossible, I should say. You see, when I touched the safe door it gave the alarm below stairs. A device necessary to us conspicuous and idle rich. At the moment this room is dominated, if one may describe it so, by armed personages who draw adequate salaries for protecting my person and property." He paused and shook his head. "No use to consider shooting your way out. A waste of energy. Besides, I have no complaint to make of you. So far as I know, you have committed no crime. And you've given me an entertaining evening. . . . Did you say something?"

They had made no remark.

"The situation is this: The rubies are in the safe. You can't get at them. Tomorrow they will be returned to Mrs. Ramikin in a roundabout manner. If you like, you can start in again to see if you can acquire them from her—which is none of my business. Now, there is the situation. You are at liberty to run along—after you have refreshed yourselves and come to the conclusion it is not practical to meddle about this locality. And one other point: Miss Brand is not to be annoyed. Nor, indeed, will she annoy you in the future. As a matter of fact, she is giving up her profession and retiring to private life."

"Say ——" Kane commenced to bluster.

"Naughty, naughty. Manners always! And by the way, I shall always be glad to see you socially. Drink with me now to better luck and happier days."

Kane regarded Matthews. "Let's git out of this booby hatch while the gittin' is good," he said.

"If you must hurry," Randy said regretfully. "Ah, then, Wilmot, show the gentlemen out. Good evening to you."

They descended the stairs, shoulder to shoulder, cautious, menacing, yet cowed, between what seemed to them a cordon of servants and guardians. At the door Kane paused, made a gesture of derision—a face-saving gesture—and called raucously, "T'ell wit' all of youse."

Randy beamed upon the ladies. "You hardly can blame him," he said.

"After all," declared Miss Brand, "there seem to be advantages to great wealth, Mr. Hyde."

He lifted his brows.

"I placed you as we rode up in the cab," she said. "Your pictures, you know—and then, association with Miss Smith ——"

"Hush," said Miss Smith warningly.

"Oh, to be sure." Miss Brand smiled. "And now?"

"Do you know," Randy said, "there ought to be a niche in the Hyde enterprises into which the most proficient gem specialist in the world would fit. We always are on the outlook for genius, and even rejoice at talent. Shall we discuss the possibility tomorrow?"

"You are offering me a position, I take it?"

"Why, yes," said Randy.

"Thanks awfully," she said, "but I've rather an agreement with Miss Smith. She has offered ——"

"We're going to see if we can't go into something together," said Miss Smith hastily.

Randy's eyes rested upon Miss Smith, and for the moment he forgot the presence of Smithfield Wagg, of Sophia Brand. He remembered only her.

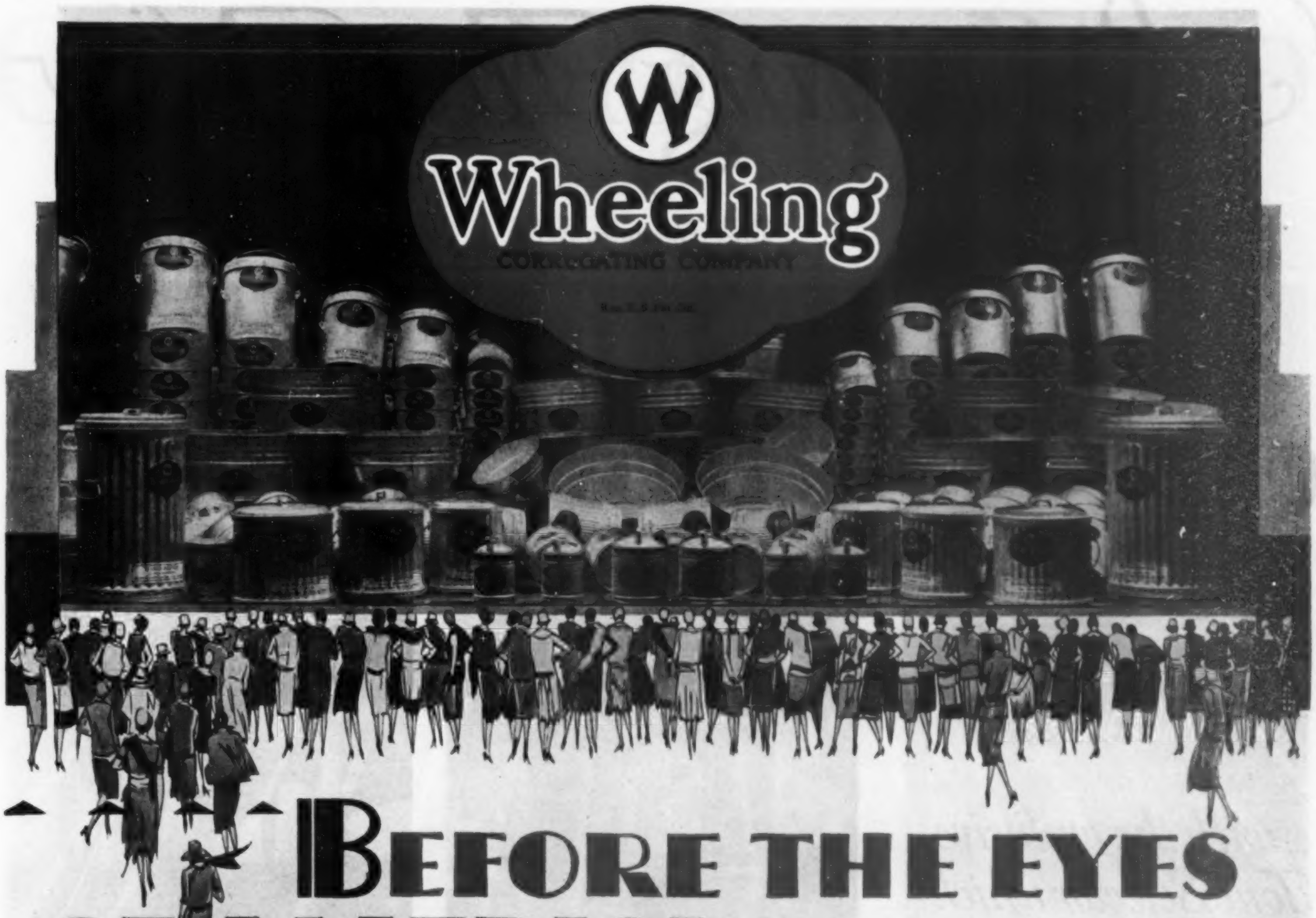
"It seems," he said, "pretty grand to have you in my house. As if you belonged. As if it were your inevitable and foreordained place."

"Who can say?" asked Miss Smith pertly. "Even that miracle might happen."

"Then when may I see you again, and where?"

"When," said Miss Smith, "your persistence finds me; and where, I cannot say. But"—she smiled almost gently—"you have my permission to try very hard."

SHEET STEEL PRODUCTS FOR THE HOME, FARM, FACTORY AND FOR BUILDING CONSTRUCTION



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IN PURE MOLTEN ZINC

Thirty-nine years' experience has emphasized the superiority of the Wheeling process of dipping each article separately by hand in pure molten zinc. While modern production methods offer a quicker and cheaper way to perform this operation, the slower but more thorough hand-dipping process is retained because it gives a heavier, longer-wearing zinc-coating inside and out.

The show windows of today are pages from the book of progress in homekeeping. When you look into one of these windows filled with Wheeling Hand-Dipped Metalware you see evidence of remarkable quality that has been achieved for even the humble essentials of everyday use.

From a crowded industry has arisen a single name to stand before the critical eyes of the world's best shopper—the American woman. This name Wheeling on a familiar red label reminds that it is no longer necessary to be handicapped by the inferiority of the nondescript—no longer is it economy to put up with unsightly, worn-out and leaking water pails, tubs or garbage cans when there is a quality to be had like Wheeling Hand-Dipped Metalware made of strong and long lasting COP-R-LOY, the Copper Alloyed Steel.

Watch for these window displays. They indicate not only better metalware which costs no more than before, but higher quality in all departments of the store.

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Branches: New York, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Chicago
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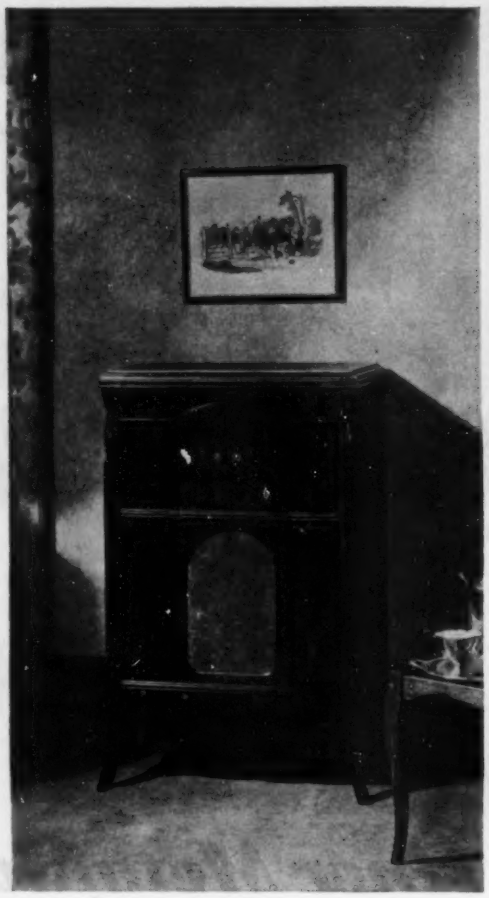
EXCLUSIVELY WHEELING RAW MATERIALS AND CRAFTSMANSHIP IN EVERY PRODUCT

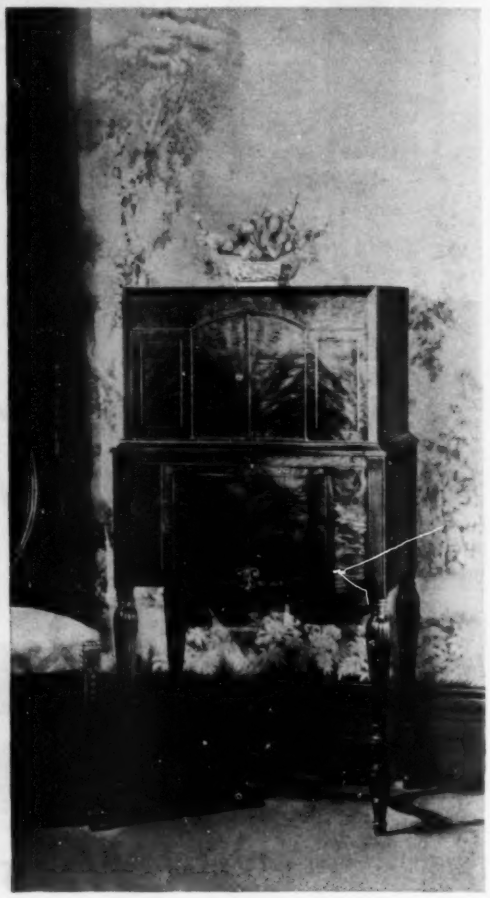
Presenting The New

The Hepplewhite



Model 120—A beautiful walnut-finished lowboy made of carefully selected and matched woods. Simple, graceful and in harmony with practically any setting. A very attractive low-priced radio of exceptionally high quality. Eight-tube, screen-grid chassis. Price $136.00, less tubes.

The Sheraton



Model 130—A highboy of butt walnut beautifully finished. This cabinet, with its serpentine front and chaste, delicate lines, has very attractive decorative qualities with an effect of restraint and simplicity. Eight-tube, screen-grid chassis. Price $152.00, less tubes.

..with the exclusive Tone Selector which brings you actual Mastery of Tone!

GM
GENERAL MOTORS
RADIO

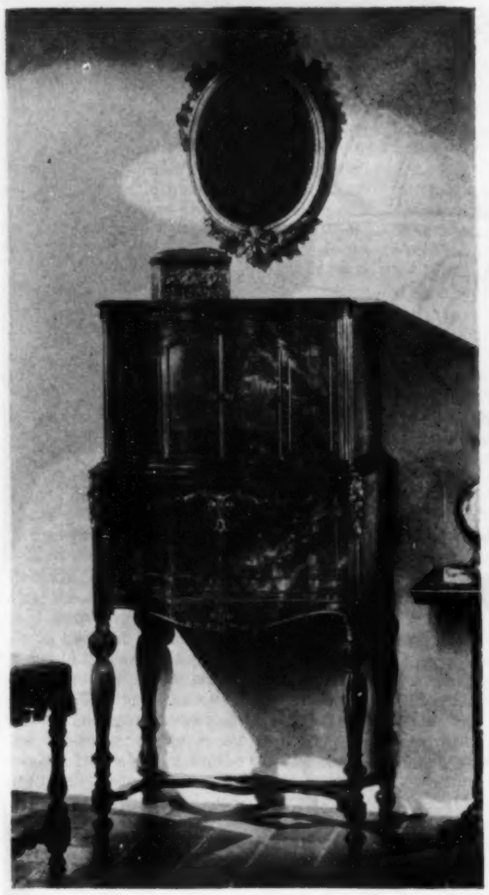
The General Motors Radio Corporation presents a complete new line of radios and radio-phonographs—five superb models in period styles, notably handsome in appearance, modern to the last detail and distinguished by performance that is truly exceptional. These fine instruments have even more than distinctive performance and extraordinary beauty to recommend them. Incorporated in the chassis of the new General Motors Radio is the Tone Selector—radio's newest development—a scientific achievement which permits you to regulate the amount of bass or treble in reception, to please your ear! The Tone Selector is exclusive with the new General Motors Radio. In these instruments alone do you have complete mastery of tone—ability to choose the degree of bass or treble that will produce the exact shading of musical expression you prefer—as though you were directing the entertainment yourself!

You can readily imagine how much more enjoyable you can make every type of broadcast program with complete control of tone at your finger tips! Have a demonstration of the Tone Selector! Once you know what an improvement tone selection brings to radio reception, you will be satisfied with nothing less than the perfect entertainment these splendid instruments bring to you.

And you will find the new General Motors Radio as satisfying to look at as it is to listen to. Every cabinet has the basis of its design in the lines and contours of authentic period furniture—each model exhibits the genuine grace and beauty that create *lasting*

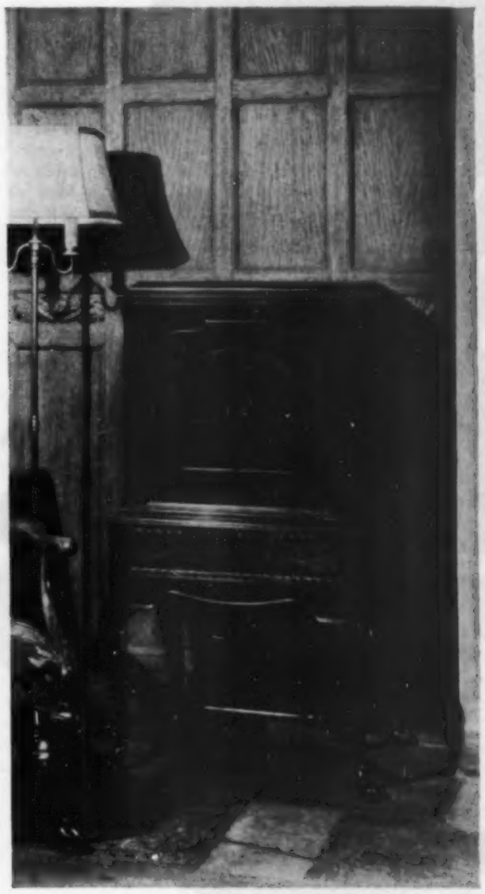
GENERAL MOTORS RADIO

The Late Italian



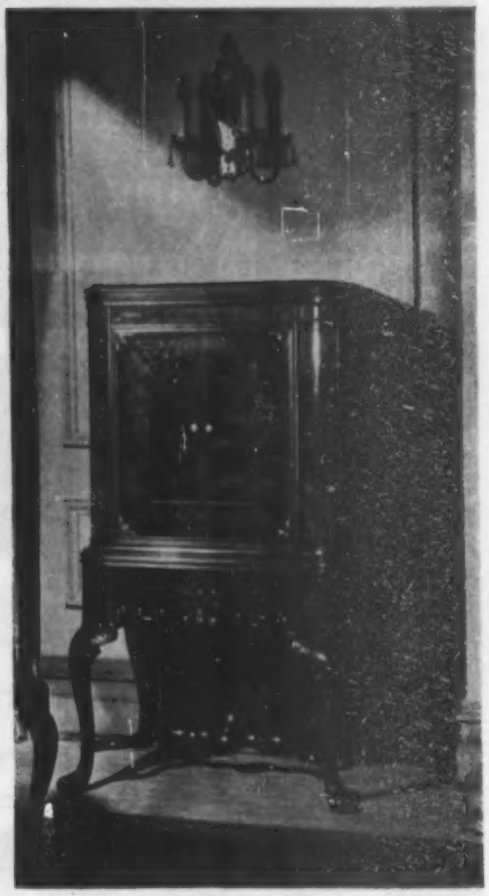
Model 140—An unusually handsome highboy of butt walnut. Ornament, contour and finish achieve a rich, luxurious effect. Note the serpentine front, a distinguishing mark of fine cabinet work—new in radio design. Eight-tube, screen-grid chassis. Price $172.00, less tubes.

The Queen Anne



Model 150—A radio-phonograph of extremely attractive appearance and very desirable proportions—adaptable to practically any size room or any type of setting. An exceptionally handsome, very complete instrument at an unusually moderate price, $198.00, less tubes.

The Georgian



Model 160—A radio-phonograph of impressive character—finely made and beautifully finished. Completely equipped for both radio reception and the electrical reproduction of phonograph records. In appearance and performance—a splendid instrument. Price $270.00, less tubes.

pride of ownership. Here are radio cabinets that can be considered as having a permanent place in the home. For you can buy any model of the new General Motors Radio with the assurance that any future chassis or speaker will be designed so as to permit installation in the present cabinets.

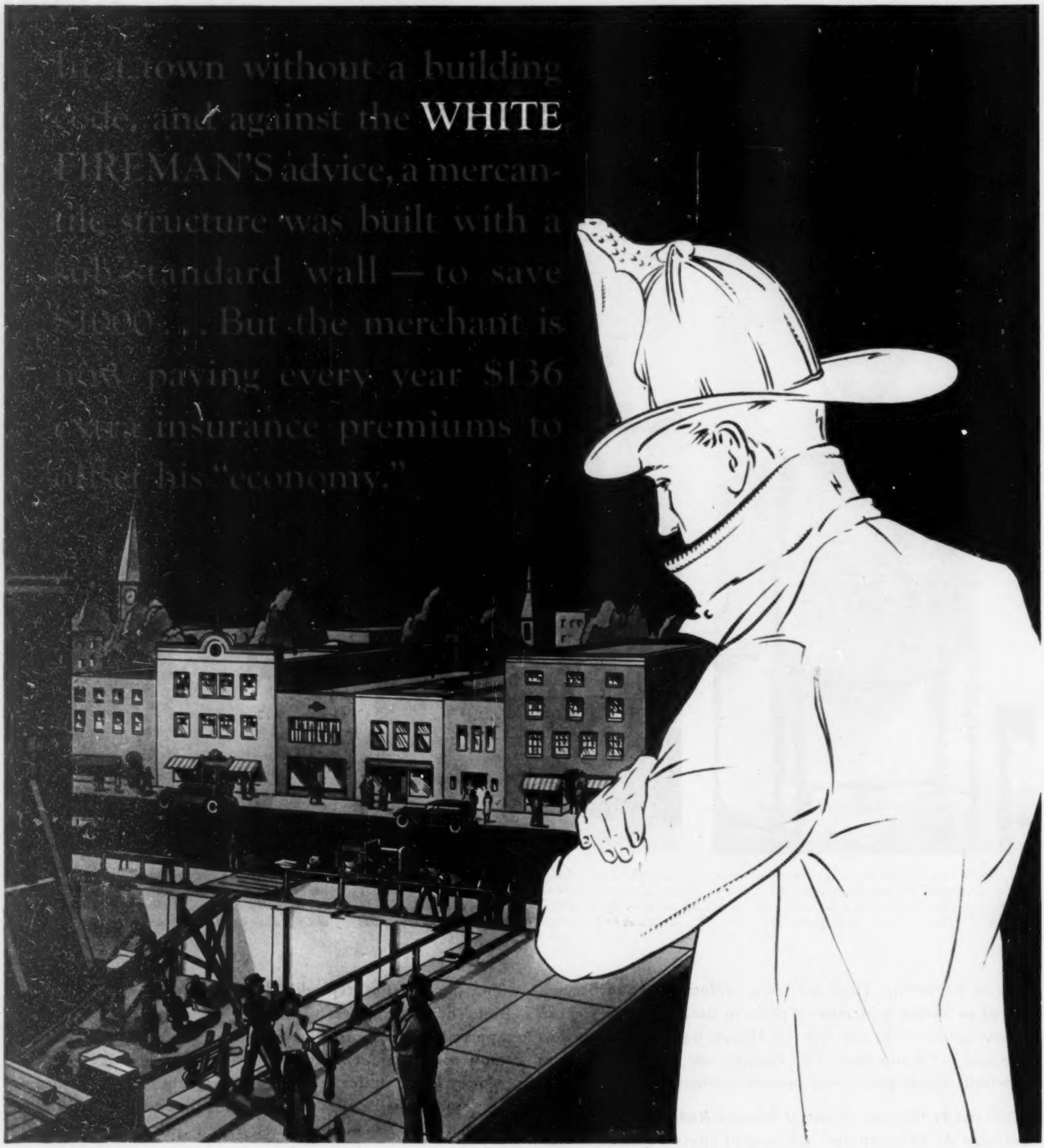
Technically, the new General Motors Radio provides every advantage of an eight-tube, screen-grid chassis that is an outstanding example of advanced design. General Motors' vast experience in precision manufacture has contributed much to the perfection of the chassis. Some of the ablest engineers in the radio industry have sponsored its development.

The photographs reproduced above cannot adequately illustrate the attractiveness of the new General Motors Radio. To appreciate how thoroughly fine these new instruments are, you must see them for yourself. Call on the authorized General Motors Radio dealer in your community for a complete demonstration. He will gladly explain how easily and economically you can purchase any model on the liberal GMAC plan of a small initial payment and convenient monthly installments.

* * *

GENERAL MOTORS RADIO CORPORATION
DAYTON, OHIO

STANDARD OF QUALITY



In a town without a building code, and against the WHITE FIREMAN'S advice, a mercantile structure was built with a sub-standard wall — to save $1000 . . . But the merchant is now paying every year $136 extra insurance premiums to offset his "economy."

THE WHITE FIREMAN is used in this advertising to symbolize loss-prevention engineering service — a nation-wide service, supported by insurance companies, having for its purpose the reduction of loss-hazards. Its work comprises consultation on proposed structures, inspection of property, testing of materials and equipment, and many other kinds of technical assistance. This service may be secured through responsible insurance agents or brokers. Ask your North America Agent.

North America Agents are listed in Bell Classified Telephone Directories under the heading "INSURANCE CO. OF NORTH AMERICA"

The
Insurance Company of North America
PHILADELPHIA

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company—Founded 1792

and its affiliated companies write practically every form of insurance except life

MIRTHFUL HAVEN

(Continued from Page 25)

girls in such conjunctions. She learned how to prattle in a charming, excited voice throughout a whole evening, interspersing the right amount of laughter to show that she was "having a good time" and implanting the right hints of special interest in the breasts of partners at moments of temporary separation. Other girls often envied her, but not despitefully; there was always something like meekness in her manner toward them.

For, no matter how more and more fixedly she became Edna Shellpool, the ghost of Edna Pelter ever hovered. When she wrote to her father, that ghost infiltrated her and she became of Mirthful Haven once more; afterward, as she reverted to Edna Shellpool, she would sit brooding upon her strange duality, and sometimes it seemed to her that she had been betrayed by her childhood. There were memories belonging to Edna Pelter—foggy images of such things as Nina Grier's sweater and of such boys as Vinnie Munson—too shivery horrid to have place in the consciousness of a young lady of the school at Stony Brook. At times she could keep her mind swept clean of them; then they would slyly creep back within her vision, pestering her with the suggestion that guiltless Edna Shellpool, even before she came to life as that, had been ruined by Edna Pelter. Yet within Edna Pelter there was one depth of feeling that was as deep in Edna Shellpool, and never altered; almost everything of her had seemed to change, but never this—her unreasoning, fascinated, whole adoration of her father. Edna Shellpool was never so much Edna Shellpool that she had lost Edna Pelter's fixed determination to come back to him when she could.

Now she had done it; she was here at Pelter's, in her room, in bed, and all evening she had been Edna Pelter as entirely as if there were no Edna Shellpool. Edna Pelter had told her father in good faith that it would be easy to keep out of the way of echoes from Stony Brook, and so it would—if Edna Shellpool concurred in the resolution. The night breeze shifted a little, and the far-away dance music grew faintly louder; it was actual, and so was the mockery borne upon it.

XII

FROM old Wye's hut among the higher sand dunes, the beach, lying below and at some distance under a mid-July noon sun, was a whitely glaring crescent apparently decorated with confetti. A wide irregular strip of the varicolored particles seemed to have been strewn before the bathhouses, where the gaudy bathers lay drying among the summery-clad spectators, who sat upon the sands under overgrown green or scarlet or orange umbrellas, or lounged in violently striped chairs with fringed awnings; but down at the water's edge, where the sparkling white foam hissed in upon the sand and the bathers rose from it in glistening clusters, the surf seemed to be delivering itself of groups out of medieval, stained-glass windows. Other groups, plastic, in apparel seemingly more painted upon the figure than worn, sculptured themselves in momentary repose just out of reach of the waters, or, breaking up, made a classic frieze of themselves, youths pursuing maidens, or fleeing from them, against a background of curling green wave, flying crystal and hot yellow sunshine. Multitudes of wingless pink cupids fluttered everywhere, dug futilely in the sand, splashed one another and fought in the foam; and, for further Bacchic touch, brilliant clusters of toy balloons, like Olympian bunches of grapes, drifted up and down the sands.

To a tune from Broadway, a monkey in scarlet turned somersaults before the gay lookers-on; Indian women wandered among them, peddling baskets woven of sweet grass, and radiant destinies were offered, at small cost, by a little band of bold-faced gypsy girls dressed apparently in strips of soiled rainbow.

Old Wye was seldom content to observe from the distance of his shack all this fluctuating color and merry sparkling of light life; being still possessed of his faculties, he liked a closer view, and yet, conscious that he was not wholly appropriate to the general picture, he was artist enough to offer an excuse to himself for going into it.

"Left that clam rake down there somewuz nigh the edge o' the beach this mornin', dog if I didn't!" he mumbled, as if in conscientious chiding of himself. "Got to go git her, else some o' them high-heelers 'll be carryin' her off. Got to go git her, dog if I hain't!"

Thus self-justified, he went upon his errand, and, as he returned, walking slowly across the beach with the clam rake over his bent shoulder, he had a better part in the joyous panorama than he knew.

At least he was given place in it by the fancy of one of the spectators, a dark-eyed young woman reclining in a beach chair. "See that old, old man coming so slowly over the sands," she said. "That thing over his shoulder should be a scythe and he should be wearing a long white beard and carrying an hourglass. He knows that all the young life out there in the surf is here only for a moment; year after year he's seen it playing there for a little while, and then disappearing while a younger life takes its place, and he trudges on. He moves so slowly that he barely seems to set one foot before another, yet you see he never does quite stop moving."

"I think you flatter him, Mrs. Arden," the man seated next to her responded. He was the robust and sunburned elderly gentleman disquietingly recognized by Edna Pelter from the motorbus window on her return to Mirthful Haven; and now upon the beach, like the interlocutor at a minstrel show, he occupied the middle chair of a semicircle and had the air of being affably the commanding personage of this group. "That old fellow may remind you of Father Time; but he's often been known to stop moving for hours! He's just a tramp fisherman, Mrs. Arden; rather a sly old cuss, too, but one of the local characters, and rather an entertaining one, for all that. Mirthful Haven's full of 'em."

"Of characters, Mr. Corning?"

"Yes. You'll gradually get to know 'em, too, especially if you like the place enough to come back another summer—as you certainly will."

"You say I 'certainly' shall, Mr. Corning?"

"Why, of course!" he said. "It's almost impossible for anybody not made of wood to spend only one whole summer at Mirthful Haven. You could come here for two or three weeks, perhaps, and go away and never come back; but if you stay the full season, as you're doing, the fascination of the place will get such hold of you that you're bound to return to it. When you leave here in September you may not be aware that you've been captured by Mirthful Haven and may think that you're not coming back—in fact, you may succeed in staying away a year or two—but sometime you'll be drawn back, perhaps almost in spite of yourself. You won't be able to avoid it, Mrs. Arden."

"So? It's a spell the place puts upon one? What's the secret of it, Mr. Corning?"

"No one thing," he answered seriously. "It's all of it together. To begin with, we're a pretty congenial crew here; we don't go in for an immoderately showy life, and we like one another. We're so friendly, indeed, that we're rather fond of speaking of ourselves as just one big, happy family. When you come to know us better, I think you'll find that expression of us pretty well warranted; but in addition to the charm of the simple and rather intimate social life we lead, there's the fascination of the place itself. There's the champagne in the air we breathe—we're quite boastful of our Mirthful Haven air, Mrs. Arden—and there's the undeniable picturesqueness of our strip of coast line here; we venture to think our little harbor rather a pretty one, and we're human enough to feel flattered when we hear visitors exclaiming over the quaint charm of our little Yankee fishing village. Altogether, we rather think we possess about as fetching a corner of Mother Earth as you'll find on this side of that ocean yonder, Mrs. Arden, and, when you've finished looking us over in September, we'll only say au revoir to you, because we'll be sure we're going to have the pleasure of welcoming you back year after year."

An applausive and corroborative murmur came from other members of the group. All the elderly gentlemen said "Yes, indeed" or "Indeed we shall," and Mrs. Corning, a large woman still of a blond comeliness, clapped her hands cordially.

"Trust my husband to put things in a nutshell! He's the greatest champion Mirthful Haven's ever had, and he knows how to select his converts too! He means every word that he says, Mrs. Arden, and you're adopted as one of us from this moment; you've been made a Mirthful Havenite!"

Mrs. Arden smiled and murmured appreciatively, though her dark eyes first sought Mrs. Corning's face in a look of doubtful inquiry, as if to ascertain whether or not that lady had intended to make a little fun of her husband for assuming, with such easy confidence, the wardenry of the citadel; but there was no hint of satire in the loyal wife's expression—like her husband, Mrs. Corning meant every word she said.

Moreover, she went on: "Though I say it as shouldn't, it's pretty generally admitted that Mr. Corning's done about as much for the place as ——"

"More!" one of the elderly gentlemen interrupted earnestly. "Everybody knows George Corning's done more for Mirthful Haven than anybody else ever has."

"No, Mr. Vandenbrock," Mrs. Corning returned, becoming judicially impartial. "We can't say that; we can only say George has done as much, not more. You yourself ——"

"No," Vandenbrock insisted. "The rest of us only followed his lead and helped out. If George Corning hadn't put his foresight and energy into the service of the general good, you wouldn't have had that pretty and comfortable new hotel to stay in at the edge of the woods, Mrs. Arden; and what's more, Mirthful Haven wouldn't have a decent golf course or its splendid new Casino or ——"

"Now, now," Corning interrupted benevolently. "Don't believe them, Mrs. Arden. They love to flatter me."

"Not at all," Vandenbrock insisted. "Everybody knows it's true, Mrs. Arden, and he ought to take the credit of it, only he's too modest. Mrs. Corning knows it's true. Now don't you, Mrs. Corning?"

"Well, I will say this much," the stout lady admitted amiably. "If it hadn't been for Mr. Corning and these devoted friends of his sitting here with us right now, Mrs. Arden, I really don't know what Mirthful Haven would have done, because the place was running down frightfully until they took hold of it. This year they've even got those green cans you've noticed at the corners of the village streets for the natives to throw their rubbish into; they've certainly done everything they could, in spite of opposition."

"Opposition?" Mrs. Arden inquired. "You mean some of the cottagers didn't ——"

"Cottagers, no!" Mrs. Corning stared, surprised. "I mean the opposition of the natives, of course."

"Not opposition precisely," her husband interposed. "Inertia, rather. Failure to coöperate for their own benefit."

"You mean the—the natives didn't want all these splendid improvements?" Mrs. Arden asked.

"Oh, they wanted them, I suppose," he explained. "They know that they benefit by things that enlarge the desirable class of people here; but they're a very peculiar sort of clan, Mrs. Arden, and difficult to understand. They seem not to like changes, even when it's obvious that the changes are beneficial. One has to deal with them very carefully and they're not easy to know. I doubt if anybody really knows them, no matter how many seasons he's spent here."

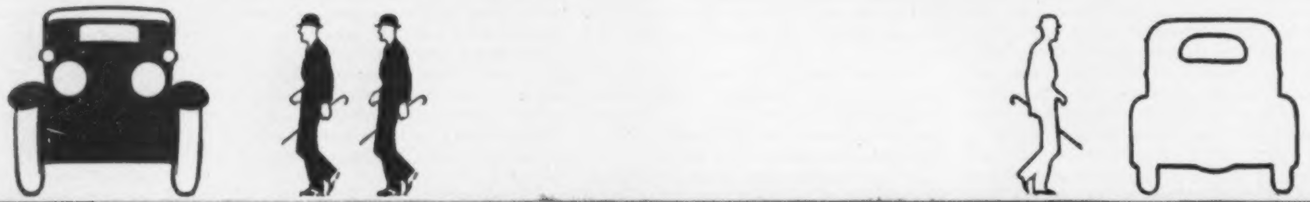
"Do you?" Vandenbrock asked dryly. "That's because you're always just a little too optimistic about human nature, George; you shrink from taking them simply for what they are. I've been coming here for more than ten years, Mrs. Arden, and I think I know the natives pretty well. Frankly, I don't like them. They've tried to hold up every one of the enterprises for the general good that we've been speaking of, hoping they could get a little more money out of us. I happened to discover myself that they charged us half a dollar more for a load of stone delivered at the Casino than they did for exactly the same thing delivered to a native who was repairing his foundations. That's only a sample. All they care for is money, and they want to do just as little as they possibly can to get it. What's more, they haven't the slightest appreciation of anything done for 'em. They'll fight among themselves, then turn right around and stick together against us. What do they care how much George Corning's done for the community? He's been trying for years to get an improvement through for the road between the village and the Point, and they've simply balked him. Look how they've stopped him and all the rest of us in our plans for a yacht club that would bring any amount more boats into the harbor every summer, and naturally increase the trade in the village. Frankly, I wish they'd act more like human beings!"

"No, no," Corning protested. "You're too hard on them, and, besides, they're not all the same kind. They have their own social differences, and moral ones, too, just as we have ours, and many of the villagers are very intelligent and likable people. I don't agree with Vandenbrock at all, Mrs. Arden. As for that 'balking' of me he's just mentioned—well, I have been accused of wanting to put that through for my own personal benefit!" He laughed genially, explaining: "The accusation is that I want to improve the view from a wing of my own cottage by getting some disreputable shacks torn down, and I can't deny that I should like the view better with the shacks out of the way; but of course the important thing is that we'd all like to see the principal avenue of approach to Great Point made a little smarter. That's the very hardest thing to get most of the villagers to realize—the value of smartening up the place." He sighed. "We'll bring them to our way of thinking some day, no doubt; but it takes time."

"Time!" Vandenbrock gave utterance to a short laugh. "Certainly takes time to get rid of Pelter's! There's a sample for you of how they stick together when there's a point to be made against us. That fellow had his living out of us for years, until his place got so dirty and generally disreputable that it just wasn't possible to buy fish from him or let our children go there to hire his boats. What's more, the village never has approved of him any more than we have ourselves, and yet stands back of him when he laughs in our faces and tells you go to the devil, George, although you offer him any amount more than his old woodshed is worth. You can't deny he's been a thorn in your side for years—in everybody's, for that matter—and yet you stand up for natives and say you like 'em!"

(Continued on Page 88)

SIX GREAT RECORDS OF MOTORDOM » » » AL



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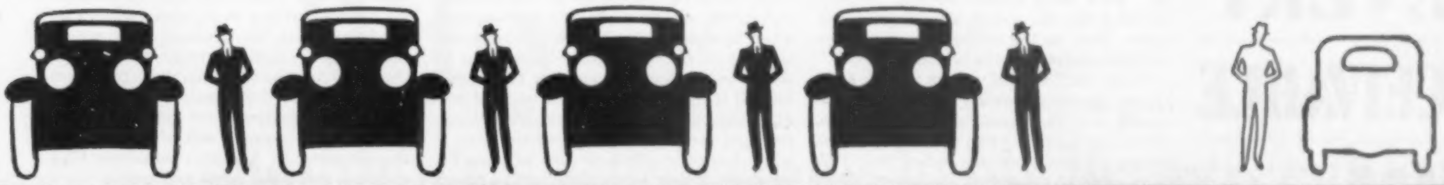

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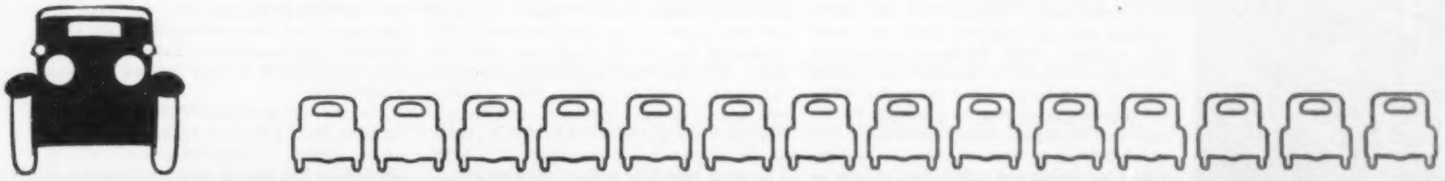
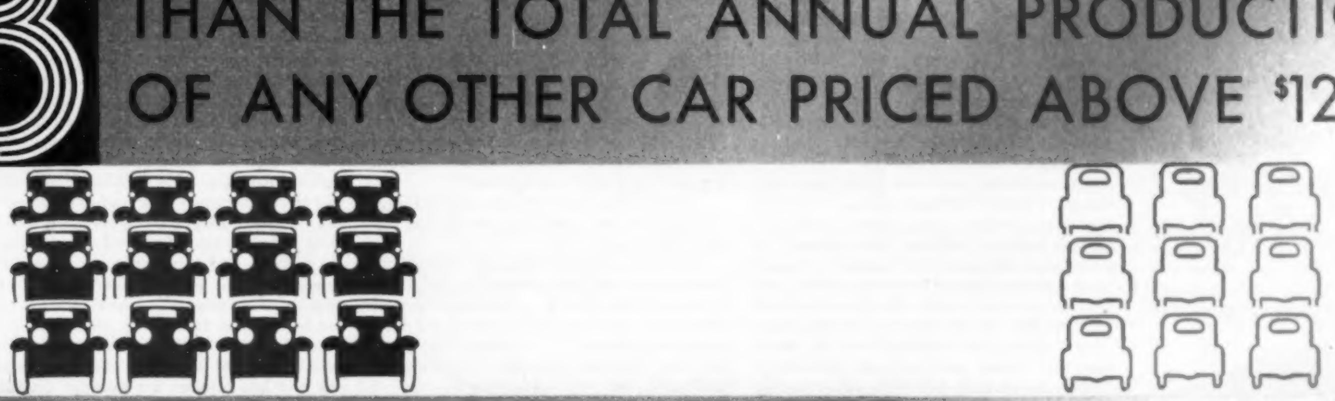


BUICK OWNERS ALONE PURCHASE MORE BUICKS THAN THE TOTAL ANNUAL PRODUCTION OF ANY OTHER CAR PRICED ABOVE $1200.



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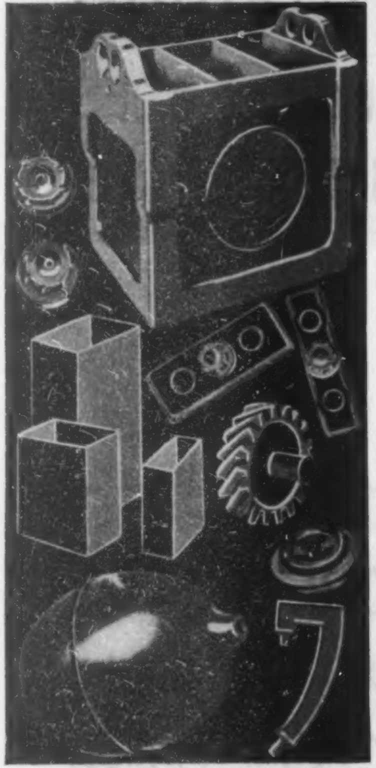

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(Continued from Page 85)

"Oh, I didn't say I liked all of 'em; you mustn't judge 'em by Pelter."

"Well, when you do finally get rid of him," Vandenbrock said, "I hope you'll have the selectmen smarten up the sand dunes behind us here a little. There's a shack and some sheds lived in by that old ragamuffin, Wye, whom you were calling 'Father Time', Mrs. Arden. The selectmen ought to send him to the poorhouse, where he'd be looked after and a lot better off; then they ought to burn down that hovel of his and clean the place up."

"Oh, I don't know about that," Corning said. "The poorhouse is too far away from salt water; I doubt if the old man would last long. Besides, he's such a character I rather like him. He's amusing to talk to, and his poor little old hut doesn't seem very offensive."

"No?" Vandenbrock said, with some crispness. "You don't see it from your cottage, George; from mine, I do!"

"That does make a difference," Corning admitted, laughing. "But Wye's a very, very old man and at least fairly honest. That's not the case with Pelter, who is powerful and active and a thoroughly bad lot. He's really never had any place in Mirthful Haven, and is altogether a nuisance. Wye, on the contrary, is a harmless old fellow distinctly to be tolerated, I think."

"I do, too," a florid woman in pink linen agreed, speaking drowsily from beneath the awning of a chair next to Mrs. Corning's. "I've heard him say lots of absurd, quaint things, if I could just remember 'em. I do think some of these droll characters about here are perfectly killing! My husband's a kind of walking collection of the queer things they say and do." She waved a plump hand toward a withered long gray man at the other end of the semicircle of chairs. "Frank, tell Mrs. Arden some of the funny things about 'em you've collected."

XIII

THE gentleman she addressed roused himself from a revery that was almost a nap. "Mrs. Warbeck thinks everything in the world except a bad dinner is more or less humorous," he explained to the newcomer in Mirthful Haven, alluding to his wife. "Over at Eeler's Cove, a few miles from here, a woman seventy-eight years old killed her husband with an ax, one morning a few summers ago; they'd been married fifty-three years, and she said she did it because she just couldn't stand one more day of him. Mrs. Warbeck laughed all through the dinner where she heard about it. She even laughed the other day when she'd been apologizing to a lobster fisherman here for inadvertently speaking of him to himself as a 'native', and he said he didn't care what she called him, so long as the term she used didn't imply he was 'one o' them summer people'."

"There you have their extraordinary attitude toward us perfectly," Mrs. Corning said. "They haven't the slightest appreciation of the fact that if it weren't for us and what we do for them the place would be virtually the same as one of these abandoned farms you see in the back country about here. No doubt, these people say and do amusing things sometimes; but my experience of them rather points to their being pretty consistently on the make. When we first came here I heard of extraordinary bargains some of the cottagers had picked up from time to time—highboys, gate-legged tables, wonderful old chairs, chests-on-chests, pie-crust tables and such things. I didn't find many bargains myself! Old Mrs. Sinclair, who claims to be the earliest summer resident here, showed me a Sheraton sideboard she'd bought long ago from a native family for seven dollars and a half, and a set of old dining-room chairs for eighteen. What's more, she'd got a genuine Chippendale armchair for six, and a perfectly lovely old portrait, probably a Copley, for seventy-five cents out of the hay loft of an old barn! Well, just try to do anything like that now! They've got the idea that everything they own is just about priceless, and what they'd ask you for an old pump handle, if you wanted such a thing, would make your hair stand on end! If you take a fancy to a thing, they begin by telling you they'd never think of selling it at all—like that pompous little old Captain What's-his-name with the curled moustache and manners, in the village. George took me down to look over his house, the first summer we came here, and I must say he did have some rather gorgeous old things mixed up with a lot of ridiculous curios, stuffed albatrosses and giant clam shells, South Sea native dingoes, aerolites he said he'd seen fall himself, and a lot of other sailor junk. The minute one hinted at buying some of the better pieces, he shut up like a trap. You could see you'd have to bargain with him for years: but it struck me that life was rather too short!"

Mrs. Arden had turned to her. "But it sounds fascinating! Can one go to his house and ring the bell or flap the knocker and be admitted?"

"Goodness, no; he'd bite your head off!"

The emaciated Warbeck took exception to this. "I don't think he would; not Mrs. Arden's. I have the pleasure of some acquaintance with Captain Embury, whom I hold to be a grand old party. He's eighty-something, almost without a wrinkle, and, when he stands or walks, his feet are beautiful upon the mountains—mountains of water over which he appears to balance himself with security. He's a fount of wisdom, mingled with bits of singular zoölogical and astronomical misinformation in which he profoundly believes; he's seen the great sea serpent face to face, and he has an old sailorman's heart made of solid gold, yet perfectly impressionable by whatever else is golden. If Mrs. Arden would allow me to be so personal I'd risk suggesting that she needs only to stand on Captain Embury's front step and lift her eyelashes a little when he opens the door; but if she prefers a less romantic beginning of the acquaintance, I think I could arrange a party of inspection at the Captain's for her."

"Do!" Mrs. Arden returned. "I'd feel more confident of admission that way, I think, and you've made me anxious to obtain it." He nodded, and she glanced at three slim figures just out of the surf and slowly approaching this group. "Are these young people yours, Mrs. Corning?"

"Two of them are."

One of the three bathers was a girl of seventeen, small, thin and eager; at least, she was eager in look and manner as she chattered to the tall dark boy upon her right. His face and figure were of notable symmetry; his wet black hair gleamed wavily and his dark eyelashes were comparable to those just admired by Mr. Warbeck as the compelling possessions of a lady. The other boy, four or five years his senior, stalwart, ruddy and commonplace, had an expression that Mrs. Arden thought slightly dissipated and, at the moment, somewhat moody and discontented too.

"What a charming girl!" she said. "And that poetic-looking youth, like a young Florentine out of Boccaccio ——"

"The one with the eyelashes?" Mrs. Corning laughed. "That one isn't mine. Agatha's at the age when his sort of limpid sleekness seems divine; but he's quite a nice boy for all that, I ——" She broke off, two of the three young people now being close by. "Mrs. Arden, this is my daughter, Agatha, and Mr. Vincent Munson." Then, as the other boy came up, more slowly and a little sulkily, she added, "This is my son, Wallace. . . . Yes, Agatha?"

"Vinnie wants me to motor over to Langley's Rocks for lunch after we've had another dip. Can I?"

"Yes, if you like." The two turned and immediately ran back toward the surf, hand in hand, while Wallace Corning slumped down upon the sand at his mother's feet, muttering grumpily. "Grouching, Wallie?" she inquired, amused. "That's what you call it, isn't it? Grouching?"

"Spose so," he grunted. "Why wouldn't I? She makes me sick!"

"Who does?"

"Agatha! Gets floppy all over whenever that slick-faced local Lothario comes near her, and she shows it! I don't see why you let her make such an exhibition of herself. You ought to tell her to cut him out altogether."

"Wallace, don't be such a snob! All the other girls of that age seem to be much the same way about him, and there's no reason he should be snubbed by Agatha or anybody else, for that matter, merely because he's technically a native. He's perfectly well-mannered; he's at Harvard, I believe, and you and Gordon are rather silly, I think, to show prejudice against him. The Munsons are considered quite gentry here, and you needn't be so ——"

"I'm not," he interrupted. "I don't care who he is or whether he's gentry or not. Go on and let him hang around her if you want to have him in the family some day!"

Mrs. Corning laughed again. "I don't think there's much danger of its going quite that far," she said, and he growled, subsiding. "Where's Gordon?" she asked. "I want him to meet Mrs. Arden."

"Gordon? Probably still in the water. Want me to go bring him?"

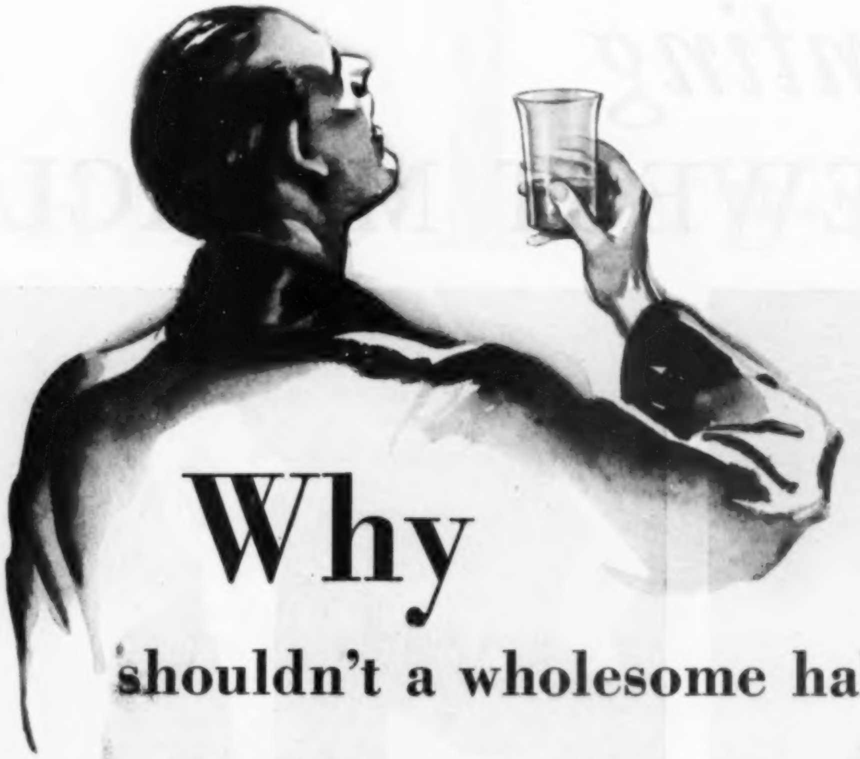
"No; he'll come by on the way to his bathhouse, no doubt," she said, and, shielding her eyes with a large, white, soft hand, tried to discern the figure of her younger son among the shifting groups of bathers in the surf. But the sunshine, dazzlingly shot into her pupils from thousands of watery facets, was blinding; she turned to Mrs. Warbeck and began to talk of their mutual engagements to amuse themselves with cocktails and food, cards and music.

Young Gordon Corning was not in the surf where she had sought to discover him. He had withdrawn himself from that shouting and merry exuberance, had walked along the varying edge of the water to the far end of the beach, near the great granite breakwater at the harbor mouth, and here, a quarter of a mile from the nearest bathers, he sat down on the sand, alone.

Unlike his brother, he was neither stalwart nor commonplace, although he was of a good height and tanned to the same prized khaki tint shown by Wallace and most of the muscular young men at the other end of the beach. Just twenty-two, he was younger than Wallace; but a stranger would have thought him the older. There were delicate, permanent lines upon his forehead and at the corners of his sensitive and gentle hazel eyes; moreover, his shoulders had the protective stoop that betokens not the studious habit so much as the consciousness of some inward physical vulnerability.

He had removed himself from the crowd because he was tired of responding to the joyous appeal, "Great today, isn't it?" in allusion to the energy and temperature of the surf; it seemed to him that he must be getting old, so many hundreds of times, this year and in past years, he had struggled to produce an enthusiasm responsive to that same interminably repeated cry. If he had gone to his bathhouse to dress, he would have had to cross the line of older people, drying bathers and spectators; there inevitably he must have had to conjure up a decently polite effect of jauntiness in answer to jovial, ancient inquiries concerning his pleasure in the bath. All these people had an amazing delight in endless repetitions, he thought; year after year and day after day they said and did the same things over and over and over, and always with the same marvelous, genuine high-spiritedness. He helplessly did and said the same things over and over himself; but his appearance of being sprightly about them had to be manufactured out of a sense of courtesy, and sometimes, he knew, the appearance was as feeble as the effort to produce it exhausting. Nevertheless, he had to continue the dreary performance of his part in the light-hearted routine; his family expected it of him, and the specialists who had studied his internal disabilities had advised it. "You've got to do the rest yourself," they had said, a year ago,

(Continued on Page 93)



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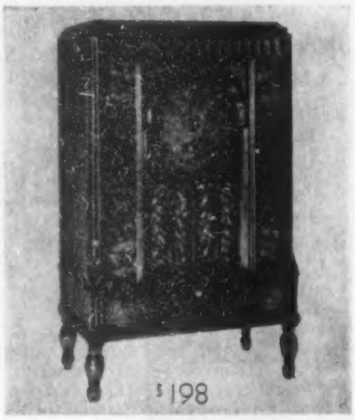

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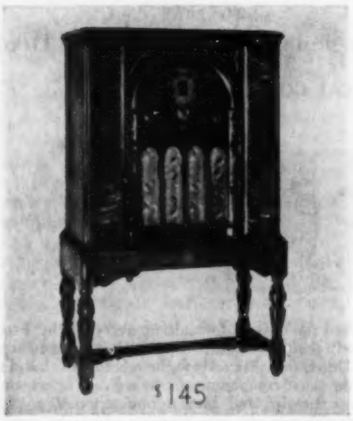
Screen Grid Plus Radio and Phonograph combined, with Tone-Control for records as well as radio. American black walnut, matched butt walnut and Oriental wood.



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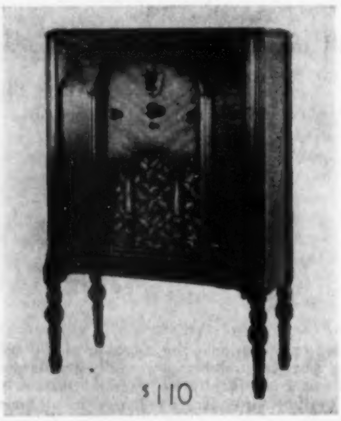

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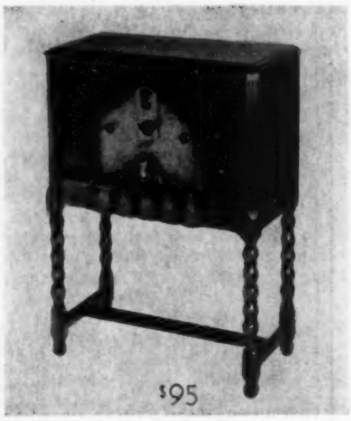

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AC GASOLINE STRAINERS AC AMMETERS AC OIL GAUGES AC THERMO GAUGES AC GASOLINE GAUGES

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when at last they released him from the hospital after the automobile wreck that abruptly ended his university career and his roommate's life. Repairing a nervous system might be slow, they told him; to hasten the cure, he must go forth and enjoy himself.

"Enjoy myself!" he murmured now, with a faint wry smile, discovering a dull ache in the back of his head and knowing that he had caused it by incautiously thinking of his prospective activities for the rest of that day. After luncheon he would have to drive out to the links with Wallace and drag himself over the course with his brother and two girls whom he hadn't yet met—new visitors at the cottage of his cousins, the Gordons—his mother had made the engagement. They would be just like all these other girls; they would chatter in the prevalent pattern, of course, and he would be obliged to simulate more laughter than usual because the girls were new. Later, he would have to go to the Gordons' for a youthful dinner party and stand about during half an hour or so of increasingly noisy and hilarious cocktailing; the period most unfair to himself, he felt, of all the day. For it seemed to him that, lacking this preliminary drugging, the diners could not possibly bear one another's conversation, yet he had not only to bear it but to seem merry over it, all without any liquorish alleviation. One of the girls would shriek, "Oh, you scavenger!" or something like that, and everybody would scream with laughter in which he would have to join; then they would all go to the Casino and he'd feel obliged to dance with the seven or eight girls about whom his mother would make inquiry tomorrow morning at breakfast. "Tomorrow morning at breakfast"—and then would begin another just such day.

"Enjoy myself!" he muttered again, brooding upon the familiar ache, and, turning, stretched himself face downward upon the warm sand, but found no pleasure in his altered position. He became aware of a sensation added to that of internal discomfort—the feeling that someone was looking at him intently, and this faint pressure upon some subtle part of his consciousness irritated him a little; suddenly he sat up and stared about him. No one was near him; but out upon the high, topmost granite block at the end of the breakwater, where that huge old buttress projects some fifty yards into the sea, there stood against the warm sky a figure like the statue of a girl bather about to dive—a tinted statue, it would have been, with a tense, pale green body, straight ivory legs, and, above a green-capped head, ivory arms extended as in some invocation to the ocean and the sun. There was not a sign that the disturbing gaze had come from this figure, yet there was no other visible source for such an emanation, and Gordon Corning's thought was first that the girl must have turned away quickly indeed to assume this pose, then that a fine tableau was about to conclude with a destructive accident. Savage rocks were just beneath the surface off the end of the breakwater; at this stage of the tide some of them had no more than three feet of water over them, he knew; the incredibly ignorant bather was about to dive into them from a height at least three times her own, and already her straight, tall figure had begun to incline slowly out from the granite.

Gordon leaped to his feet, shouting loudly, "Stop it! Don't do that! Don't dive there!" He ran down into the surf that heaved along the breakwater. "You'll be killed! Don't ——" But he was too late; the bather's feet left the granite; the inclining figure disappeared from his view, and the corner of the breakwater intervened between him and the culmination of the dive. "Why, this is awful—awful!" he gasped aloud, sick in spite of the waves that slapped and smothered him in hearty stimulation. It seemed horrible, too, that a thing so feeble in the water as himself should be confronted with the task of bringing in a dying girl or, it might be, recovering a body. "Poor slob!" he panted, in comment upon himself, splashing forward.

Then abruptly he stopped in surf that broke over his shoulders; he dashed the salt water from his eyes and stared, for a white arm and a green bathing-cap decorated the crest of a wave not a dozen yards in advance of him. A second white arm immediately made a graceful appearance in rhythmic action; the girl was serenely swimming along the beach, just outside the breakers.

A natural revulsion took place within the young man's shaken being. "You fool!" he shouted. "Haven't you got any sense at all?"

She heard him, though indistinctly. "What?" she called.

"Don't do that again!"

"I don't understand what you're saying!" she cried, and turning, swam toward him.

"I said don't ever do that again, because it's ——" But she was nearer him now, and suddenly, to his amazement, he recognized her. "Why, good Lord!" he cried, stepping back. "When in the world did you come to Mirthful Haven?"

She swept to him, then, on the breaking surf and rose to her feet beside him, with the foam receding behind her. "I? Oh, I've been here before," she said. "That's a good place to dive if you know where the deep water is between the rocks."

"Good place to dive! Good place to commit suicide!"

She laughed excitedly; but, after one direct glance at him, avoided meeting his indignant stare. "Oh, no; it's all right. I ——" She hesitated; then turned abruptly and poised for a plunge through an oncoming breaker, evidently intending to continue her swim. "Well, good-by!"

"What?" He made a struggling leap forward, caught her by the arm and held her so that the impending wave curled and broke over them both. "No you don't!" he said, when he could speak again. "You've got to come out of here and talk to me long enough to tell me what on earth you mean by not having decent manners enough even to answer a letter of condolence!"

XIV

THIS episode of meeting, by the breakwater, was too distant to be observed from the festal quarter of the beach, before the line of bathhouses, where there began to be tokens of a coming depopulation. The daily unwilling exodus toward bread and milk and spinach had begun for the pink cupids who were dragged, vociferating, from the foam or from warmer, shallow pools in the sand, while their elders moved in a suaver departure toward cocktails and caviar, clam chowder and lobsters. Young Wallace Corning, in white with a tweed coat over his arm, saw his mother beckoning to him from her chair as he stepped out of his bathhouse. He came toward her inquiringly; but she rose and met him at a little distance from the group of people with whom she had been sitting.

"Gordon didn't come by," she said. "He hasn't gone home, has he?"

"I don't think so. Sometimes he goes mooning off down toward the breakwater and sits there alone. Probably that's where ——"

"Then I wish you'd go and bring him, because I'd really like him to meet Mrs. Arden. She's a widow, not much older than he, I think, and she's really very charming. If he just could be interested a little in something ——"

"Matchmaking?" Wallace interrupted, and laughed. "I don't think a widow'd be just the ——"

"Never mind!" Mrs. Corning said hurriedly. "If we could find anything whatever to rouse him out of this state of morbid lackadaisicalness he's been in so long—and sometimes at his age a pretty woman a little older and more sophisticated and ——"

"And pretty well off?" her son suggested banteringly, as she hesitated.

"That'll be enough from you!" Mrs. Corning returned gayly. "You skip along and find him before she goes off to luncheon." She waited, while Wallace walked away, whistling, in the direction of the breakwater; he went half the distance, stopped, stared, and returned to his mother. "Not there?" she asked.

Wallace looked amused. "Yes, sitting on the sand talking to somebody I took to be a girl, because she was wearing a green bathing-suit and cap!"

"Who is she?"

"Too far away to see," Wallace replied. "But since it's good for him to be interested, I thought I'd better not disturb him, because his attitude was at least that, I should say. I'll go back and bring him, if you want me to, though."

"Gracious, no! He can meet Mrs. Arden later, and she's leaving the beach now, anyhow. If he's already found a girl—or anybody—that he's able to take some interest in ——"

"I think he has," Wallace said. "The girl seemed to be sitting pretty still; but Gordon had got so unlike himself that he was making gestures, and I thought you'd agree that anybody who put a little animation into him ought to be left in charge of the case."

"Yes—at least until she remembers it's lunch time. Gordon never does, no matter whether he's interested or not. But you say he really did seem to be?"

"I told you he was making gestures, didn't I?" Wallace said as they turned and began to walk back toward the disintegrating group Mrs. Corning had left. "Judging by that and the fact of his having got the girl to come that far away from the crowd with him, I'd give odds that the talk they're having is principally upon personal matters."

His conclusion was a correct one—Gordon, at the moment, was speaking rather pointedly of himself, of his companion and of their personal relation to each other. "I'm at least a human being and an inoffensive one," he was urging, with some heat. "You may not feel called upon to act like one yourself, or to treat me as one, but I believe it can be proved that we both are, and it's usually supposed that every human being owes every other one certain courtesies if they come in contact at all. Even at the school dances, when you couldn't help seeing that you were why I came to them, you were just barely civil to me. Isn't that so?"

Edna sat partly turned away from him, leaning upon one hand and looking down at the sand. "Well," she murmured, "didn't I dance with you whenever you asked me to?"

"You couldn't have helped that very well. And when we were dancing, or when we sat, I don't think you ever once volunteered a remark of any kind. You spoke when I asked you questions, and yet, when you danced with anybody else, you prattled the whole time. Isn't that true?"

"I don't—I don't know."

"You do, too!" he said brusquely. "Yet when I asked if I'd done anything to offend you or—or was personally distasteful to you—you said no. Then you'd go right on treating me the same way, although I showed you again and again that you interested me and that I wanted to know you better if you'd let me. Now you're beginning just the same thing over, aren't you?"

"What?"

"I think you heard me perfectly well, but I'll say it again. Aren't you treating me now, today, just as you did then?"

"I don't know," she repeated, not altering her attitude.

"I think I've got a right to be told at least why you do it," he said. "I think just as one human being to another you owe it to me to explain why you didn't answer my letter. It was a pretty sincere expression of feeling, Edna. Mildred Kerr told me your grandmother was the only relative you had in the world, and I think I understood what it must have meant to you to —— I—I've

(Continued on Page 95)

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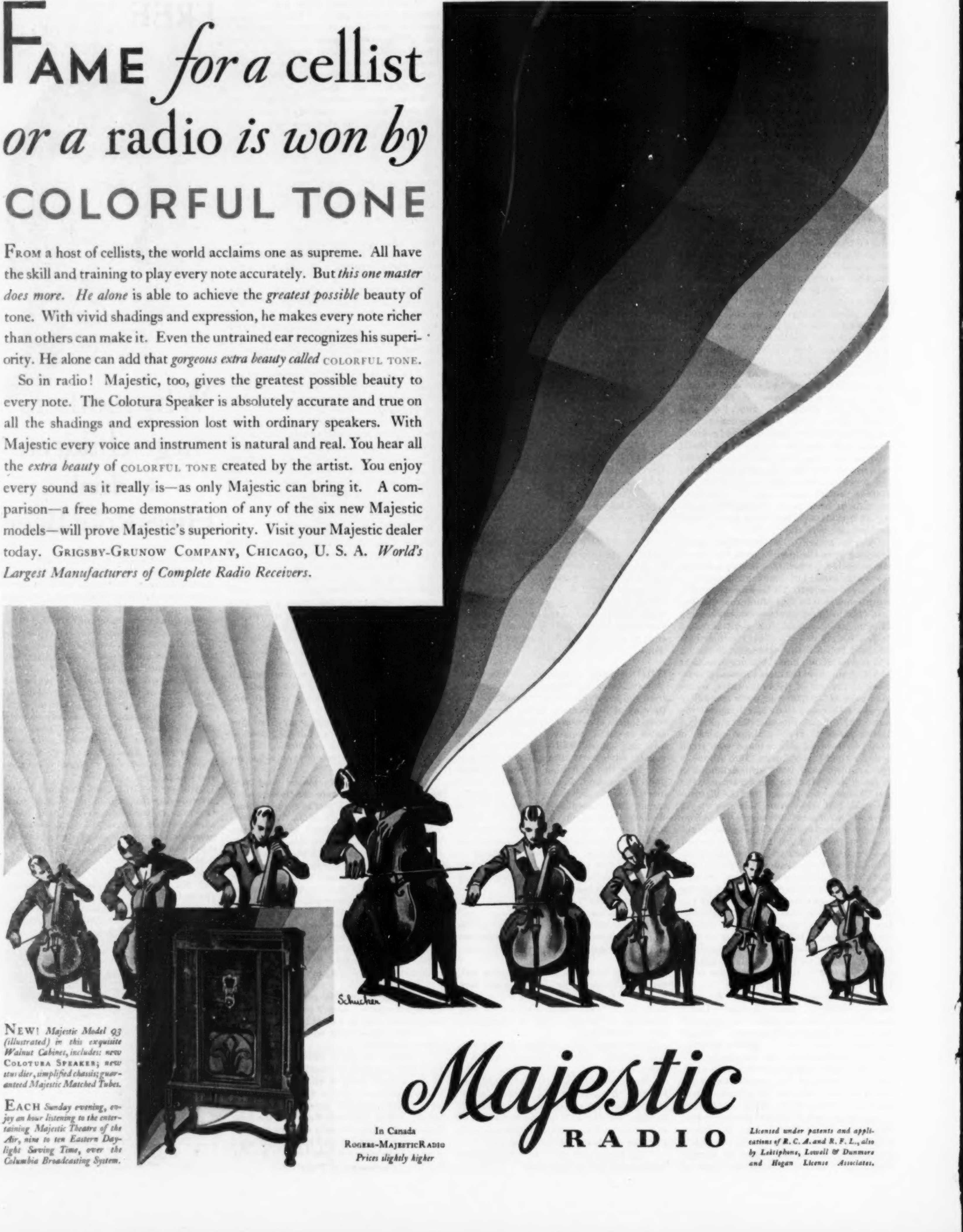

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(Continued from Page 93)

had some rather—rather bitter trouble myself, and ——" His voice trembled and he hesitated. "I tried to tell you something about it that night—I mean the night of the last of the dances, when you seemed to be a little kinder to me—at least in your expression when you looked at me. I thought a good deal of my roommate, you know, and I told you that I was driving the car—it was my fault that he was killed. Well, last month, when Mildred told me you'd been left alone in the world, I thought that what had happened to me made me able to understand something of what you must be feeling. When you didn't answer, of course, it was like being told I'd been intrusive. That was what you meant me to understand, was it?"

"No, I ——"

"You what?" he asked, as she sat silent.

"Nothing."

"Nothing!" he repeated, in sharp exasperation. "I suppose you'd say that to Mildred Kerr, too? She wrote Wallace that she'd written to you three times and couldn't get an answer. You got her letters, didn't you?"

"Yes, they were forwarded."

"Why haven't you answered them? If you wouldn't write to me, you might at least have let your best friend know where you were and what you were doing, I should think! Aren't you going to answer her at all?"

"Well, I'll probably—probably ——"

"You'll probably what?"

"I don't know."

"You don't!" he cried. "I think I do. You mean you'll probably not! Isn't that so?"

"I don't know."

"Edna! What the devil makes you insist upon being so baffling? Sometimes it seems to me you picked out a schoolgirl line for yourself—to be mysterious because you think it's fascinating!"

This seemed to sting her into showing a little life. She turned her head slowly, gave him the edge of a glance and a wan smile. "I? I'm trying to be fascinating?"

"Well, if you're not, what are you doing?"

"Nothing."

"Oh, dear me!" he said desperately. "If being mysterious intentionally is what you're doing, it succeeds to a miserable extent, all right! Yet you don't need to do it. You'd be quite as fascinating as you like without the mystery. Aren't you ever going to talk to me?"

"What about?"

"Good heavens! About yourself!"

At this, another edge of a glance from her seemed to indicate that she was startled. "About myself," she said in a whisper. "Why, I ——" Suddenly she rose and began to walk down toward the water.

He jumped up, strode after her, caught her by the wrist and swung her about to face him. "Where in the world are you going?"

"Well, it's time," she murmured, standing before him meekly, her eyes downcast. "Time for me to be getting back, I mean."

"Back where?"

"Where I—where I'm staying."

"Oh, dear me!" he said again, in despair. "If you're so bored by the idea of coming to speak to my mother and father—I told you they'd be delighted to see you again, and it's certainly only decent to show a little politeness to older people—well, that won't bother you now, because by this time I'm sure they've left the beach; it's pretty nearly empty. So you can at least walk back to the bathhouses with me, can't you?"

"But I'm not going there."

"No? Going to spend the rest of the day in your bathing-suit?" he inquired with satire; then spoke in a tone more amiably argumentative. "See here, I'll let you alone if you'll give me a reason for it. You told me I've never done anything that offended you and that you don't find me personally repugnant to you. Are you sure that's true?"

"Why, yes."

"You're sure? Then why are you so anxious to get rid of me? Why won't you tell me where you're staying here? Why won't you say when I can see you again? Will you come here tomorrow at the same time?"

At this, she looked at him; her lips parted, and, for an instant, as a quick, soft light seemed to glow in her blue eyes, he thought she was about to smile and consent with even eagerness. "Tomorrow? Oh, no—but ——"

"But what? When will you come?"

"I don't think I can."

"Not at all?" he asked sharply. "Why not?"

"I—I can't say," she said indistinctly, and moved her wrist with a gentle urgency to be released. "You must let me go."

"Certainly!" He set her free, stepped back from her, and spoke with the frigidity usually employed at his age as a demonstration that wounded self-esteem has not even been scratched. "I beg your pardon for detaining you!"

"No, no!" A warm color suffused her cheeks, and she leaned toward him. "Ah, don't be hurt with me," she said quickly in a pleading, sweet voice; then turned, ran down into the foam of the surf, shot herself like a green-and-ivory arrow under the curl of a breaker, and, a moment later, showed her green cap and a swift arm upon the next crest, as she began to swim out to sea.

He advanced a few steps as if to follow her; then stood, uncertain, watching her. The tide was sweeping in through the harbor mouth; fifty yards out, she turned, entered this powerful current and went with it, passing rapidly from his sight as she was sped inward upon the other side of the breakwater. He climbed that edifice with some difficulty, scratching himself and barking his shins upon the rough granite, and when he had finally hauled himself to the topmost row of blocks she was already distant from him, swimming steadily up the harbor with the tide.

"Wouldn't have any trouble getting away from me in the water!" he muttered ruefully, aloud. "No wonder you had the school championship for swimming! Now, where in the world are you going?"

Apparently she was going straight ahead; she had passed the moored yachts and motorboats, and the green cap and flashing arms were tiny in the distance. He had to narrow his eyes to keep her in view; then, when the green speck upon the water had slid by a gray boat moored at the edge of the channel, he could see it no longer and relaxed the strain upon his eyelids.

She must be going all the way to the village, he thought; probably she had a bathing-robe there upon the bank, or a car would be waiting for her at the village end of River Road, perhaps. It might be that she was a guest in one of those fine old houses now owned by summer residents; it might be—if a car waited for her—that she was staying at someone's country place in the neighborhood of Mirthful Haven, or it might be that she was spending the summer in a boarding house in the village. It might be, moreover, that her grandmother hadn't left her anything, so that the girl had become someone's secretary, perhaps, or a governess or even a nursery maid; but she wasn't a snob and surely she couldn't mistake him for one—she could have told him. No, her manner toward him today had been just what it was during those evenings at Stony Brook, and especially during that last evening there, when, after a persistent, monosyllabic aloofness, she had given him a final moment of something stirringly different in the one parting glimmer of blue eyes suddenly become ineffable. As she had been there, so she had been here, and none of his guesses answered the riddle.

He went slowly back to the bathhouses, puzzling, still irritated, too, by what he thought the needlessness of such a puzzle's existence; yet contrarily there was a warm, queer elation within him—as if he had found the grotto of a voiceless sea nymph and had sat with her there, with something golden hovering between them in spite of her silence. It seemed to him that he had passed an hour of great beauty, one to be treasured closely within his own memory and kept to himself, like a magic prize that might disappear if others beheld it.

XV

HE WAS not able to keep quite all of it to himself, however. He was late for luncheon, and, when he sat down at the table, found his father and mother and brother in an approving but inquisitive mood.

Mrs. Corning beamed upon him. "We waited a little while for you before sitting down," she informed him. "But this time we aren't going to find any fault with you for your tardiness."

"No, indeed," her husband assented. "For my part, I think we ought to be glad we've got a son attractive enough to persuade a pretty girl to spend the morning with him in seclusion."

"Seclusion, sir?" Gordon asked blankly. "I? What seclusion?"

At this, the three others laughed benignly, and Corning explained, "It won't do, son! Your mother wanted you to meet that lovely young Mrs. Arden, so she sent Wallace after you, and he was discreet enough not to be intrusive, but he did ascertain the facts before he came away."

"Away from where, sir?" Gordon asked; but, to the pleasure of the three observers, his color heightened. "What facts, sir?"

"I wouldn't have mentioned it if I'd thought you didn't want it known," Wallace said amiably.

"Oh!" Gordon exclaimed, apparently enlightened. "You mean when I was sitting by the breakwater!"

"With a girl in a green bathing-suit," his mother said, nodding. "Yes, that's what we mean. Who was she, dear?"

"Who was she?" he repeated thoughtfully. "Oh, a Miss Shellpool."

"What do you mean, 'a Miss Shellpool'?" Wallace asked, staring. "You don't mean Edna?"

"Yes, it was she."

"Well, why couldn't you say so!" Wallace turned toward his mother. "You and father remember her—a very attractive girl from Miss Branch's school who came up with Mildred for a dance at the country club. She was an orphan, living with her grandmother at Stony Brook, and after school closed this year her grandmother died and Edna went away somewhere; Mildred hasn't been able to find out where, because Edna hasn't answered her letters. Gordon knew all about that, because I told him, and here he is, spending his mornings with her down at the breakwater and never mentioning ——"

"No," Gordon interrupted hastily. "I hadn't seen her until this morning. I ——"

"I remember her quite well," Mrs. Corning said. "Miss Branch's girls are all nice, and I remember her quiet, well-bred manner, a little reserved. We must call her up and ask her to something. Where's she staying, Gordon?"

"Ah—I don't know."

"You don't!" Wallace exclaimed, and burst out laughing. "You're a marvel, Gordon!" He explained to his parents. "At the Branch school dances he wouldn't dance with anybody else; except once or twice with Mildred, to be polite. Now she's turned up here and he didn't even ask her where she's staying!"

"Never mind," Mrs. Corning said soothingly, and she gave Wallace a glance of warning, not wishing her younger son's new interest to be discouraged by family teasing. "No doubt she'll be at the beach tomorrow, and Gordon can ask her then. You won't forget, Gordon, if she's there?"

"No, I won't," he said. "If she's there."

His doubt that she would be there was strong; yet behind its shadow enough hope glimmered to keep him in the neighborhood of the breakwater throughout the bathing hours of the next three days. When he had begun the fourth of these noontide vigils, however, his mother sent for him.

(Continued on Page 99)

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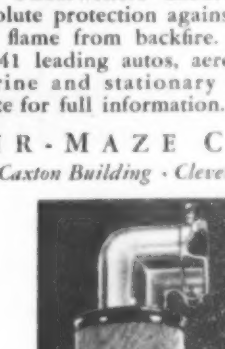

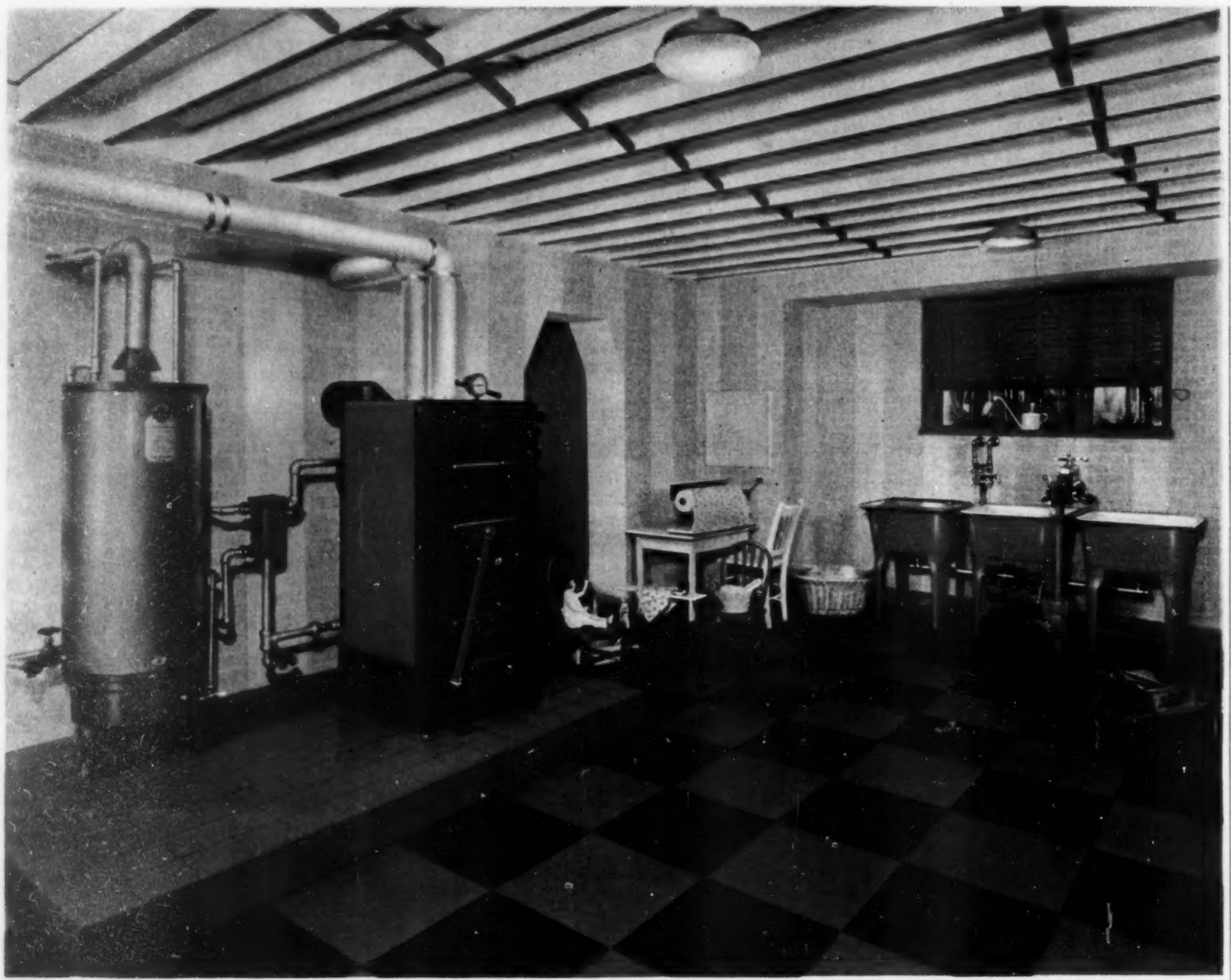

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DIVISION OF
AMERICAN RADIATOR & STANDARD SANITARY CORPORATION

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AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
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NEW YORK CITY

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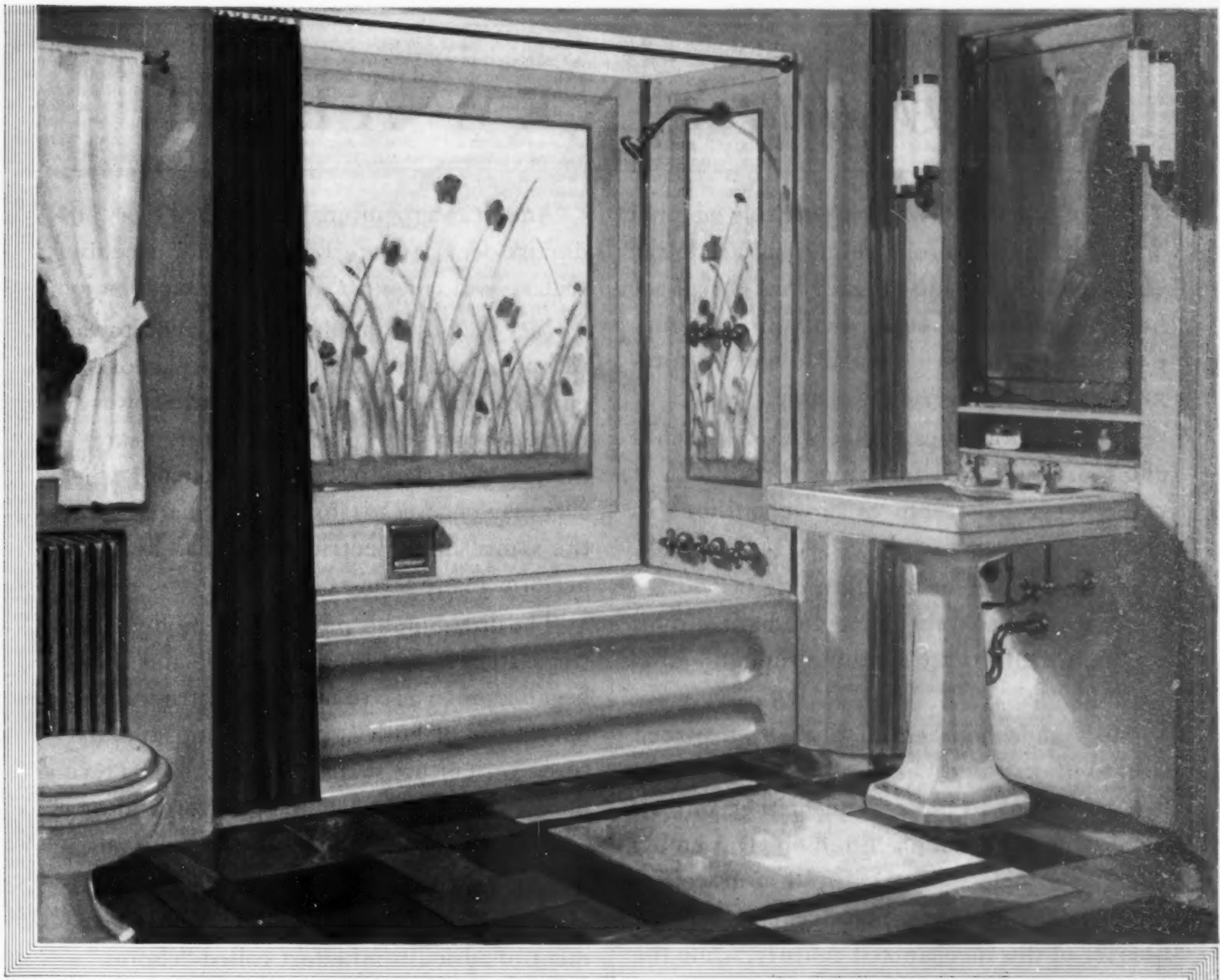
S. E. P. 6-14-30



How little cash will you need to refurnish your bathroom?

Very likely the cost of the plumbing fixtures will be much less than you imagine. The moderate prices of **"Standard"** Plumbing fixtures, distinguished both for beauty of design and purity of color, will be a revelation to you.

In the bathroom illustrated above, for instance, the total cost for the group of three fixtures in exquisite Ming Green is only $356.00. Surely that is surprisingly little for a **"Standard"** built-in bath and pedestal lavatory with **"Standard"** faucets having the patented Re-Nu feature, and a **"Standard"** watercloset of genuine vitreous china. The same fixtures in white cost $272.00.

These prices do not include your plumbing contractors charge for installing. You will find that charge very reasonable. And you do not need the full amount in cash. All you need is 10% of that amount. The balance will be divided into convenient monthly payments. This is the **"Standard"** Time Payment Plan which makes it possible for you to have a beautiful bathroom in your home while you pay for it.

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Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.

106 Sixth Street, Pittsburgh — 18 East 45th Street, New York

SHOWROOMS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

DIVISION OF

AMERICAN RADIATOR & STANDARD SANITARY CORPORATION

"Standard"
PLUMBING FIXTURES

STANDARD SANITARY MFG. CO.
PITTSBURGH

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S. E. P. 6-14-30

Agriculture's NEW ALLY

ELECTRIC POWER is uniquely adapted to many kinds of farming. It can do the scattered jobs that no other agency except the human hand ever performed until electric power—mobile, divisible and subject to automatic control—became available.

Electric power can milk a cow, hatch a chick or grind feed for a pig as readily as it can drive a battleship or move millions in crowded subways.

Nature dispersed the farmer's tasks over broad acres, and in the home and barnyard his productive efforts are spread in time as well as space.

Mills and shops could always be placed near abundant and cheap power. Farms cannot be moved to power, and neither animals nor crops can be manufactured on an assembly line. Nevertheless, the American farm worker increased his output 47 per cent in the first quarter of this mechanized century, while the industrial worker scored a gain of 49 per cent.

American farmers have fed the towns, supplied the raw materials for manufacturing which gives employment to nearly half of those who sign industrial pay-rolls and devoted 50,000,000 acres to the production of exports.

If the farmer's efficiency did not match that of urban industry, the efforts of science, engineering and business leadership to better man's estate would be futile.

American agriculture has matched every productive feat of factory or railroad, excepting such as would require the farmer to move his job.

Electric power has initiated a trend toward technical equality between a large part of agriculture and manufacturing. Electric power has made it possible to place the factory nearer to the raw materials—to put the machine wherever man chooses to fabricate raw materials. At the same time, electric power has begun to perform many farm tasks.

The distributable power of the modern electric system and of the automobile and tractor began about 1910 to modify the structure and operations of both agriculture and manufacture. Agriculture shares in that technical revolution which is decentralizing factory industry.

Electric power brings to the farm a cheap, reliable and automatic substitute for human nerves and muscular power in that vast department of agricultural effort called "chores."

This kind of farm work, especially in animal husbandry, assures the best returns to the farm and the greatest benefits to the nation now, and to posterity.

* * * *

Provision of power supply to small communities and to rural America on a scale equivalent to the service available in the great metropolitan centers is the achievement and responsibility of the Middle West Utilities System, a group of electric companies furnishing service to more than four thousand communities and to more than fifty thousand farms in thirty states.

The history of empowered agriculture in American industrial development is fully discussed in the booklet, "HARVESTS AND HIGHLINES," *which the Middle West Utilities Company (20 North Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois) will send upon request.*

MIDDLE WEST UTILITIES COMPANY

(Continued from Page 95)

"I walked down that way a little while ago," she said to Wallace. "He sits with his head in his hands; then he gets up and throws a stone in the water, then sits down and holds his head in his hands some more. It seems to me it's beginning to make him dismal, and that's bad for him. If he's as interested in Miss Shellpool as you think he is, why isn't he here where all the girls are, looking for her?"

"Because she isn't here, mother. I've looked for her myself, and she hasn't been here since the day he got her to go and sit there with him."

"Then she's probably gone away. Quite possibly she was only in Mirthful Haven for a day, and he's so dreamy he didn't even ask her ——"

"He wasn't dreamy when I saw him," Wallace objected.

"Perhaps not; but it isn't doing him any good to poke around down there alone, all the time everybody's at the beach, and it's a little ridiculous, besides. I think you'd better go and tell him we'd like to have him meet a very charming lady and sit with us a while."

Gordon accompanied his brother meekly enough, when this message was delivered; the diminishing hope of the sea nymph's return had finally flickered out, and the young man bowed and murmured before Mrs. Arden, then sat down on the sand beside her chair. He placed upon his face an expression of amiable interest that became almost at once absent-minded and melancholy in spite of him, and his responses to his mother's efforts to draw him into the talk were feeble.

"I was just telling Mrs. Arden how much you love the sea," she said. "I told her I was sure she'd find you congenial on that point, Gordon. Do you remember the poem you wrote about it when you were only ten years old? Couldn't you recite it to her?"

He muttered, "Murder!" huskily, and Mrs. Arden laughed. "I'm afraid he means he declines, Mrs. Corning!"

"He oughtn't to," the older lady protested. "It was really very good, and they printed it in his school magazine, too. Gordon, Mrs. Arden loves hearing what these quaint characters say around here. Tell her some of the things that you've heard them say."

"I'm afraid I don't recollect anything particularly just now," he returned plaintively. "I'm sorry."

"You needn't be," Warbeck said. The emaciated, gray gentleman had just joined them; with the aid of a walking-stick and the arm of Mrs. Arden's chair, he lowered his long figure and sat upon the sand beside Gordon. "If Mrs. Arden's making a collection, it's already pretty well supplied, though I might add a new item for it. I had a man digging holes for fence posts behind my cottage in the hot sun yesterday, and Hink Marsh, one of the lobster fishermen, came by and stopped to watch him. I asked Hink how he'd like such a job himself, and he said, 'I'd a'most a' soon go fishin'!' I expressed surprise and mentioned that we of the cottages thought the ocean was a field of sport and pleasure. 'Guess you do,' Marsh said. 'Guess you wouldn't if 'twas your place o' business.' It seemed to me there was something in that point of view. In the meantime, however, Mrs. Arden, I saw Captain Embury this morning and he said he'd be delighted. The Captain seldom goes out after nightfall, and without any further warning to him we can go any evening this week that you have free."

"Not tomorrow or the next night, then; I could go tonight if that's convenient for you."

"Perfectly," Mr. Warbeck assured her. "You'll see the famous sideboard, buried in the War of Eighteen-Twelve, the meteorite, the noble ship model that took the Captain eight years to ——"

"Yes, that wonderful ship model!" Mrs. Corning exclaimed, interrupting. "It wasn't finished when my husband took me there, years ago, and Gordon and Wallace were too small then to go with us. Gordon's simply wild about ship models!"

"Am I?" he asked, in mild surprise. "I didn't know ——"

"Why, certainly! Didn't you buy one once and have it in your room at college?" She turned to Warbeck. "Gordon's simply wild to go with you and Mrs. Arden to Captain Embury's, only he's afraid of being intrusive, so he won't ask you to take him."

"But I ——" her son began; then, remembering that he would at least be saved from having to go and dance at the Casino, he subsided, let his mother make the engagement for him, and, with some show of pleasure, thanked Warbeck and Mrs. Arden for including him.

Their inclusion of him in this small party, moreover, involved little effort on his part, as he discovered on the way to Captain Embury's with them, early that evening. Even during the drive from Great Point to the village, in Mrs. Arden's open, long automobile, his two cheerful companions gave him little opportunity to say anything. "At least they'll do all the talking; thank goodness for that!" he thought, and sank his head, turtle-wise, as far as possible into the soft collar of his camel's-hair overcoat, for Mirthful Haven midsummer evenings may be chilly or even cold.

"You see, Captain Embury's the great man of the village," Warbeck was explaining. "He's the one relic left of this place's heyday of seafaring overlords; he's an ocean spirit left over from another age—an age dead long ago—left over on the land, poor salty spirit, but with as much of the old sea, and of old Mirthful Haven, too, as he can keep about him."

"Dear me! I'm afraid you're making him seem rather ghostlike."

"Ghostlike?" Warbeck laughed. "Not the Captain! You'll never find anybody less like a relic, either; heaven alone truly knows his age, though I think you'll take him to be an extremely vigorous person edging toward sixty. He doesn't wholly approve of many of us summer residents, but I don't think you need be nervous about the impression you'll make upon him, Mrs. Arden; he'll never get over being a sailor if he lives a thousand years."

"You mean he'd need to be that for me to make an impression?"

Warbeck protested, and the two exchanged persiflage upon the point while the automobile turned from River Road and, the next moment, drew up at a stone mounting block before Captain Embury's gate.

The front windows of the house were all dark, but there was a faint glow through the fanlight and glass side panels of the doorway.

"He's here," Warbeck said, leading the way. "As we drove up, I saw that his dining-room windows are lighted; he lives in that room principally, and besides, he told me he would certainly be at home any evening this week."

He pulled the knob of the old-fashioned doorbell, producing a far-away jingling; then there was silence, and for a minute or two the three callers stood waiting between the two chained brass guns upon the doorstep. Finally there was the sound of an interior door opening and closing; the light in the hall brightened suddenly, chains rattled, heavy locks clanked, the outer door opened, and Captain Embury, rosy of face, with his moustache perfectly curled, a cameo pin set in his satin neck scarf, and his gold chain and seals gleaming across his waistcoat, stood before them. For one moment he seemed a little taken aback; then he extended his hand and spoke cordially in his mellow big voice.

"Mr. Warbeck! Glad to see you! I didn't look for you to turn up quite so soon as this evenin'; but no matter—no matter. Always welcome to my house, and any friends o' yours too! Come in! Come in!" Then, as his glance moved to rest upon the face of the dark-eyed lady standing beside Warbeck, the Captain's bright eyes became even brighter. "Dear me!" he said. "I wish I'd known you were comin' tonight. I'd have liked to provide better refreshment for you than just the sight of an old sailorman's house; but no matter. Come in! Come in, and heartily welcome!"

In the wide hall, where there was a white stairway, and shadowy flesh tints gleamed faintly from portraits browned by time, he continued his hospitable protestations, although the slightest possible shade of disquiet came upon his expression when Warbeck mentioned the name of Corning. The alteration was imperceptible to the visitors, however, and abated nothing of the Captain's cordiality.

"'Tisn't often that this old hallway sees anything as becomin' to it as you, ma'am," he said, as he took Mrs. Arden's fur coat from her and she stood forth in an evening dress of black lace. "I declare it makes an occasion to be remembered, gentlemen, for the old house to have in it two young ladies of such magnificent handsomeness on the same evenin'!" He lowered his voice a little. "The other one that I speak of was here to supper with me and cheer up a lonely old sailorman, as she does sometimes when I can persuade her—a splendid girl, Mrs. Arden, and one you gentlemen won't look away from in a hurry!"

He led the way to a wide, deep-paneled, white door at the end of the hall, and, opening it, stood aside to let them pass into a spacious bright room, where a fire crackling under a white mantelpiece brought out high-light glints of reflection from dull mahogany and old silver. It was a room that drew from Mrs. Arden, upon its threshold, the half-breathed exclamation, "Gorgeous!" but could not itself immediately hold the attention of the callers. The girl who had been sitting beside the fireplace, gazing thoughtfully into that glowing little cavern, seemed fully to justify the Captain's preliminary hints of her. With the approach of footsteps her short revery had ended abruptly; she sprang up, startled, and, upon the opening of the door, half turned, as if under an impulse toward flight—neither she nor the Captain had expected this interruption of their tête-à-tête—but as Mrs. Arden, Warbeck and Gordon Corning stepped into the room, she faced them, and for an instant her gaze met that of the open-mouthed young man fully and gravely.

Then, smiling suddenly, like one who unexpectedly recognizes an old acquaintance of other times and places, she stepped forward and held out her hand.

"Gordon Corning!" she exclaimed in a clear, loud voice. "You remember me? I'm Edna Shellpool."

"Remember you?" he said incredulously. "Remember you!"

"Yes, I'm Edna Shellpool."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 28)

an awfully good no-trump hand doesn't feel as smooth to the touch when your fingers are covered with calluses.

The temper, too, comes in for its share of wear and tear. We invariably get our peas planted just before the spring rains set in, and after the deluge have to go out and bury them all over again.

And we have quite a bit of trouble with our Great Dane dog. When she and her friend, the neighbor's dog—who is also a Great Dane—get to racing about the garden it looks like a herd of elephants had stampeded through. And they delight in playing their games of tag in the garden when father is planting the beans. I've seen dad go down as many as three times in an hour, due to the sudden impact of two Danes behind the knees while in a bending, bean-planting position. My father's language at such times surprises even my mother.

However, minor difficulties such as these are all forgotten on that proud day when we have the first mess of radishes out of Our Own Garden. Ah, supreme moment! What matter if we do go around for hours afterward with mouths open and tongues hanging out, gasping for air. They are our radishes, and we love them.

Hooray for spring, say I! I'm going out right now and break in that new hoe!

—MARGE.

Relativity

JAMES WHEEPLE had a massive
  brain,
And all his life he wrought
To lift the brotherhood of man
To higher planes of thought.

Full threescore years and ten he lived,
One of the earth's great scholars,
And when he died he left behind
Exactly seven dollars.

II

Joe Whirple had an iron jaw;
His head was like a rock;
He could not write a thesis, but
Sweet papa, he could sock.

He did not try to uplift men,
Nor did he mix with scholars;
But he stayed seven rounds and won
A hundred thousand dollars.

III

O youth, who panteth to acquire
Wealth, honor and renown,
Do not uplift your fellow man
But slip a wallop to his pan
And knock the sucker down.

—Lowell Otus Reese.

The Lowly Ferry

FERRYBOATS are lowly ships,
Homes to them are merely slips;
Snubbed by every big Cunarder—
Was a dog's life ever harder?

Nautical nonentities,
Sailing streams instead of seas;
Just a fleet of river neuters,
Slaves to hurrying commuters.

Never bearing silks or laces
From romantic, far-off places;
Only men with ailing livers
To their homes across the rivers.

Ferries boast no tattooed crews,
No belaying pins or screws;
Just a man to take the dimes,
And help around at other times.

Ferries have no bow or stern
Because they never have to turn;
No foc'sle or to'gallant sail,
No starboard, port, or head, or tail.

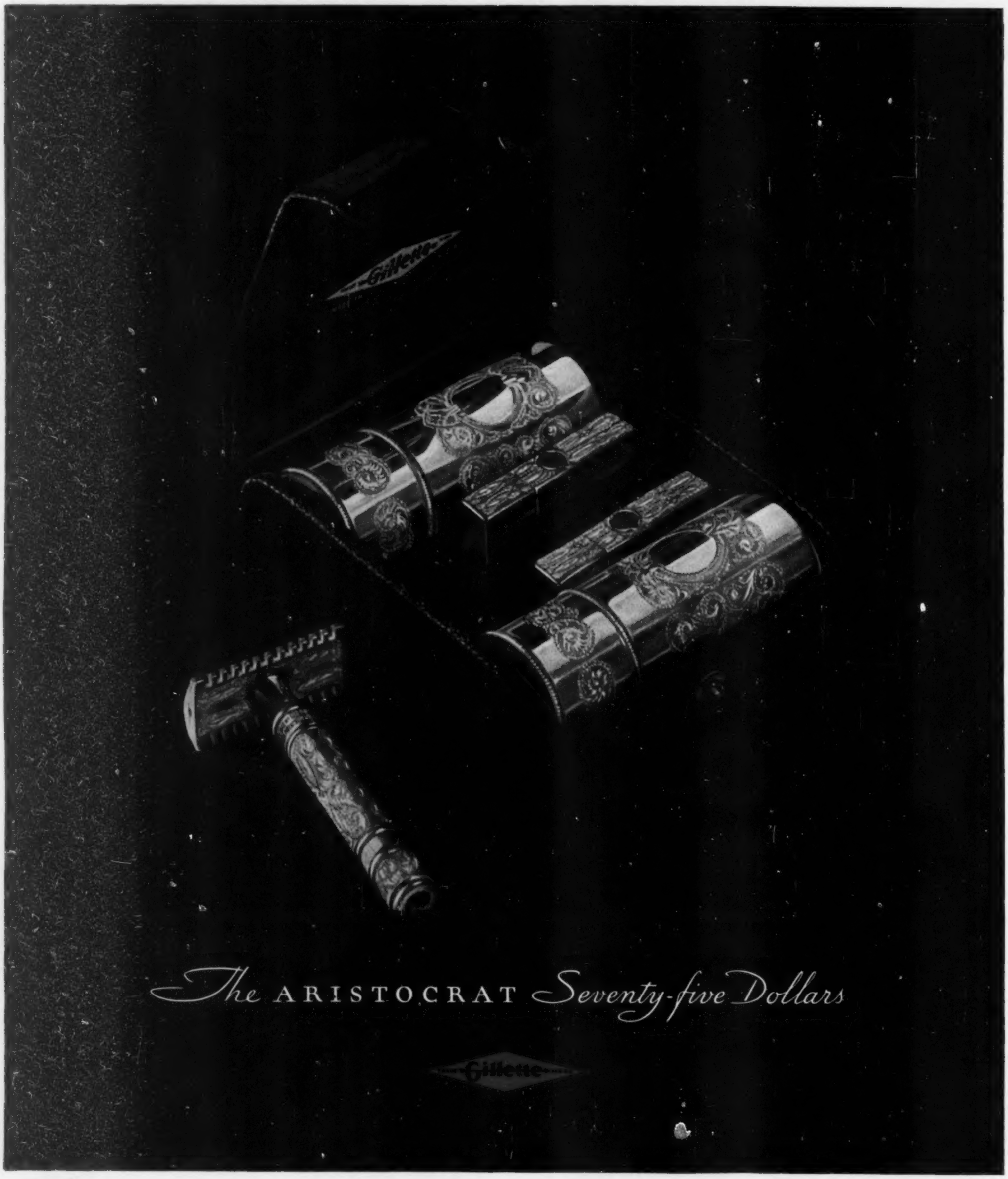
We find a fact that's sad to note—
A ferry captain cannot vote,
Because—this is an awful pity—
He does not live in any city.

Whalen hardly ever hurries
Down to greet incoming ferries;
He, disporting tails and toppers,
Gads about with divers coppers.

Let big ships sail the world
  around,
A ferry's always homeward bound;
A clang, a toot, a little snort,
And it's already back in port.

—Albert Miller.

A DE LUXE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The ARISTOCRAT Seventy-five Dollars
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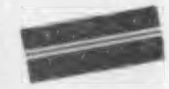


THE GILLETTE NEW DE LUXE RAZOR

$5.00 TO $75.00

MADE UNDER U AT. NO. 1,928,024

THE GILLETTE NEW DE LUXE BLADE

OF PATENTED KRO-MAN STEEL

$2.00 FOR TEN

MADE UNDER U AT. NO. 1,844,097

Three months ago Gillette announced the greatest shaving improvement in twenty-eight years—the New Gillette Razor and Blade, at popular prices. Now, for the man who wants maximum luxury, Gillette offers the same sweeping improvements in a De Luxe Razor, and a De Luxe Blade of Patented Kro-man steel.

Gillette
De Luxe
BLADE
PATENTS PENDING
King C. Gillette
Gillette
MADE IN U.S.A.
KRO-MAN
STEEL

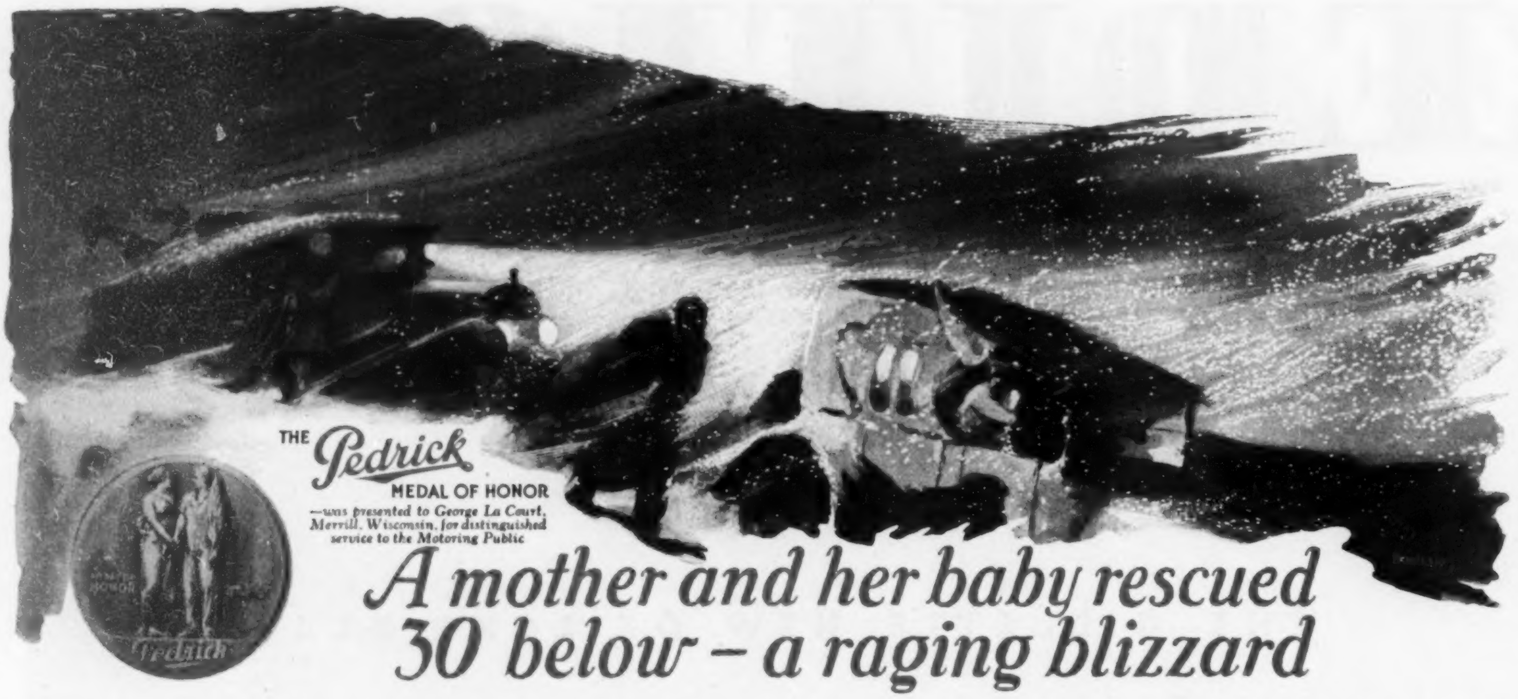
LUXURY! It's in every detail of the New Gillette De Luxe Razor. There's luxury in its substantial handle, its precise machining, its delicate balance. There's luxury in the deep lustre of its heavy 24K. gold plating. Even the subdued richness of its handsome case reflects a masculine dignity and comfort.

For your own use, or as an especially appropriate gift, choose a Gillette De Luxe Razor from the wide selection now on display at better shops.

THE New Gillette De Luxe Blade of Patented Kro-man steel will settle your shaving problem for all time. It combines rust-resistance with the ability to take and hold a superlatively keen edge. Gillette has the exclusive right to this steel for safety razor blades.

The New Gillette De Luxe Blade fits any Gillette Razor, old style or new. But use the De Luxe Blade in the De Luxe Razor—then you'll know what supreme shaving luxury really is! $2.00 for ten, at the better shops.

TO THE DEALER: *If our representative has not called, write us for details of these price-maintained articles.* GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.



THE *Pedrick* MEDAL OF HONOR

—was presented to George La Court, Merrill, Wisconsin, for distinguished service to the Motoring Public

A mother and her baby rescued 30 below – a raging blizzard

Snow so deep that the highway could not be followed—in a temperature of 30 below a young father and mother with their three months' old baby slipped off the road and down into the ditch. After hopelessly trying to get the car back on the highway, the father started out in the blinding Wisconsin blizzard for help.

After fighting his way thru for several hours on foot he reached a farmhouse where he was able to call the Allen and Zander Garage at Merrill. It was two o'clock in the morning but in a few minutes the "night man," George La Court, was out with his wrecker on his mission of rescue.

When the stranded car had been finally located, the mother, who had removed part of her clothing to protect the baby, was in a very serious condition due to exposure. They were immediately wrapped in blankets and taken back to the garage where a doctor was summoned. The doctor stated that, had they been forced to remain another half-hour in the terrible cold, the outcome would have been very tragic.

For this unusual service, George La Court, night man of the Allen and Zander Garage at Merrill, Wisconsin, has been awarded the PEDRICK Medal of Honor. If you know a man who also deserves this recognition, we would like to have his name.

Pedrick HEAT-SHAPED PISTON RINGS

Pedrick
PISTON RINGS
SAME WIDTH
18 3½ ⅛ .005

Keep Your Car at Top Performance

Many serious accidents involving death, injury and damage to property are the direct result of faulty motors. Faulty motors are caused by "engine trouble"—any one of a hundred irregularities. There is no single new part that will bring the efficiency of a three year old motor up to its original performance—no single mechanical remedy that will cure "engine trouble." The only intelligent way to keep your car at maximum efficiency is to have it regularly serviced by a competent repairman.

Take Your Car to a Good Repairman

The maintenance of millions of cars has taught the repairman to recognize signs indicating the beginning of trouble. Such signs can be detected and the trouble corrected before it becomes serious and expensive if you have your car serviced regularly by your local repairman. Let his knowledge warn you of approaching trouble—let his craftsmanship make the needed repairs.

Forestalling Engine Trouble

One of the major causes of trouble in automobile engines is worn piston rings. They may cause loss of power (no "pep" in getting away—no "pull" on the hills); excessive fuel consumption (too frequent trips to the filling station); oil pumping (fouled spark plugs, smoking exhaust) or other less obvious difficulties. If the piston rings in your car are worn and need replacing, your repairman will tell you—and will furnish and install a new set.

Thousands of repairmen the world over recommend and install PEDRICK Heat-Shaped piston rings. PEDRICKS are used also by many of America's fine car manufacturers as standard equipment. Due to the patented Heat-Shaping process, PEDRICKS are of the correct shape and tension—and hold their shape indefinitely in spite of motor heat and wear.

Send for Free Booklet

The causes of trouble in an automobile engine are varied. Our free booklet "Forestalling Engine Trouble" will show you quickly the futility of guessing at the cause or cure of engine trouble. Ask for free copy.

Wilkening Manufacturing Co.
Philadelphia

THE RED FLAG

(Continued from Page 40)

Its disfigurement was ghastly. The brigands had amused themselves by tying a cat to it. The new-born baby had been tossed into the air and caught on spear points.

Other survivors, men and women, began to appear, some totteringly erect, some crawling, from the thicket whither they had at last escaped. The stories they had to tell were of unimaginable atrocity, of diabolically ingenious cruelty, of every kind of brutal violence. The blond little Pierrette Courtil was dead. Alain Mortehaie said not a word as they told him. He stared dumbly, his great toil-hardened hands twitching. Yet was she fortunate. Most of the other well-favored girls and young women had been carried off by the brigands.

Another terror came upon them as they stood, weeping grotesquely, amid that devastation. Everything was gone — everything. How would these survivors live until next harvest?

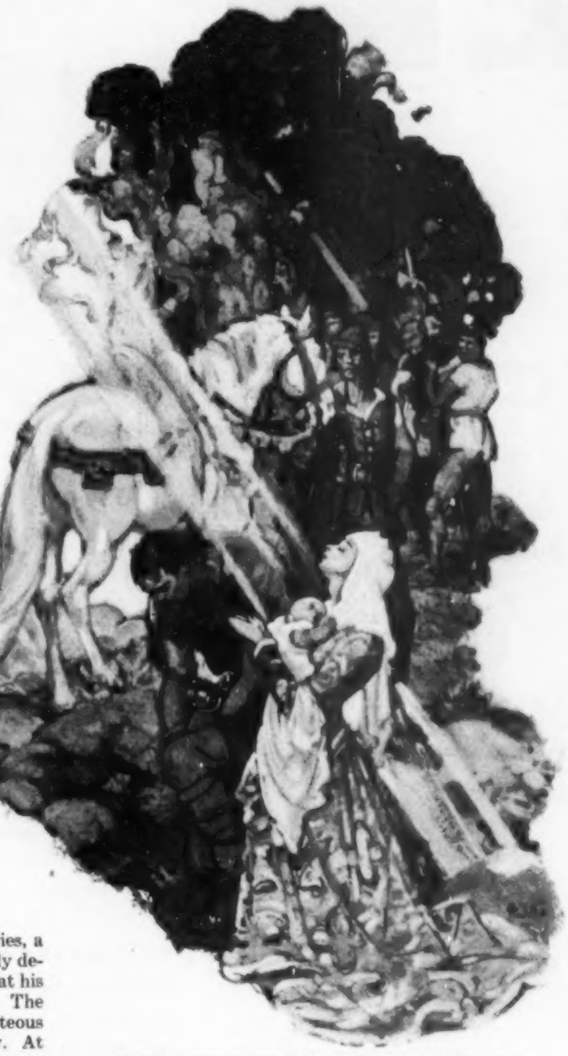
They consulted together. It was urgent that they should obtain some assistance. Gilles Pruneau and Alain Mortehaie were deputed to go to the *seigneur* at his château of Givécourt, lay their desperate case before him. Together, the two young men set off, taking a short cut through the forest.

Cautiously through the woodland they at last approached the village, close under the walls of the château. Through the trees they could hear a clamor of many voices, the neighing of horses, the fanfare of trumpets. What was happening? They worked their way to a spot whence they could see without themselves being seen, perceived an unusual emptiness where there had been cottages. The village no longer existed. It had been burned to the ground.

The castle, lofty on its mound, was intact. From its gateway, their *seigneur*, escorted by some of his men at arms, rode over the lowered drawbridge toward the brigands, drawn up in more or less ordered array. The captain of the mercenaries, a horseman in full armor, his knightly device painted on the shield hanging at his saddle, rode to meet the chatelain. The two saluted each other in the courteous greeting of companions in chivalry. At the same time, servants of the *seigneur* came over the drawbridge, bearing trays loaded with heaped-up bags. These were delivered to the attendants of the captain of the mercenaries. The two peasants understood. This was the ransom paid by their *seigneur* that his *chastel* be not attacked and pillaged, a ransom he would presently exact from his *vilains*.

Gilles cursed bitterly under his breath at the sight. "With such cowardice is he yet our *seigneur!*" he said furiously. "God's mercy! they embrace!" It was true. The chatelain and the leader of the mercenaries embraced upon their horses, and then the pair of them rode amicably into the castle.

The *vilains* were well assured that this was no time to appeal to their *seigneur's* beneficence. They crept away, made a detour through the forest toward another village of the fief, well away from the route of the brigands. There almost certainly would they find some little help.



Utterly Disconcerted, He Saw This Noble Lady Kneel Down and Pray on His Behalf, a Mere Vilain. He Could Not Help But Follow Her Example. He Knelt Beside Her

During the next days, while they were yet anguished in slowly acquired full knowledge of their disaster, they heard that their *seigneur* and the captain of the brigands, who was apparently a great English lord, were feasting together and jousting in chivalry, making a splendid entertainment for each other, wherein the ladies of the château had joined.

Gilles had borrowed anvil and tools from that other village. Now he was busy from dawn to dark, forging the new implements which were their primary need. All the Pastourels were dead. Jehanne shared the temporary hut he had erected. There was neither *curé* for their wedding, nor a coin to pay the necessary dues to the lord. Where the altar had stood, in the blackened ruin of the church, they had taken each other by the hand, had sworn mutual tryst and love. The formalities must wait until happier times.

The brigands at last departed from the castle of Givécourt. There were tidings that by a sudden assault they had made themselves masters of another château some leagues away, were thence terribly ravaging the country. The villagers breathed again in relief. The scourge was gone from them.

Some days thereafter, the *seigneur* came from Givécourt to inspect the damage done to his *vilains*. Accompanied by a troop of mounted men at arms, he rode with his bailiff through the ash-strewn desolation, where mud and wattle hovels were already being reërected.

The peasants stood timidly silent at his passage, apprehensively watching the stern face framed in the open visor of his helmet. He rode in a grim silence, halting his horse every now and then, but proffering no remark. One of the older peasants approached him, doffed his flapping felt hat, asked humbly that the lord should assist them with some grain that they might live, and also with some cattle, for they had neither ox nor horse. The *seigneur* laughed brutally.

"Grain, oxen and horses!" he jeered. "Am I a merchant? Find them yourselves, Bonhomme! And see you villeins be not behindhand with the dues. There will be an *aide extraordinaire* this harvest time. Much good money have I had to pay these accursed brigands, so unearth your *deniers!*"

He rode on, reined up before the extemporized forge. He had suddenly perceived Jehanne.

"*Holà! Garce!*" he cried to her, with a laugh. "A well-favored wench art thou! How didst fare with the brigands?"

Jehanne came timidly to the door, explained tremblingly that she had fled to the woods and been safe.

"Verily?" cried the *seigneur*. "And what doest thou here?"

"*Par faveur de vostre seigneurie,*" she replied timidly, "I am the wife of Gilles, the smith."

He frowned, and his tone went suddenly abrupt. "Since when?"

"Since we came back after the brigands, *messire nostre seigneur.*"

He laughed. "*Nenni, ma garce!* Then neither church nor priest has there been for wedding, nor have dues been paid! I'll teach you animals to marry without regard for priest or lord! But a saucy wanton art thou, and amenable to my justice." He turned to one of his followers. "Take her on your saddle!"

Jehanne shrieked as the man leaped down to obey. Gilles rushed out of his forge, hammer in hand. Before he could do anything, the *seigneur* had ridden his horse at him, had slashed him over the head with his sword. As he fell whirlingly back into sudden darkness, he heard Jehanne shriek again.

Weeks had passed before Gilles stood up from the pallet where an old woman had nursed him, and went again among his fellow *vilains*. Of Jehanne could they tell him nothing save that she had been taken to the château, had not again been seen. He drew a deep breath, compressed his lips and made no answer.

He lit again the fire of his forge and, as his strength returned, labored with hammer and anvil while the spectrally thin villagers worked from dawn to dark in the fields, striving desperately to insure such a crop as would enable them to begin the replacement of what they had lost.

Sometimes, after dark, Alain Mortehaie would sit with Gilles by the glow of his friend's forge fire. Hours would pass in silence, each in his own slow peasant thoughts. Then Alain would gripe with bonily thin hands.

(Continued on Page 105)

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(Continued from Page 103)

"Would that I might strangle each and all of these accursed brigands!"

Gilles would look up from his scowling reverie. "Would that I might strangle that accursed *seigneur!*"

"*Seigneurs* and brigands, they are all one!"

They would relapse again into silence. Through the gloom would come the sound of a girl sobbing, as many of the girls of Ornière-la-Haye sobbed yet in those April nights.

The sunshine of May came to mock their squalid misery. Several cavalcades of *seigneurs* and a few of rich burgesses and ecclesiastics passed through the village. They went to Compiègne, where was assembling the States-General, summoned by the Dauphin, who had escaped from Paris after the murder of his favorites, the Marshals of Normandy and of Champagne, by the followers of Étienne Marcel. Ostensibly that *parlement* was convoked to redress the evils of the realm. In reality it was to plan effective coercion of the rebellious Parisians. The peasants troubled themselves not about such high matters.

Toward the end of May, just before the Feast of the Holy Sacrament, the herald of the *seigneur* summoned them all to congregate outside the blackened walls of the church. He proclaimed in pompous verbosity the decree of the States-General—planning to starve recalcitrant Paris by a cordon of fortresses which should cut off its provisionment from the east—which enjoined that all ruined castles should forthwith be repaired and garrisoned by their suzerain lords. Therefore did the very noble Seigneur Raoul, Comte de Givécourt, now give notice to all his liege vassals, villeins and serfs, that a special *corvée* was required of them, and that they should—under pain of his high and low justice—diligently rebuild, repair, refurnish and restore his *chastel* of Ornière. He named a day early in June for the commencement of the work.

The peasants listened in stupefaction, stunned into silence. This was now required of them in addition to all their other misfortunes! Abandoning the field work so desperately essential, they were to rebuild that ruined castle, to be assuredly but a stronghold for the next band of brigands which should pass this way. At the best, they were required with their own hands to provide for their lord yet another castle whence he might oppress them, with yet another garrison they would have to maintain. They looked at one another in a grotesque and dumb despair. Only after the herald had ridden off did they burst into maledictions, coarse in uncouth dialect.

They crowded around Gilles, as always their natural leader. What was to be done?

"*M'est advis, bons amys,*" he said, clenching his great toil-hardened fist, "that all we peasants should aid one another over the realm, and make an end of these lords!"

They hushed him, terrified. Words like these were a hanging matter. And how could poor peasants make an end of their lords, invulnerably mailed and helmeted, formidable with their men at arms?

Alain Mortehaie supported his friend vehemently. "Better were it indeed that we should die, making an end of all, than that we should longer endure these things!" he cried. "So, gladly would I give my life!"

Other voices agreed with him, some boldly, some half-heartedly. Nevertheless, at the end they dispersed dejectedly to their hovels. How might such as they resist?

Three days later Alain burst excitedly into his friend's forge.

"Quickly, Gilles!" He was out of breath as he had run from the fields. "There come strange folk from the forest!"

Throwing down his tools, Gilles hurried out with him. From the direction of Senlis, by the road issuing from the forest, approached an immense, irregularly marshaled column, yelling wild songs, banners floating above them. Scared by the abnormality, all the villagers collected to see what this strange procession portended. A pilgrimage?

The column came near. At its head rode a tall man dressed exaggeratedly in the fashion of a *seigneur*, a great sword hanging from his saddle. Behind him his followers were now to be discerned as a tumultuous rabble of peasants, men and women, flourishing iron-shod staves and scythes, pitchforks and flails, some grotesquely garbed in incongruous finery, others in their habitual rags, all hideous in their dirt, their long, tangled hair, their brutish visages, as hideously squalid as these *vilains* who watched them. They sang a strange song, doleful and yet stirring in its harsh rhythm, marked at intervals by a violent shout:

"Men are we
Like them!
Limbs have we
Like them!
Hearts as stout
Have we!
Suffer as much
Can we!
Our havings and ourselves
To defend!"

The folk of Ornière-la-Haye listened and watched in timid amazement. What might all this mean?

By the ruined church the leader held up his hand. The rabble halted. A peasant, splendid in a particolored coat that had certainly been stolen, stepped out, blew a fanfare upon a trumpet.

"*Oyez!*" he proclaimed, in travesty of a herald's summons. "*Oyez, vilains et serfs et tout povre gent!* Give ear to the King of the Jacques!"

The tall horseman steadied a mount to which he was evidently ill-accustomed, addressed the wondering crowd of villagers.

"Villeins and all poor folk called Jacques!" His voice bespoke him as superior to the ordinary uncouth peasant, rang authoritatively. "The time has come when no more may we endure the evil things whereof we are afflicted. Our *seigneurs* protect us not, but make amity with the English and with brigands, wringing their ransoms from our poverty. They use us as though we were not men even as they. To crown all, have they decreed that we should rebuild yet more castles for our own oppression. With that have they laid more wrongs upon us than we can bear. Therefore now we poor Jacques march through the realm to slay all that are of *noblesse* and bren all castles to the ground. A score of castles and strong houses have we destroyed, ne shall we rest till all be gone. I, Guillaume Calle, *vilain* of Mello, have been chosen king over all the Jacques. In virtue of that kingship, I command ye Jacques also that ye follow me loyally to make an end of all lords and their castles, that honest peasants may live in safety and *liesse* as lieges of our good King Jehan, whom may God preserve!"

Behind him, a standard bearer lifted up a banner embroidered with the royal fleur-de-lys of France. The King of the Jacques shouted the royal war cry: "*Mont-joye!*" The rabble reiterated it enthusiastically, as though it were a warrant for their presumptuously daring deeds: "*Mont-joye! Mont-joye!*"

Those squalidly haggard wretches of Ornière-la-Haye could scarcely credit what they saw and heard. Crushed for so many centuries under so cruel an oppression, it was unthinkable to them—for all the bitter hatred accumulated in their hearts—that mere peasants such as they should make an end of *seigneurs* and demolish castles. They shuffled and whispered to one another uneasily. Vivid in their minds was the ever-ready gibbet of their lord and his ruthlessly exercised right of high and low justice. Vivid to them were his men at arms, invulnerably riding down their unweaponed impotence.

Suddenly Gilles sprang from their midst.

"*Vilains!*" he cried passionately. "Do ye not hear? The peasants of the realm make an end of their lords! Have we not also a *seigneur* of whom we would be well rid?"

His voice, vibrant with hate, startled them from their stupor, electrified them to a suddenly fierce collective consciousness of this unique opportunity.

"Aye! Aye! Finish with the lords! Finish with the lords who devour us! Finish with the lords who feast with brigands!"

Gilles advanced to the tall horseman.

"*Messire le roi des Jacques!*" he said. "Leader of this village am I. I pledge these honest peasants to follow thee in life and death and in all things not contrary to our allegiance to our good King Jehan!"

The rabble shouted deafeningly, wildly welcoming these new recruits: "*Vivent les Jacques! Vivent les Jacques! Mort aux seigneurs!*"

The King of the Jacques smiled, reached down his hand.

"*Tape, bon amy!* Fealty do we swear together, each to all and all to each." Gilles clasped hands with him in that pledge. "And now, what of this *seigneur* of whom ye would be rid?"

They all shouted again in that frenzy, in that incredible glimpse of vengeance and freedom, eagerly offering to guide these deliverers to the château of Givécourt.

Like a dream in delirium was that capture and pillage of the château of Givécourt. The swarming rabble had been possessed by a collective madness which blurred perception of their own peril. Even when the drawbridge had been lowered and the men at arms had galloped out upon them, they had stood firm, vociferating "*Mont-joye! Mont-joye!*" flourishing their poor weapons. The riders had only momentarily hewed among the mass, when—their horses hamstrung—they had disappeared in the surging flood of ferocious humanity. Gorily decapitated heads had been tossed aloft. Then the Jacques had rushed over the drawbridge just as it began to lift. Close to the King of the Jacques, brandishing his great sword, Gilles had been at the head of that torrent, his friend Alain Mortehaie at his side.

In an instant the courtyards had been filled with the hideously screaming mob, blind to everything save its lust to destroy. They had raced swarmingly toward the central donjon whither the inhabitants of the castle had fled.

Nothing could resist them.

Gilles shouted as he sprang through the splintered doorway: "Jehanne! Jehanne!"

They were in the great hall, its stone walls hung with shields and trophies of the chase. A number of servants, who to the last moment had thrown all their weight against the door, now fled shrieking from their irruption. Gilles seized one of them, clutched him by the throat.

"Where is Jehanne? Jehanne from Ornière, *tu sais!*"

The man choked. Gilles relaxed his fingers so the knave could answer stranglingly.

"Jehanne? The *seigneur* took her to Compiègne, *messire*, where still he is."

In rage and despair, Gilles tightened his grip until the man collapsed limp and lifeless. Horrors were being enacted around him, horrors in which he participated with an insane fury. Fled to the end of the hall, the noble ladies of the château shrieked in the midst of these uncouth, scarcely human brutes, mauling them with toil-roughened hands, laughing bestially. The flames which at last consumed the château were merciful.

Alain Mortehaie had been slain. The villagers of Ornière-la-Haye no longer held together, had lost their local identity in these tumultuous thousands. Insecurely bestriding a horse, Gilles Pruneau rode with strangers in the mounted bodyguard of the King of the Jacques, at the head of that wild army streaming along the rutted road, leaving behind them yet another castle in smoke and flame, its courts and chambers strewn with yet more corpses hacked and mutilated. In these few days their numbers had immensely increased. Already they had burned more than forty

(Continued on Page 108)

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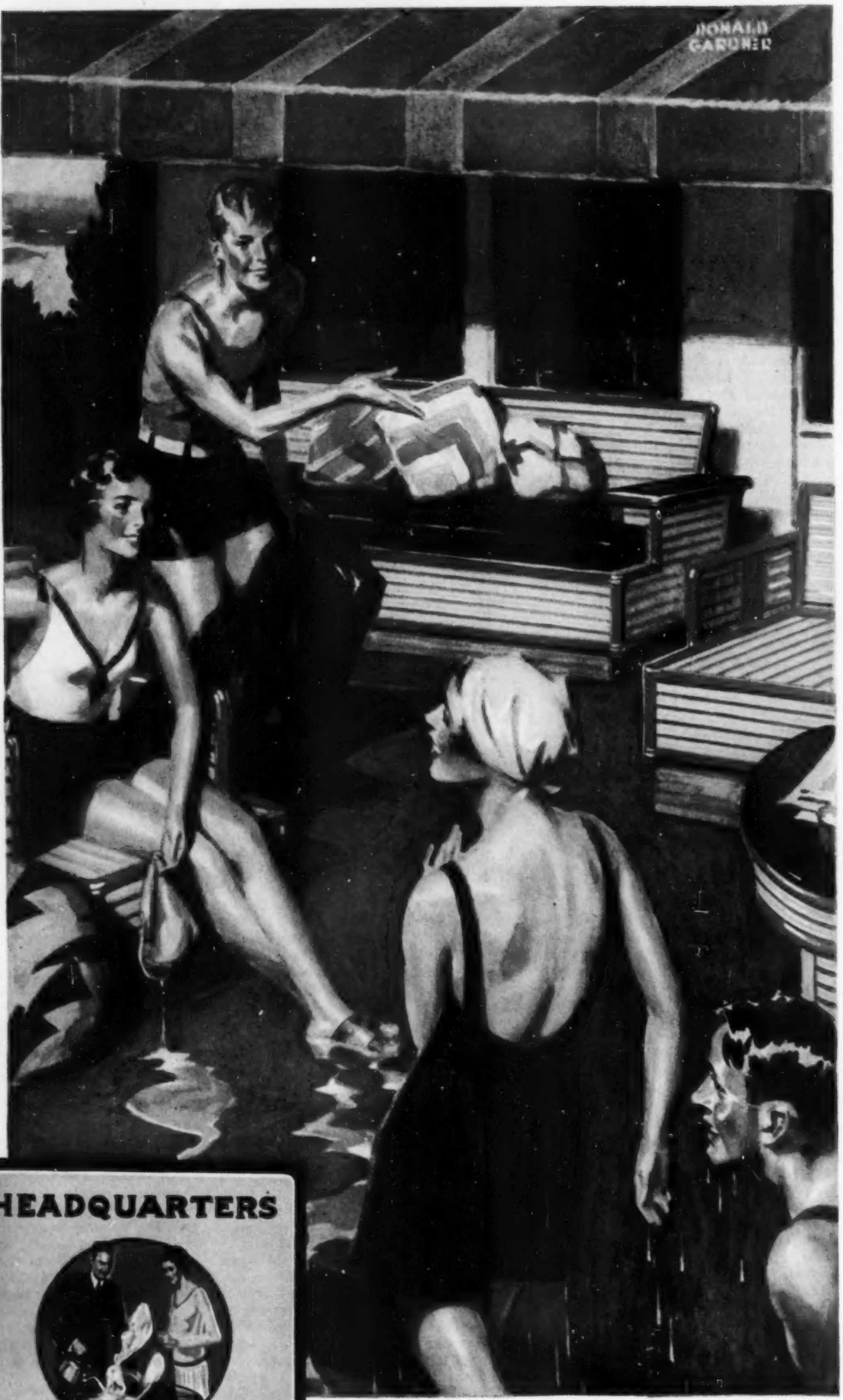

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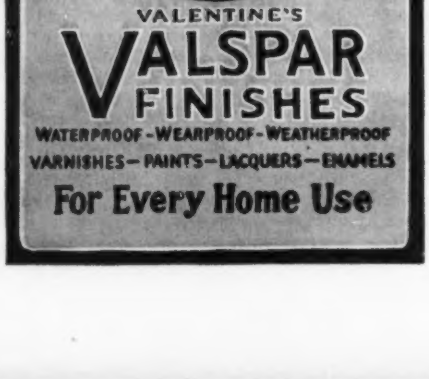
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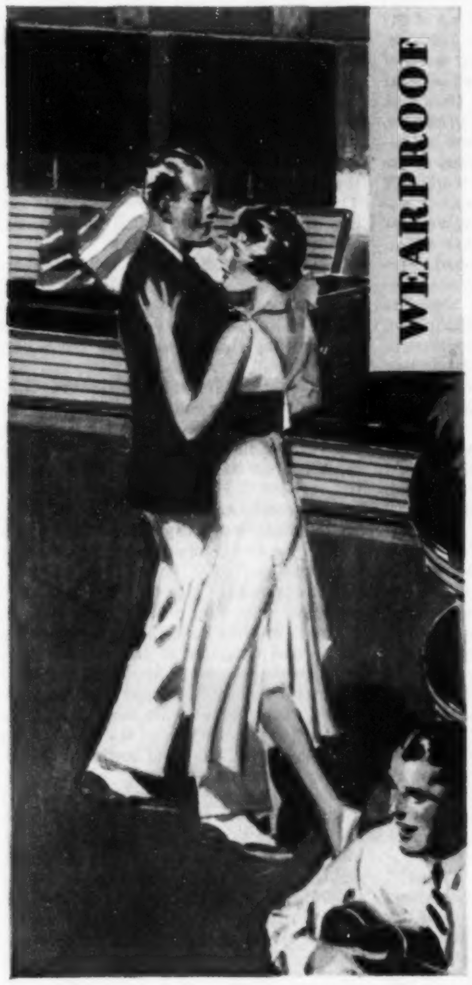

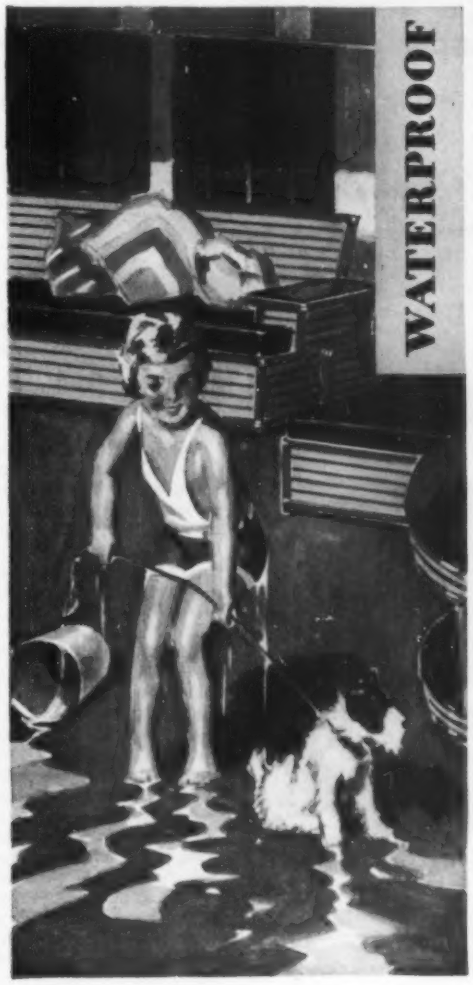

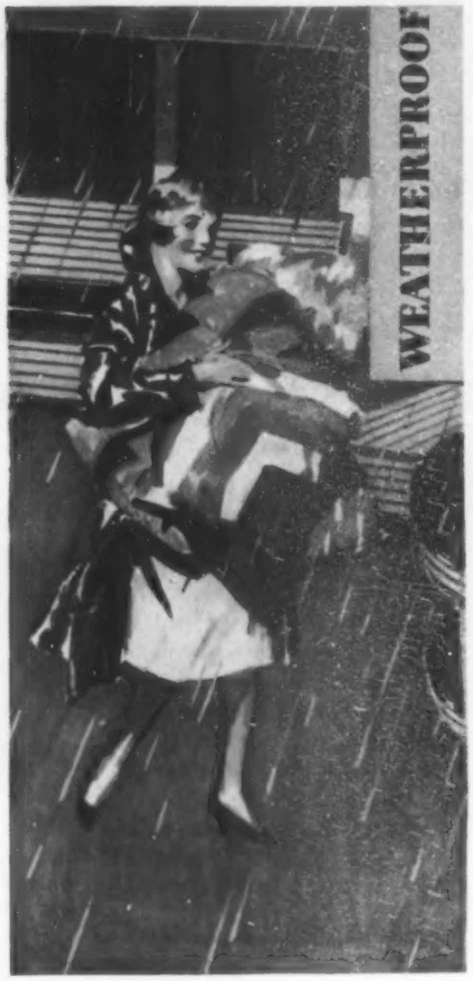

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(Continued from Page 105)

castles and manor houses. They had committed outrages of fiendish atrocity. Guillaume Calle had forced persons of superior status to join them, had appointed them as leaders, bidding them restrain these wanton excesses. It was impossible. No authority availed in that appalling explosion of hate accumulated through so many centuries of intolerable wrong. Ecstatically, in a mass madness where they were no longer individuals capable of pity, these who had been treated as less than men now retaliated the countless cruelties they themselves had suffered. Root and branch, the entire race of nobles was to be destroyed.

They met with less and less resistance. Everywhere the chatelains were fleeing with their wives and families to take refuge in the walled cities. Intoxicatingly, to this simple and ignorant folk, it seemed that all was theirs. There would be no more lords, no more *dîmes* and *tailles* and *corvées*. Their fields would be their own, and the fruits thereof. The wildest rumors, false or partly true, flew from mouth to mouth, maintaining their excitement. The young King of Navarre, pretender to the throne of France, who had ever a kind word for poor people, was coming to put himself at their head. The burgesses of Paris, in open revolt against the Dauphin and the *seigneurs*, were marching to join them. Could one doubt that a new era had begun?

Gilles was grimly silent amid that rejoicing as he rode close behind the King of the Jacques. Ever since they had been repulsed from the burgess-defended walls of Compiègne, shielding that accursed *seigneur* from his avenging fury, barring from him that fond mate he loved with a primitive, inarticulate intensity, he had been solitarily somber in an atrocious despair, a bitterly implacable hatred of all the world. Of what use to him was this triumph of the Jacques, since irrevocably Jehanne was lost to him? Never would he see her again. For—he perceived it in a disillusioned clear-sightedness denied to this delirious rabble—not so easily would the *seigneurs* abandon all to this horde of undisciplined *vilains*. Soon would they gather together in their mailed squadrons, ride irresistibly upon them, exacting terrible vengeance. Few would be those who would escape when that day came.

For himself, he cared not for such escape. Only he craved to harm these accursed nobles as much as he might before the end. He was in the forefront of every attack, had made himself conspicuous by his cold-blooded ferocity, sparing none of the castle dwellers, though they clung to him beseeching mercy. Ever he asked their names before he dispatched them. He was obsessed by a fierce lust that there might fall into his hands one of the brood of the *seigneur* of Givécourt, preferably a noble dame of that house, so that scores might be exactly equal between them. For that miracle had he indeed made naïvely superstitious vows in a wayside chapel, offering all that he might gain of loot to the Virgin compassionately regarding him with the Child in her arms. "Grant me but that mercy, *nostre très sainte dame des pleurs*," he had cried, seeing no incongruity in his supplication, "so that Jehanne be well avenged!"

Now, as he rode he listened to the scraps he could overhear of the conversation between the leaders just in front of him. The King of the Jacques talked with Messire Jehan Rose, a wealthy free peasant he had forced to become his second in command.

"Evil is this tidings that the Jacques have slain the Sieur de Picquigny," he said. "I fear me much the King of Navarre will turn against us, for great friend is he to all of that family. And without Navarre may we hardly stand against the *seigneurs* riding now from Flanders to help these of France. . . . *Holà!* What is this?" He reined up.

From a bush at the roadside arose a young, beautiful and evidently noble lady, a child in her arms. She stood proudly and defiantly, while the Jacques tumultuously bunched themselves in the sudden halt.

"What do ye here?" demanded Guillaume Calle harshly. "Unsafe are the roads for castle dames!"

"My valets fled, abandoning me at thy approach, *sire vilain!*" she replied, haughtily thou-ing him as an inferior. "Now am I at thy mercy. Kill me quickly and torture not my babe, if thou hast babe at home. That is all the grace I ask of thee!"

The undisciplined rabble shouted and howled as they crowded up, screaming, "No mercy for castle dames! Do to her what was done to our women! *Mort à noblesse! Mort à noblesse!*"

The King of the Jacques reared his horse round, cleared a space with violent oaths. "*Pardieu*, would ye hang, *vauriens?* Get back from me, or I string up the one who obeys not!" They shrank from him, cowed by his fiercely dominant personality. He turned again to the lady. "How are ye named?" he asked, still harshly.

"Yvonne am I named, wife of the very noble *seigneur*, the Comte de Malestaing, daughter of the very noble *seigneur*, the Comte de Givécourt," she answered arrogantly, her head high. "Both will avenge me!"

Gilles heard those words with a shock. The daughter of the Comte de Givécourt, his *seigneur!* He pressed his horse forward, gazed at her as she stood in defiant high-bred loveliness. Yes, it was the Demoiselle Yvonne! He had seen her more than once from afar as she had ridden through the village, falcon on wrist. He remembered his fervid vows in the little chapel. Was this, miraculously, the answer to them? The Virgin grant that she be delivered now into his hands!

A fiercely consuming flame, drying his throat, was that lust of vengeance which leaped up in him. Almost he called out to the King of the Jacques, but dared not. The redoubtable Guillaume Calle was not one to be interrupted in his meditations, and he meditated visibly now.

"Is there a convent in the neighborhood?" he demanded of the Dame Yvonne.

"Yes, *sire vilain*," she replied. "The Abbaye des Rochers, in the forest. Even was I journeying thither when my scoundrels forsook me."

"They shall hang an I catch them. Now will I give ye safe conduct to that sanctuary," he said unexpectedly. "Even such a babe as that have I left at home. And pray the Virgin for us that we poor *vilains* come to good end." He turned, perceived Gilles in the forefront. "Thou, Gilles Pruneau, set this dame upon thy horse. Take half a dozen men and conduct her safely whither she would go!"

Gilles gasped. His wits reeled at the miracle. The Virgin had answered his prayer! Into his hands she was delivering this proud daughter of the *seigneur* who had stolen Jehanne. Ah, *Sainte Vierge!* All that he had of life would he dedicate to her in gratitude for this vengeance! He hardly heard the words of the King of the Jacques, giving him final instructions, detailing his half dozen men.

Dismounted from his horse, he assisted the young dame into the saddle, handed the child up to her. She smiled down to him with the infant in her arms, and it seemed to him, in an odd little flash of superstition, that it might have been the Holy Virgin herself who smiled, so beautiful was she, so serene in that nobility immeasurably above his peasant squalor. He reminded himself that it was not so. This was the daughter of the lord of Givécourt—in his power!

Leading the horse by the bridle, he turned from the road, the half dozen shaggy Jacques behind him, set off by the track through the forest she indicated.

For some time they proceeded in silence. The Dame Yvonne evidently disdained to exchange words with these *vilains*. He knew not what to say to her. He trembled in all his limbs, as though in an ague. Presently—presently would he exact his vengeance! If only that accursed Seigneur de

(Continued on Page 111)

THE ELGIN Parisienne

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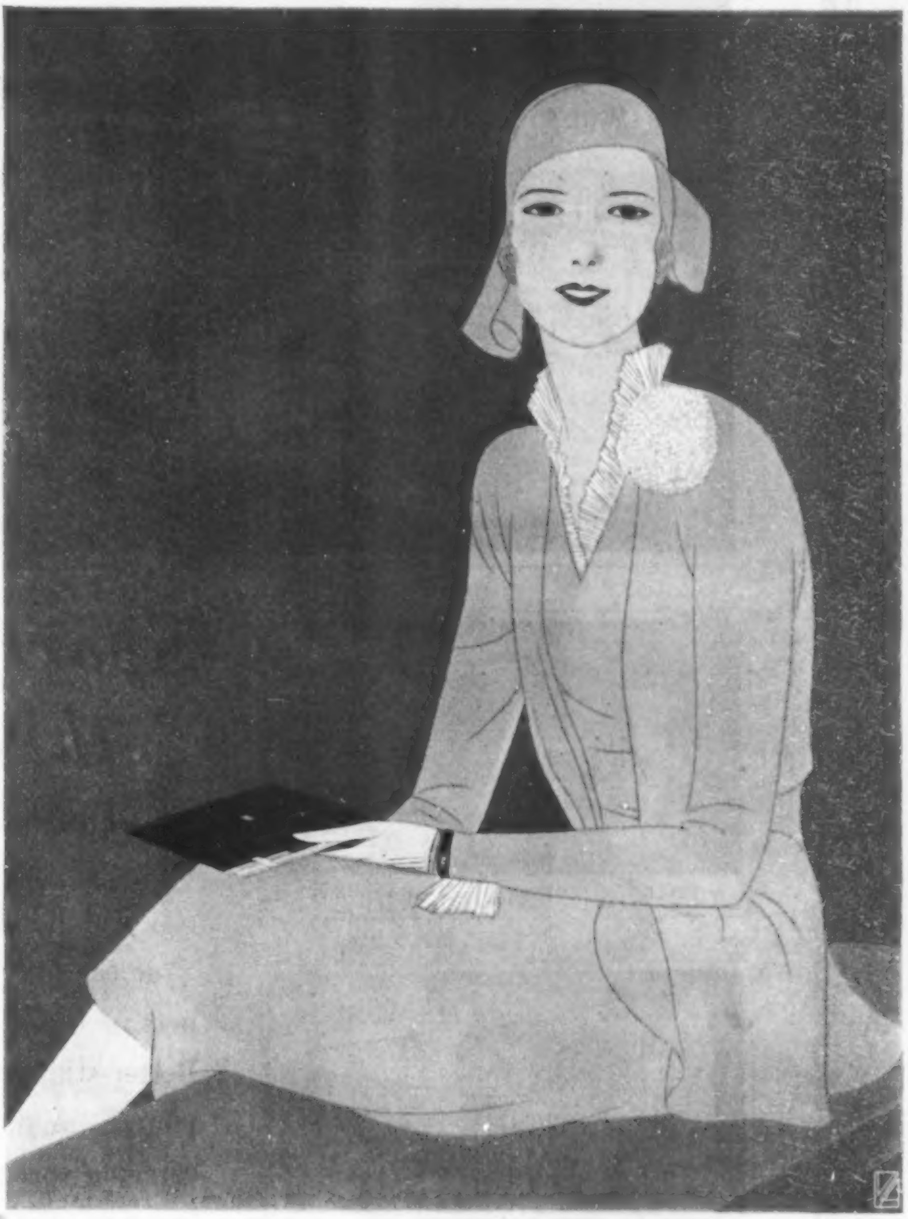

MARILYN MILLER

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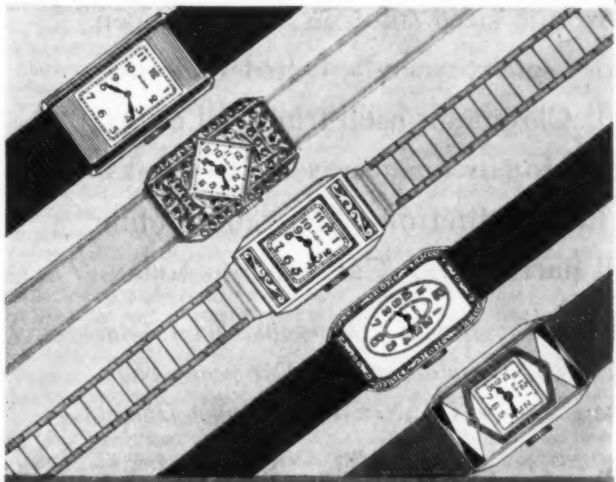

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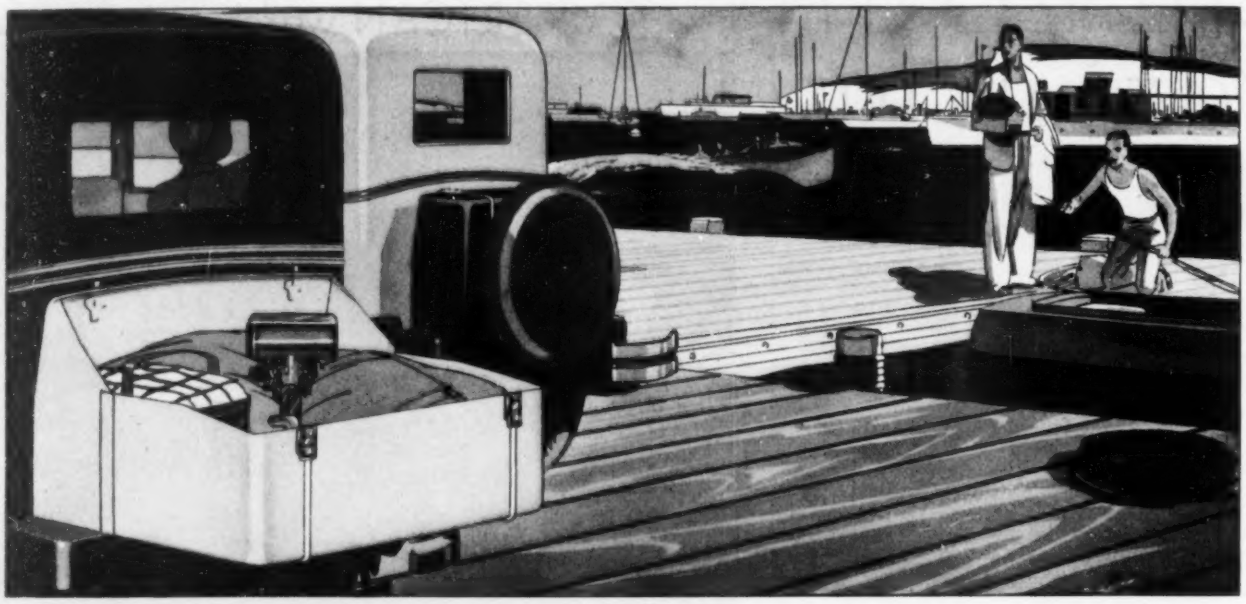

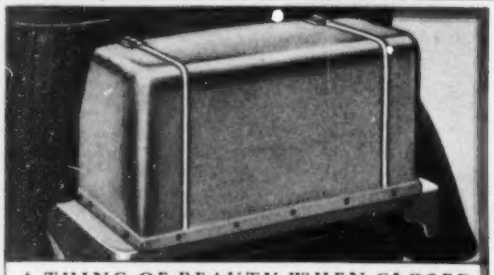

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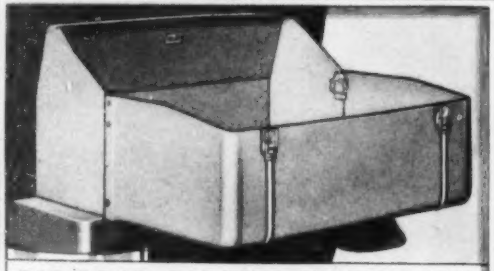

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KARI-KEEN

(Continued from Page 108)

Givécourt could know! The trees became thicker overhead, the path darker. Soon would there be solitude enough.

The peasants with him began to grumble at this duty which took them away from possible plunder to be obtained with the main body. He heard them muttering behind him. "*Finissons avecque c'tt' maudite chastelaine et son marmot! Avecque nos femmes ilsz ne font pas tant de façons!*"

"With our women ——" Gilles shivered feverishly, the thought of Jehanne suddenly vivid to him, a poignant anguish through his savagely implacable determination.

She leaned from the saddle, the babe against her richly silken robe, spoke pleasantly, "Believest thou in God, *vilain?*"

He glanced up to her, startled. *Dame!* If he believed in God!

"And in the Holy Virgin also, *belle dame!*" he added, more respectfully than he had meant, so strong was habit toward these nobles. Was it not the Holy Virgin, *nostre sainte dame des pleurs*, who had, in answer to his prayers, delivered her into his hands!

"When I heard the Jacques coming I prayed to God, *vilain*," she continued, "that He should work a miracle and deliver me and my babe. And behold, we are delivered. Richly shall ye be rewarded—thou and thy companions, *vilain*."

Uncomfortably, he answered nothing. His jaw set as he heard the *vilains* behind him mutteringly encouraging one another to violence, commenting greedily on the pearls which embroidered her robe. He, Gilles Pruneau, commanded this party. *De par le bon Dieu!* Nothing should happen till he gave the word. This was his prey! He remembered gratefully that he had pillaged a good heavy sword, the sword of a knight, from that last castle.

She leaned again from the saddle. Disconcertingly, disturbingly, did she resemble the Holy Virgin with that babe in her arms, a resemblance heightened to him by her rich dress.

"Dost believe in miracles also, *vilain?*" she asked.

He choked. Aye, he believed in miracles! Was not this being together itself a miracle? This latter phrase he did not utter, though the words leaped in him, with the fierce addition that now could he fittingly repay her accursed father who had rapt from him his woman, his wife before God!

"If thou hast anything thou desirest, *vilain*, pray for it, and it shall be granted thee." Her voice was very sweet and gracious. "Yea, though it be a miracle; so great is the mercy of God!"

He found his voice after an effort, "But one thing is there that I might pray for, lady; and that indeed would be a miracle."

"What is that?" she asked.

"That my wife should be given back to me, safe and unharmed." He ejaculated the words harshly.

She turned benignly compassionate eyes on him.

"What has happed to thy wife, *vilain?*"

Should he tell her now? Oddly, he could not bring himself to it.

Presently: "A *seigneur* ravished her from me, *belle dame*." He clenched his fist as he spoke. Could it be that this divinely compassionate creature was the daughter of that tyrannical *seigneur?* Yes, verily, and the Virgin had delivered her into his hands that he might wreak vengeance.

"Even that may be wrought, that she be restored to thee safe and unharmed, if thou hast faith enough, *sire vilain*," she said. "Thou must pray for it." She put her hand to the rein of the horse he led, checked it. "Kneel down and pray, *vilain*. Pray to the Holy Virgin that this miracle be performed." She slid from the saddle, her infant still in her arms. "I will kneel and pray with thee."

Utterly disconcerted, he saw this noble lady kneel down and pray on his behalf, a mere *vilain*. He could not help but follow her example, with a glare of menace at the Jacques, who scowled murderously, bunched together in an ominous whispering. He knelt beside her.

"Say it with me, *vilain*, putting all evil thoughts from thy heart." She held the babe in the crook of her arm, put her white palms together. It was as though the Holy Virgin herself prayed with him. "*Très sainte, très compatissante, très puissante Vierge* ——"

He spoke the words after her. It seemed to him as he prayed that such a miracle was indeed possible, that by the marvelous power of that Virgin of Tears, who had already so wondrously shown her puissance, his Jehanne might be restored to him, safe and unharmed. Fervently, in his simple peasant piety, he prayed for it, putting—as she had bidden him—all evil thoughts from his heart. "Now a paternoster, *vilain*." He repeated after her the Latin words: "*Pater noster qui es in cœlis: Sanctificetur nomen tuum . . . Et ne nos inducas in tentationem. Sed libera nos a malo. Amen.*"

She rose, smiled at him as though a divinity were indeed in her, sacredly untouchable by his profane, rough hands.

"Now, surely, *vilain*, will thy miracle be performed for thee. Be of good heart!"

Scarcely was he again on his feet beside her when the Jacques rushed at them.

"*Assez de c'tt' asnerie!* Ours is this castle woman!"

In the instant he had thrust her behind him so that with her child she backed against a tree, had drawn his newly acquired sword. He faced these ferocious squalid wretches.

"Stand off, *les gars!* In my guard is this dame. Safely shall she be brought into sanctuary, for so have I sworn to the Virgin!"

They laughed in derision, cursed him with foul-mouthed oaths, rushed again. Not for nothing had he been a smith. He swung that knightly two-handled sword, sent one reeling with a gashed skull, another headlong. The other four hesitated. Of little avail against his weapon were their iron-shod staves, the long knives at their belts.

"Begone!" he cried to them. "Begone, lest worse befall ye! Under the protection of the Virgin is this dame and her babe, ne may any touch her and live!"

With an oath, one of them whipped out his knife, hurled it in a streaking flash. It caught him in the left shoulder. In another flash his sword swept down as he leaped forward, cleft the man to the neck. The others fled.

He plucked the knife from his shoulder, turned to that dame. The horse had remained quietly browsing.

"Fair lady," he said, "may it please you to mount the horse. Now may we in safety go to the sanctuary."

"But thou art wounded, *sire vilain!*" She insisted on binding his wound with a strip from her own robe.

Then, her infant in her arms, she rode again on the horse he led by the bridle. He wondered, in naïve faith, when this other miracle would happen. Presently he would go to Compiègne, its gates now probably open, since the Jacques had marched away. Doubtless the Holy Virgin would lead him straight to the house where their *seigneur* held Jehanne in captivity.

They came in sight of the clustered great buildings of the Abbaye des Rochers. Ere they reached it, on a forest track appeared a company of mailed and helmeted *seigneurs*, riding at the head of their men at arms. The dame cried out, waved her hand in eager joy.

The next moment they were surrounded by them. One of the *seigneurs* drew his sword to cut him down. "*Mort aux Jacques!*" he shouted ferociously.

"No, no!" she interposed. "Valiantly has the *vilain* saved me! Give him rather a purse for his fealty!"

The *seigneur* laughed.

"A rope for the hanging of them all were more fitting, *ma mye!*" he said. "But thy feal knight may deny thee nothing." He picked a purse from his saddlebag, threw it to the *vilain*. "Greatly we feared that we should be too late to save thee from these

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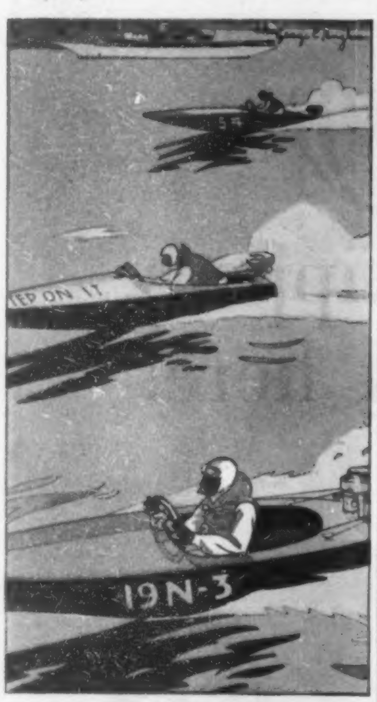

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scoundrels. Then nevermore in tourney would I have worn lady's favor! Now blithely shall I joust with these Flemish knights that have ridden hither to make proof of chivalry. Thy husband himself shall be forced to avow that his fair Elaine equals not thee in beauty!"

He laughed, caught at the bridle of her horse, set his own to a trot.

The dame looked over her shoulder.

"God be with thee, *vilain!*" she called to him. "And may thy miracle be vouchsafed thee!"

They cantered away, vanished around a clump of trees.

He stood bewildered. Obscurely he wondered whether she were in fact a mortal dame or the Virgin herself, taking on human semblance.

The wound in his shoulder was deep. It hurt him atrociously. He felt faint and dizzy with the loss of blood. Never could he rejoin the now distant army of the Jacques without first having assistance. The Abbey of Les Rochers was close. Haply the *réligieuses* would take pity on him.

He staggered to it, knocked at the great gate. After much parley through the barred grille it was opened to him.

In the immense outer courtyard was camped a horde of women refugees, being fed now by servants of the abbey. As the porter led him across, one of those girl servants turned to glance at him. She uttered a loud cry, rushed toward him: "Gilles! Gilles!"

It was—incredibly—Jehanne! Jehanne! He swooned in her arms. The miracle!

Not until his wound had been dressed and he lay faint but revived on a pallet in one of the outbuildings did he hear Jehanne's story of how she had been taken in the train of their *seigneur* to Compiègne, how on the way she had slipped from the saddle of the servant who had her behind him, had hidden herself in the forest, had wandered to this abbey, where safely she had remained as a servant, praying ever for him.

Two weeks later the old abbess came to see him and other sick persons. She was a saintly woman, and shrewd, as became one whose duty was to play the part of Martha also. The abbey had lost more than half its serfs in the revolt.

"*Sire vilain,*" she said to him, "the Jacques are everywhere flying and being cut to pieces by their *seigneurs*. Surely wilt thou be hanged if thou returnest to thy fief. An thou carest to vow thyself as a serf to Holy Church, mayest thou dwell with thy wife on these rich lands of our abbey."

He stared at her. Was this all their fierce revolt was to bring them, that—losing his meager but precious rights of villenage—he should now be a mere ecclesiastical serf, "*taillable et corvéable à merci*"? Bitter was the thought to him. Yet surely would he be hanged if he returned to Ornière-la-Haye.

He accepted. There was nothing else for him to do. Poor folk must live as best they can.

Jehanne put her arms round him.

"Surely was that the Virgin herself who appeared to thee, Gilles. Be of good cheer. She has us in her protection. Who knows but that one day she may work another miracle for thee? Who knows but that one day we may be free, ourselves and our children, forever? And now have we each other!"

It was as the abbess had said. On the tenth of June, the army of Guillaume Calle had been annihilated by the *seigneurs* under the King of Navarre, after the King of the Jacques had treacherously been taken prisoner. From Flanders, from all parts of France, the *seigneurs* had ridden to the help of their caste, lest *gentillesse* be brought to nought in the realm. Everywhere the Jacques were hunted down and destroyed like wild beasts. In one place, three hundred were burned in a barn. In another, six hundred were hanged. The *seigneurs*, from merely oppressing their *vilains*, seemed now furiously determined to exterminate them. In the next few weeks more than twenty thousand were slain in a frenzy of vengeance which took no heed whether they were innocent or guilty. The Dauphin, regent of the realm on behalf of his captive father, had at last sternly to intervene lest no peasants be left to raise the crops.

So ended that fearsome Jacquerie, immortal in the vivid but inaccurate and partisan pages of Froissart. In the long history of social insurrection it was one of the few entirely spontaneous, not worked up by self-seeking intriguers in higher place, and was more justified than most. It had lasted in all but three weeks. Yet it left a memory never to be obliterated in the soul of France, a seed that was persistently to sprout and to come to its full and dreadful growth in the horrors of the peasant rising at the beginning of the French Revolution.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of stories by Mr. Austin. The next will appear in an early issue.

PLUMES

(Continued from Page 9)

necessary. The Bethel boy's mother cooked grits for him sometimes at their shack on Northwest Cape. Charlie Sands, who owned the mackerel boat, had been buying his fish for two years now. He'd often bring him some special canned goods from Key West, or the New York newspapers. He was happy, he assured himself; he would be richly fortunate to live here and die here, in this strange sea country, under the free great winds. His throat thickened a little, knowing what it meant to him. That was exactly how senseless his rage had been. The way of these people must be his way. He could not afford, he should not be able even to experience, any emotion foreign to them. After all, he had been here only three years. If pursuit ever caught up with him and these people chose to give him up, there were ten years of prison still ahead of him. What was a handful of birds, alive or dead, against that grim fact?

Yet now, in the middle of the afternoon, when the mackerel were still running well, he was heading for Shark River and for birds. His emotion had disturbed him to such an extent that he allowed himself now suddenly the trip that he always took—a sort of pilgrimage—at this time of the year. Now that the nesting season was so near, the Shark River rookeries might be filling up with all sorts of birds—the little heron and the great blue heron and the white heron and the Louisiana heron, the ibis and the water turkey and any number of others. It had been, since the first time he had happened on them, a sort of secret festival of his own, just to go and fill his eyes with the sight of wings; his eyes that had never quite lost the memory of whitewashed masonry walls and bars before distant dirty glass. Perhaps he'd even see some egrets, but he turned his mind from the thought of those, frowning. He must not think especially of egrets, or of that rare thousand Two-Gun George had seen, their nuptial plumes glistening in the sun, rising and falling in the silent country near Cocos. Not for anything in the world would he acknowledge to himself even that in his first rage at the idea that these last of the long whites were to be exterminated it had flashed over him that it was up to him to go up to Miami and pass the word to the game warden. It would have been an absolute betrayal of confidence. He would be here still, wouldn't he, and the sea and the sun and the quiet-spoken people whom he liked, who asked no questions, if every last egret in the world were obliterated from the memory of man? Well, then.

Up the Shark River he chugged absently by the house boat lying at Tarpon Bend, showing only a slow arm in acknowledgment of a raised hand from a lower deck. Big bugs from Washington were nothing to him unless they filled the upper reaches of the river with a clamor of outboard motors and exclamations. His small gray boat churned at the clear water stained brownish with mangrove roots between the narrowing and widening walls of mangrove, its surface all a-leap with fish.

Kingfishers clucked and darted across river before his absent eyes. A few red-winged blackbirds ker-lonk-a-lee'd from the low bushes. A phœbe or two caught his eye casually, and the little myrtle warblers, scurrying along the lower branches. But these were not the birds he had come to see. He hardly turned his head toward the coot and teal, in increasing numbers up every little wandering tributary, that, as the sound of his boat passed, scuttered up from the water like an alleyful of tricycles. His mind lingered a little on the house boat he had passed, for all his real unconcern. Once, a lifetime ago, he had been a guest on a house boat like that. What an extraordinary way of life that had been, he thought, looking down at his scarred and dirty hands.

He remembered, as if he had read about them, his emotions of that time. It had not seemed like the high tide of his ambition then. It had felt only like the first wave of his success. He was to have gone on from there, making money, marrying a beautiful wife, owning house boats like that, railroads, cars, becoming a figure in a world not then quite attained, now as distant as a dream. He had been young. That was a strange, unreal thing too. How had it happened that he had made that one unbelievable, irremediable gesture? How could it possibly have happened that one easy mistake could have changed everything? Was he really a criminal through and through, predestined to theft, or had it been only one of those curious and wandering impulses which must come to all men, but which surely are not always followed so promptly with an avalanche of disaster? He felt only a sort of chronic nausea that he could have been so stupid.

He could see his own mind then, as objective as if it had been the mind of someone else, his thoughts as strange to him now as the motions of his hand, transferring hundred-dollar bills from the cash drawer to his hand bag. What an extraordinary thing to have done! He had thought he would pay it back to the bank within the month. To think of letting oneself be tricked by that ancient illusion. There were hundreds of men still in prison who had been as blind, as weak, as stupid.

Still, in prison —— He took a sharp breath and stared about him suddenly at the low mangrove tops, dull green against the piercingly lovely blue, at the clear quiet water, the brown water, that was his roadway now. All that other life, his own curious acts, were dimmed for him by the sour reality of prison. But how was it possible that he was not there now? That was the unescapable reality. And yet he had escaped. He was not poring over a ragged atlas in the prison library, where a few hours a week he pasted torn pages and gave out love stories to trusties. He was not staring and staring at faint marks on a page that indicated vaguely this remote and unknown coast. He was here, breathing the perfect softness of the air, burned with its sun, as if by some blinding trick of chance he had been let off with a blessing. If he had planned his life with half, with the smallest fraction of the intensity with which he had thought of escape, with the wit and courage and passion with which he had seized the merest hint of chance for a

(Continued on Page 114)

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(Continued from Page 112)

get-away, he would be now—he would be now ——

He could imagine nothing that he would be now, except himself—this self that had taken the name John Pinder. The way he had come was so plain behind him that he had given up long since thinking what he might have been. He was humbly grateful for this. The fears in the night, the watchfulness, the isolation were not much of a price to pay for what he had here. He wondered sometimes if he would not have to pay more, to pay adequately, for this beatitude.

Ah! There, high up, far over the distant tree tops, where the river receded straightly before him, there were the first small white-flashing specks that were birds. The sun lay westering behind him, so that his shadow reached forward on his gray deckhouse and he stared with the curious catch of breath that the first view of those rising birds always brought him. His face, raised to them, his reaching look, was drained of everything but a kind of clear happiness. There were the birds.

As if the sight of those first white flecks had been the signal, from the right came suddenly, high overhead, a great, widening fan of white birds and of blue birds, a great pouring sheet of herons, the rustling of whose wings high over his upturned face was the rustling of a great sheet of silk. They had risen, they had lifted, they had passed overhead, bright and unbelievable in the sun, and it was as if his heart had been squeezed suddenly with delight. He breathed again deeply as they disappeared, settling far to the left. After them, as his boat proceeded forward at low speed, guided by his unconscious knee at the tiller, streamed the brilliant squadrons of the air.

They lifted, far away, from unseen tree tops, with the restlessness of before sundown; they sprang upward from close at hand, bright explosions of thousands upon thousands of wings. They crossed and recrossed above the pathway of the river, soaring drifts of birds, bursts and festoons and mile-long fluttering ribbons of birds; birds in blowing streamers, in ordered ranks, in far-spaced floods. Their whiteness as they turned and flashed against the blue, against the sunlight, was the whiteness of white petals, of new snow, of white foam bursting from a riven sapphire sea. The blue of the herons' long bodies was the blue of steel and of the horizon. The blue flashed and became white. The white turned, in one wheeling turn of thousands of identical wings, and became blue, became dark, became shadow feathered against the sky. And in the sky still the only clouds were distant wings. Far off and continually there were wings, the swift and airy deliberation of uncounted wings, in a fine world of air, inviolate and unstained.

There were a few egrets among them. The watcher from the boat noted them with a twinge of uneasiness over the clear delight of his heart. They flew singly and level and immaculately white, a little aloof from the others, the great beak straight, the feet tucked together straightly behind, only the dazzling white wing spread oaring into the air.

He tried to forget them, naming over the names of the others with the recurrent pleasure of recognition—names he had learned painfully, here and there, from men who had known. He told over the list of herons—the little blue herons, and the white herons in their thousands, the green heron, and Ward's heron, and the black-crowned night heron, and the graceful thing they called the lady of the waters. He greeted the stately, fine craft of the ibises—the white ibis and the black-and-white wood ibis, trailing their long legs, and the water turkey, and with each recognition his delight was a rare thing in him.

Presently, beyond the amazement of the wings, the sky was stained violet and an enormous pale moon whose shadows brimmed with soft violet rose and hung in it, and the last of the white birds sprayed against it, moving overhead.

The birds were almost all settled now, so he turned his boat back reluctantly. He could see the nearer flocks against the darkness of the trees, a close-set whiteness. To the west the sky burned its immense crucible of raw bronze and vermilion. The very air was stained a fine rose gilt. The boat moved downstream and the night flowed a softer and darker river behind it, and the moon moved higher, reddening in the dark. When the silent man had gone for half an hour, with no thought in his head but a lightened and happy musing, he turned and saw the river ebony behind him and the long, polished grooves of his wake brimming with the silver of the moon. The stars were there suddenly, swarming where the birds had been.

The brightly lighted house boat was garish and uncomfortable to him in the breathing, airy dark. He looked at it slowly, with eyes that gathered their memories back. He was going farther down the river to tie up to a bank he knew, build a fire, eat and sleep. This house boat, and the people on it, were nothing to him.

Two figures of men at the upper rail, dark in the darkness, moved as if they looked at him, and within the cabin a woman's voice sang crooningly a song he had known. His hand, even as he stared gravely, jerked at the tiller. With no conscious thought except that this was the one thing in the world he must not do, he was running alongside, flinging a rope to be caught on the lower deck. He was over the rail, running on desperate, silent feet up the stairs to the deck above. His glance, as he stood there, met instantly those of the two men watching him. They were smoking cigars and made no motion, except that alert turning of their eyes.

"Look," he was saying to them, in a harsh, forced murmur—"look. Doesn't anybody on board here care anything about birds?"

The shorter of the two men squared about his square shoulders. "I do," he said, with something of the other's abruptness. "What's wrong?"

John Pinder hesitated then. He must not do this. He could still keep his teeth locked. He could go back now, quickly, and not say anything at all.

"Egrets," he said, and stood peering at them, panting a little, as if he had run a long way. "There's a thousand egrets coming in up at Cocos. They're being watched. They're going to be shot out."

"How do you know?" There was a sting in the shorter man's voice. He moved slightly forward, and in the light from a stateroom window the man Pinder saw a flare of black eyes in a shut and silent face.

"I know." John Pinder was not panting now. The thing was done. One way or another, his face was set irrevocably on this course. "I was talking to the men who are going up there—to Cocos. The rookery won't be ripe for another three or four weeks. There won't be any long whites left in Florida, more than a few handfuls. And nobody cares."

John Pinder stopped and stared suddenly at the shorter man, because in his face he saw a black flood moving. The tight mouth shut tighter and the nostrils bent. It was rage in that face opposite him—curious, unexpected rage, as his own had been. The short man shook the rail with a heavy fist, turning to the other, who had not spoken.

"For twenty-eight years I've struggled to save those birds," he burst out with difficulty. "For twenty-eight years I've raged up and down this country trying to make the people save for themselves one of the rarest things they've got. I've fought to put the legislation through that put a stop to wearing egret feathers. I've kept wardens on this coast and in the Everglades. I've raised money and I've spent money to keep these birds from being butchered. And after twenty-eight years it's still going on. I tell you, the people don't care. They don't want anything left that is as beautiful as these egrets. All they want is shooting and killing and a handful of money that'll be spent on foolishness the day after tomorrow. I tell you, it makes my blood boil so —— It's enough to make me want to quit everything right now; it's enough to make me sick and sore with regret that I ever lifted a finger."

He was silent abruptly, and John Pinder and the other man, watching him, were silent. The black current alongside whitened with the moon. One of the Negroes in the crew below laughed richly. The stocky man turned and walked down the deck. When he came back his face was still dark with anger, but his voice was quiet.

"Look here," he said. "How'd you know I was here?"

John Pinder spoke slowly. "I didn't. I don't know who you are yet. But I was so angry that I hoped there'd be somebody here who could do something. I don't know what."

"What's your name?"

"John Pinder."

"You're not from around here. You talk different."

"I—no, sir."

"What are these egrets to you?"

"Nothing. What should they be? Only it seems to me a shame to let them be killed. Even if there wasn't any law, I'd hate to hear they were killed."

In the lighted cabin the woman's voice began singing again, to a piano. It was a rich, low, lovely voice. John Pinder kept his eyes on the stocky man's face. Such men as these had once been his friends. Their clipped Northern accents were grateful to him. A light sigh shook him, waiting. What was the use of thinking about that now?

The stocky man looked up at him. "I don't know who you are," he said slowly. "I guess I can find out. But it doesn't matter. Do you think, if I gave you the authority, as I can do—made you an accredited Audubon Society warden—that you could keep those long whites at Cocos from being shot out? There'd be salary and equipment. You'd need somebody to help you. You know what you'd be up against. Will you do it?"

The song went on softly, it seemed to John Pinder, a long time. He could not seem to speak.

"We're leaving here in the morning," the man went on, "or I'd go up there with you. But I'll try to be back in a month. I want those birds protected. They've got to be."

John Pinder said slowly, "I'll do what I can."

There were two things he had to do first, he told himself, eating grits and fish next morning, by his little fire. The first was to go and talk to Two-Gun Johnson. It was the only square thing to do. Then he had to see about getting someone to run supplies for him up to Cocos—perhaps old Luke Thompson. There was no one else that he could think of whom he could depend on. His heavy, unshaven jaw set itself grimly, turning over his engine and shaping his course down the river. There was no use at all now in worrying. His hand was set to this act.

He passed, on his way to the Gulf, the house boat from Tarpon Bend. Men, the stocky man among them, were leaning over the after rail, and they waved at him as he came up and by. He looked at them slowly and at length, lifting a deliberate arm. He had joined himself with them definitely, as if in some hidden way he had never quite left them, criminal and outcast though he knew himself to be. He passed them and did not turn his head. There was never any use in turning back one's glance.

After an hour or two he picked up sight of Two-Gun George Johnson's boat in the morning shine of the broad gulf. The mackerel were running well this morning. Two-Gun looked over at him calmly under the frayed edge of his wide palmetto hat. Two-Gun's grin was always slow and steady. John Pinder stopped his engine a little to windward and let his boat drift nearer.

(Continued on Page 117)

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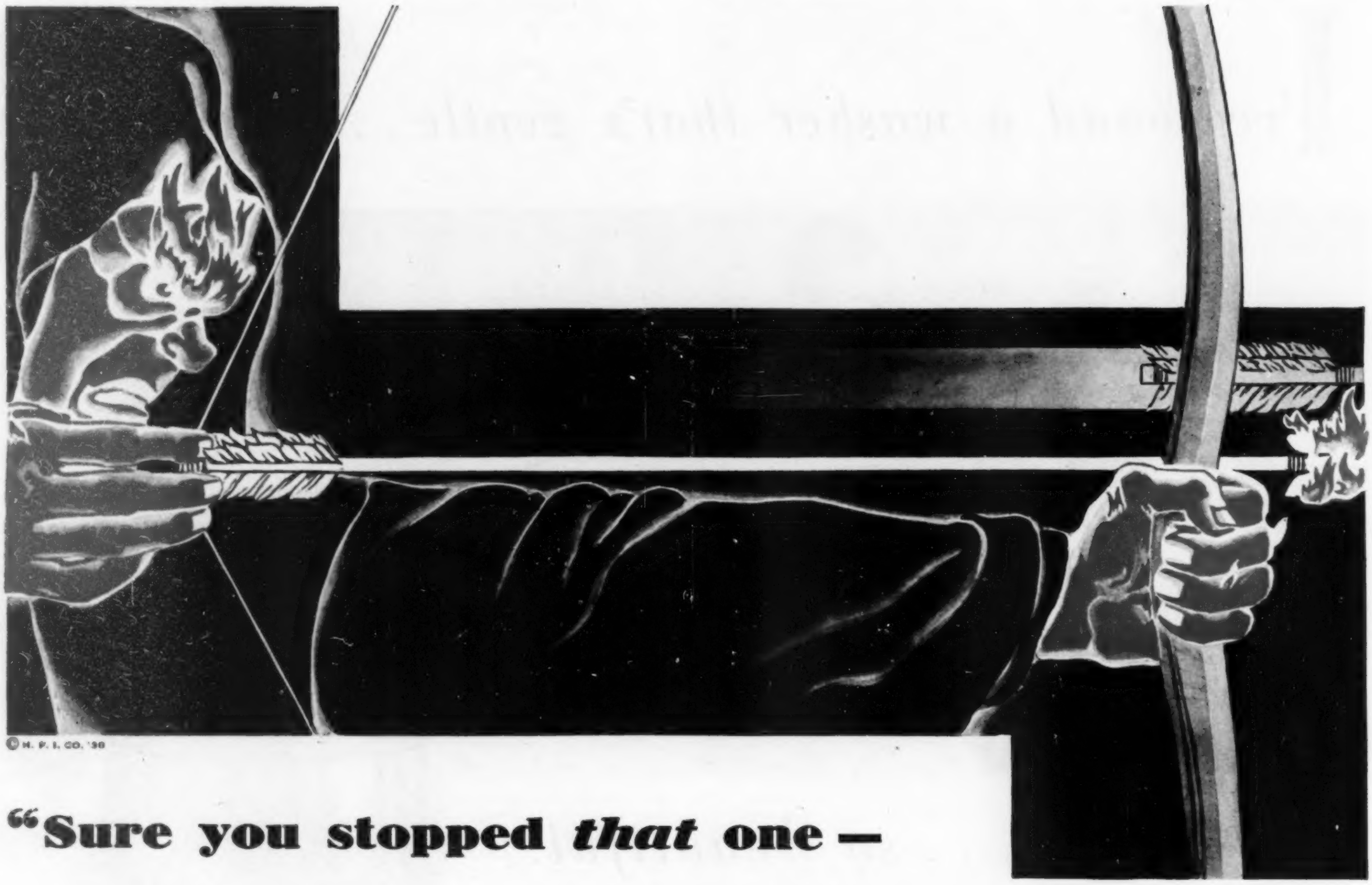

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(Continued from Page 114)

"Hey, Two-Gun!" he hailed. "Want to talk to you!"

Two-Gun stood up in his cockpit and waved him nearer. He was a big man, burned yellow brown, calm, with calm eyes and huge hairy fists resting on hips narrow under the pillowlike diaphragm that swelled over his belt.

"What say?" said Two-Gun.

John Pinder waited while the boat drifted nearer. Two-Gun's youngest boy glanced up at him incuriously, bent over a net. The boats joggled on the dance of the water, and the radiance of the immense sky, dusted over with a thin white haze, seemed to hold them suspended in a flood of absolutely pure light.

"I thought I'd tell you," John Pinder said. "I'm going up to Cocos to take care of that rookery of long whites. I got the regular job to do that from the head guy of the Audubon Society."

Two-Gun's glance was calm upon him. "Mighty obliged for the information," he remarked slowly. "I was watchin' that rookery up there myself. My boy Fred's up there now."

John Pinder's glance was fixed in his. "I heard that," he said. "It's too bad too. But it seems they want to keep that rookery from being shot out. And wood ibises. I understand they don't want any more of that wood ibis up there to be killed and salted for the Key West market. I just thought I'd get you to pass the word along."

"I'll pass it along," Two-Gun said after a pause. "Well, I take it right kindly of you. Funny how news gets around. Somebody must of gone up and told somebody on that house boat some things."

"Yeah," John Pinder said steadily. "Well, I'll be getting up to Cocos in a day or two. Thought I'd just tell you."

"I take it right kindly of you," Two-Gun said again. "You might tell my boy Fred he could come back out."

John Pinder nodded and bent to his engine, but Two-Gun spoke again, very leisurely, seating himself on the gunwale and spitting into the water. "Thought I'd just ask," he said. John Pinder glanced up into Two-Gun's eyes, gone curiously small and heavy, like bullets. "You any kin to Ben Pinder at Islamorada?"

John Pinder shook his head, waiting, breathing very slowly.

"Or any of Bill Pinder's folks, down to Key West?"

He shook his head.

"Just thought I'd ask. I don't know's I been seein' you down the keys or around more'n two-three years."

"I been down three years this time," John Pinder said.

"They was two-three talkin' a while back how there was a man to Key West said he'd seen you some place in the States before."

"I reckon," John Pinder said. "I been all over."

"This feller said he seen your pitcher some place."

John Pinder shook his head. "That wasn't me, then. I never had my picture taken."

"Somebody else, likely. This feller was positive. I'll have to ask him again when I'm in Key West. You goin' up to Cocos, then?"

Two-Gun's youngest boy was listening. John Pinder looked at him and at Two-Gun's placid bulk, and grinned, a little stiffly.

"Yeah," he said. "I promised the man. I'll be up there."

He did not look back at Two-Gun as his boat picked up its steady, thudding progress. His heart expanded a little with excitement. He was glad. It was open battle between him and Two-Gun, he saw clearly enough. Two-Gun had warned him. Well, action was good, after three dreaming years.

He had a little trouble, as he knew he would, convincing old Luke Thompson to help him. He sat on the front steps of his frame and corrugated-iron shack on Northwest Cape and talked him into it. Even then old Luke would not have agreed if it had not been for his daughter, a lanky, straw-colored widow who welcomed the money. Old Luke was uneasy. He said over and over he didn't like to do anything George Johnson would take as unfriendly. A chance like those egrets didn't come any too often nowadays. But the money finally convinced him. It wasn't as if he would do anything actively himself, John Pinder explained. It was just hiring him to run supplies. Old Luke champed his almost-toothless mouth under the pale frazzle of his mustache and flickered his pale eyes.

"He'll get your stuff for you from the railroad," Eva May finally said for him. "He's awful tim'rous, pappy is, befo' anythin' happens. And then it most usually doesn't."

John Pinder strode down the beach, crunching thousands of delicate white shells under each heel, not too satisfied, but lashed now by a vast impatience to be off. Nothing would be right for him, he was certain, but to be settled at Cocos, with Two-Gun's boy warned off, definitely doing his work.

He whistled a little, running along the palm-fringed coast, looking forward along the sea, flashing and brightening its strange green before him. He had never been to Cocos Lake before, but he knew exactly how it lay—at the end of a watercourse that was half narrow tidewater river and half abandoned canal. The entrance to the canal, after three hours of steady going, was marked by crumbling white spoil banks. And within, as he turned his boat's nose up it, away definitely from the gulf, the canal lay straight as a ruler before him, the canal banks narrow on each side. There was just water enough for his shallow-draft boat.

For an hour he ran as straight as an arrow, staring about him with real pleasure at a strange white country; white mud, from which curious whitened dead mangroves emerged, and dull white water, thickened with the calcareous silt. Presently the white country opened out to wide dry sea meadows, with distant islands of palmetto hammocks swimming in the mirage of the white sun.

But beyond that, as the canal turned and straightened again, the delight that the sight of wings always brought him stirred in him suddenly, for on each side of him were vast flats covered with a skin of water so clear that the clouds stood motionless in it, darkened only in great patches of small, feeding water birds. As the throbbing of the boat neared them they skittered and lifted into the air, heeling about in a thousand tiny flashes of white, never quite leaving the teeming fishing grounds, but crying plaintively at the interruption—the thin, reedy crying of thousands of sandpipers and their kind.

Beyond them, in another hour, the canal became only a wandering river among low bush mangroves, which at times seemed to shut him in completely, like a land-locked pond, but always somehow opened out a little to his prodding bow. And in other places there was the canal again, with tall saw grass like wheat on either side, rippling in the steady wind.

It was well after the middle of the afternoon, and he began to be a little concerned about getting to Cocos before dark. As it was, Two-Gun's boy Fred could not leave until next morning, even if he went willingly. And then there was a flash of white to his right. He snatched his gaze from the shallows to stare. They were the egrets.

The nearer ones, disturbed by his boat's noise, had risen nervously, and behind the first a magnificent flock burst whitely into the air from some hidden feeding ground. Their white lifting, their dazzling white suddenness against that sky sent through the watching man that old inexpressible shiver of delight. But this was deeper even than anything he had known. They were his egrets, his own and lonely responsibility. He watched them as long as he could, so glistening white, so remotely lovely, so strange against the sun. There was undoubtedly the glisten of nuptial plumes among them. They would nest very soon.

And there at last was Cocos, beyond a low last swamp of mangrove and wandering channel, a still, bright surface of broad water. He pushed out into it cautiously, after a slow passage of the entrance shallows. He stared about, not denying the thumping of his heart. There was the wide encircling rampart of mangroves; half-dead, white-bleached trees, shattered in some blow; their few leaves faintly green in all that sunny blue and white. Fish jumped and flopped before his slow bow. The lake's expanse was utterly silent except for the sudden, harsh voice of a fish crow overhead. Along one side of the lake he saw the dead trees covered with a rookery of motionless great white-and-black wood ibis, who did not stir from their stick nests and fuzzy-headed young for all his noisy passing.

On a point of land beyond, where the mangroves had been cut back for a footing, was a palmetto shelter and a boat. Two-Gun's boy, Fred, was sitting in the stern, watching him as motionlessly as the ibis. A rifle rested by his hand. John Pinder steered that way, grounding his boat's nose against the muddy bank after cutting off his engine and leisurely tying up to a projecting root. Then he looked over at young Fred Johnson and nodded gravely. Young Fred nodded, with still eyelids, hardly looking up from his work of plucking a freshly killed ibis.

John Pinder spoke first, looking over at the bulk, the sun-blistered face of Two-Gun's boy, through his newly lighted pipe smoke. All the Johnsons had this imperturbable calm.

"I'm John Pinder," he said. "I was just talking to your dad this morning. I was telling him I'm the new warden of this rookery, to look after the egrets. And he said to tell you to come on back."

Young Fred Johnson's thick hands went on among the ibis feathers, but it seemed to the other there was a quite perceptible jerk of the elbow toward the rifle beside it. A decided touch of red went working up the young cheek bones.

Then Fred said, "You're kinda wrong on that, Pinder. I'm the Audubon Society warden up here. I been watching this place more'n a week."

"I know," John Pinder said. "I've known a lot of men to give it out they were wardens, but that's only so's they can have the rookery to themselves. That's not the kind I am. The head man of the society put me on this just the other day. I got papers to prove it. He's paying me a salary. It's straight about your father. He said to tell you to come back."

John Pinder's rifle was where it had been—in his cabin. He looked over quite simply at young Fred, his hands empty on his knees. Reluctantly young Fred's eyes came up to him, wavered and fell back. There was the slightest possible twitch of uncertainty on his young mouth. John Pinder knew he had won out. The boy was not sure enough. He didn't dare risk picking up his rifle and ordering John Pinder off.

He left the next morning. They had eaten the roast ibis together and young Fred had slept on his platform under the palmetto shelter, solidly, all night long, leaving his rifle in his boat. John Pinder sat by the fire and watched. The mosquitoes were bad, but anyway, he could not sleep yet. There was too much to think about. He thought and young Fred snored. John Pinder turned his eyes toward him at intervals. He found himself liking the boy's solemn, burned, plump face. He liked, with a definite warmth of affection, all these silent people of the coast. He liked their hardiness and their independence. He admired their neat-handed sea manners, their amazing shut-mouthed capacity for endurance and for survival. He found it strange that out of that flash of civilized and almost forbidden anger he had come to set himself against them. The night was soft, domed with the myriad dust of stars. Across the lake came occasionally the stir and squawk of uneasy fledglings. He dozed, waiting for the thin dawn.

Young Fred left at first sunlight, not quite meeting John Pinder's eye. There was no overt act of hostility about the boy, except that infrequent sidewise glint, but after he had left, John Pinder stood and watched his progress across the lake with a curious sinking into depression. His mouth set in old and bitter lines, as if for the first time he was tasting what it was to be set apart among men. Young Fred Johnson never once looked back.

It was the very morning after that that the egrets came in. He had been sitting motionless in his dinghy, fishing in the middle of the lake, and suddenly saw the white lines of them dropping to the trees from their low flight. They came in by dozens and fifties at first, and there was a great restlessness and uneasiness among them, a shifting of slim white bodies and long wings, a clamor all along the southern side of the lake. By night there were hundreds of them already beginning to bring in sticks for their flat nests. The next morning more egrets were arriving, many in full nuptial plumage at its freshest and most dazzling. By nightfall of that day the whole lakeside was populated and the hasty twig nests being placed everywhere that the matted, half-dead branches would hold them, five feet from the calm water or higher among the leafless tops. It looked as if all those gaunt, bleached trees had suddenly burst into a strange heavy blossoming of white-feathered bodies, whiter in the sun than any whiteness the watcher could imagine.

He remained for hours in his boat, motionless, given over utterly to his absorption in them, in his renewed delight. He could think of nothing else. He ate casually and awoke often in the starlit nights to listen to the sleepy stir and scuffle of hundreds upon hundreds of nesting birds.

It was a week before the rookery was settled to the regular business of egg laying; several weeks, at least, before the first fuzzy-headed fledglings were cracking at their pale blue shells. In that time everything had dropped away from the man John Pinder but the strange, unhuman life of this still lake, soundless except for wind noises and water noises and the constant activity of the birds. As if the egrets had sensed its coming with the beginning of nesting, the last of the occasional cool winds ceased. The days were still and brilliant with warmth from the almost cloudless blue; days that moved slowly in a rich and enchanted stillness; halcyon days in which the little boat of the watcher hung or slipped slowly over the motionless bright water; in which the very heart in his breast was soothed and brooding, like the white beauty of the birds.

He had almost forgotten old Luke Thompson until that one's boat pushed its nose out of the tangle of bushes at the entrance and throbbed across the lake. Old Luke brought all the supplies John Pinder needed—a tent and plenty of water—but he was obviously reluctant to stay, glanced only nervously over at the phalanxes of the feeding birds. After he had been fed, he sat smoking, his eyes paler and more indefinite than ever.

Eventually he said, "Two-Gun George hain't exac'ly give up the idea of comin' up here, I been hearin'."

John Pinder only nodded. "I'm not surprised," he said.

Old Luke went on nervously, "Well—um-m—he was down to Key West a while back, and when he come back he give it out he'd found out things about you. He said there was a feller in Key West right glad to know whereabouts you was."

John Pinder nodded again, his face without expression. "I take it kindly of you," he said. "I'll be here. You'd better be getting back now, hadn't you? You won't more than make it by sundown."

Old Luke was infinitely glad to go. John Pinder paid him and watched him disappear. Any day now, he told himself, he could expect ——

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He busied himself with his camp, with fishing, with shooting the many water moccasins that began hunting among the bushes for unguarded birds' eggs and younglings fallen from the nest. The life of the rookery was noisier, more vital, more preoccupied than ever. Father and mother birds joined in hunting food for the fledglings that now bobbed and squawked from every nest. The raucous fish crows were active, gobbling up stray minnows and little birds. There was a sense of life renewing itself, perpetuating itself, with purpose and with passion. And behind the slow beat of wings, the going and coming of the birds, the days were serene.

The event which had so slowly been gathering its menace for the watcher shattered suddenly the hushed and golden time. He heard at last, late one morning, the slow, purposeful beat of a boat coming along the watercourses toward the lake, and with a gathering of excitement he rowed the dinghy over to a sort of outpost he had made among the farther mangrove bushes, from which he could command the last quarter of a mile of the approach. He had his water bottle with him, his rifle, extra ammunition and some food. Whatever was to happen, he meant never to be quite cut off from his supplies.

He crouched among the mangrove, behind a shelter of dead branches he had piled, watching. Presently the gray of a boat's nose emerged slowly into sight down that narrow alley of brown water. The figure of a man bulked large in it, and as the course curved he could see two heads in the dinghy towed behind. That was because Two-Gun's boat was a little deep draft for these shallows. John Pinder stood up as they came, leaning on his rifle, watching them. They could see him easily from that distance. His heart thickened a little.

When the boat stopped full in the channel, he could see Two-Gun's calm face plainly. It was at a distance that spoke curiously of hostility, near enough for talking or for shooting, not anywhere close enough for casual friendliness. Two-Gun stood, looking at him. He waited.

A figure rose beside Two-Gun, behind the bulk of the deck house. It was a man, red bearded, whom John Pinder had never seen before. He stood and stared at the warden's figure. From the dinghy there was the grate of a gun butt against a gunwale on the still air.

The red-bearded man, thinner than Two-Gun, a little stoop-shouldered, spoke with a harsh directness. "James D. Evans," he said—and the name rang queerly over the flat clear water—"I have a warrant for your arrest. You escaped on March 15, 1927, from Boundbrook Penitentiary, Pennsylvania. You might as well give up peaceable. We've got you covered."

No look of triumph changed the calm gaze of Two-Gun, who had come for his egrets. The man who had called himself John Pinder, whose name had once been James D. Evans, saw no change in him, breathing as slowly as he could himself, stiffening his face against the shock of his surprise. Always, deep in his mind, this was the thing that he had been expecting. It had been inevitable. And yet, as he steadied himself there, he felt as if actual tissue was being torn in him, so painful was the destruction of his living hope, of his persistent illusion of safety.

"Well," the red-bearded man said, "no funny business now, Evans. Just throw that rifle of yours in the water and we'll come up and get you."

There were tones in that harsh, contemptuous voice to which his feet had moved obediently, left, right; left, right, in clumsy prison shoes; tones before which his eyes had dropped. Old habits of obedience ran curiously now along his tensed muscles. But that was when he had been only a number. His name was John Pinder, he told himself desperately. He was the warden of this rookery. The two rifles in the dinghy, resting on the shoulders of the Johnson boys, contradicted that grimly, firmly, under the sun.

"My name's John Pinder," he cried out loudly, against them. "I'm warden of this rookery here, and you can keep out—you and your warrants. I shan't let the Johnsons shoot up my birds."

He dropped suddenly, as he spoke, below the barricade of branches, and only a fraction less suddenly a rifle cracked from the dinghy and a bullet zinged where his hat had been. Through a chink in the bushes he saw that Two-Gun and the red beard—who was evidently an old chum of his, endowed with the brief authority of a deputy sheriff—had dropped below the line of the deck house, as if anticipating an immediate return of fire.

He was thinking hard and desperately. He could not shoot to kill, or even to wound seriously. Things were bad enough for him as it was. All he could hope for was to discourage them, keep them off for a while longer, frighten them away if possible. Frantically he clung to that hope. It was all the hope he had.

His first shot carefully nicked the gunwale of the dinghy, where a shoulder showed, and a bit of rifle. He heard a confusion there and knew that the boys were scrambling into the motorboat. He fired again, just over an incautiously protruding hat, and then flashed into movement, crawling back carefully along a little pathway in the brush toward his own boat. There he huddled and waited, a half second only, until—blam-m-m—three rifles clapped like one and the bullets hissed and thumped in the cover he had just left. It was, as he had feared, no sort of shelter.

Now he leaped up, shooting twice into the wood of the boat, up and down again and on all fours back to his first place. An angry voice shouted and bullets scored the boughs where he had been. If he could keep them guessing for a while ——

The position held for an hour or two, through noon and the first imperceptible arching downward of the sun. It grew hot, and in the windless air behind the bushes the mosquitoes sang and nipped. The water in his water bottle turned lukewarm. On the boat the noon quiet lay heavy, with occasionally someone whistling, and now and then a shot as the changed sun sought out the shadows in the bushes. For the most part, the man who had called himself John Pinder sat hunched up, his rifle over his knees, the perspiration wetting all his face, his back and shoulders. He racked his brains with a dogged and weary tenacity. How would anything hold these men except the direct fire of his own rifle, aimed to kill? And he could not do that.

He moved once, incautiously, where the bushes were thin, and a rifle slammed instantly. The bullet flicked through the twigs and gouged his leg lightly. He tied up the wound, with a sober face. It was quite evident that they were placing their shots to exact intent. The fact of his resisting arrest made everything quite simple for them.

But suppose even now he ceased to resist arrest? His mind shivered away from that, from the whole implication of that idea. There must be something else that he could do, even now, to fulfill his trust here. He moved slowly from time to time, in the breathless shadow of the bushes, seeking another peek hole and occasionally shooting harmless shots that glanced from gunwale or from deck house, simply to tell them that he was still watchful. His wounded leg throbbed a little dully, although the bleeding had stopped.

Presently, as if the noon siestas were over and action definitely on foot, there were sounds from that fish boat, now almost grounded in the shoals. He listened intently. There were grating sounds, dragging sounds, occasional thumps, which at first he could not understand. After those stopped, a hand turned the motor once or twice and it was clear to him. They had transferred ballast and dunnage to the dinghy, to make up for the weight of the boys. The keel must have swung clear of mud, for immediately the roar of the engine startled all the

(Continued on Page 121)

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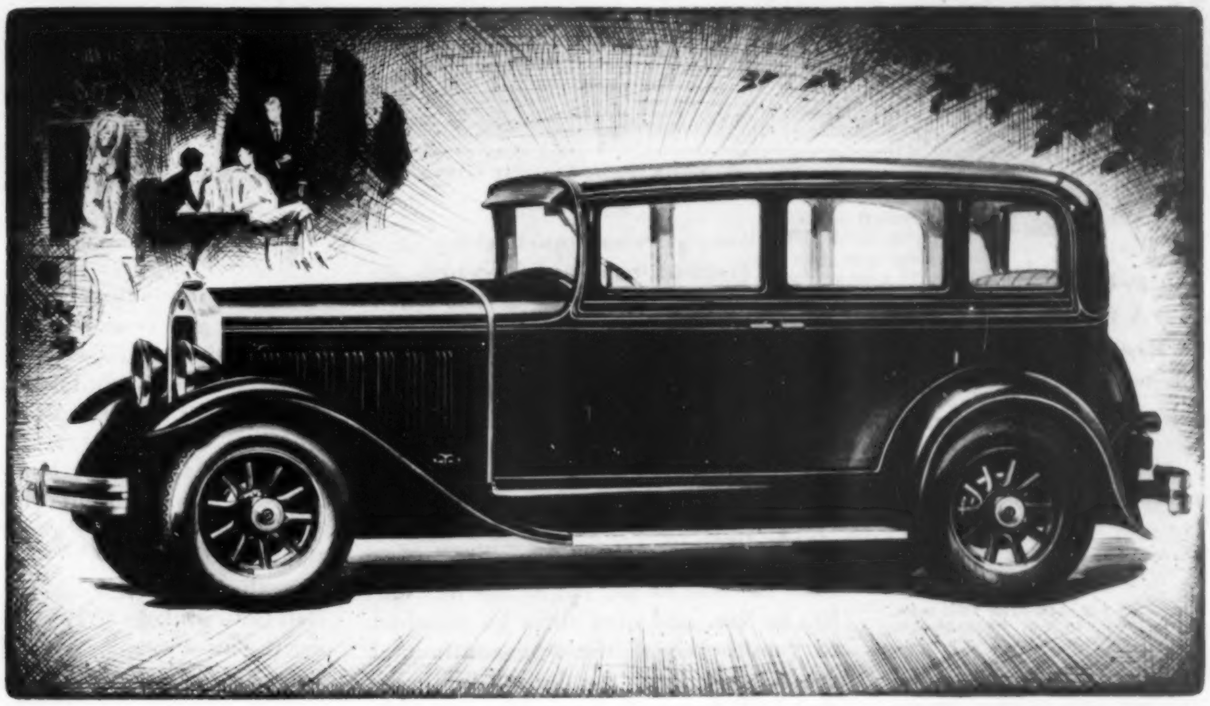

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AT the lowest price ever placed on a Studebaker car, this new sedan offers the comfort and beauty of a big car of 114-inch wheelbase . . . the thrilling performance of a 70-horsepower engine, built by Studebaker, holder of 5 world records, 18 international records and more official American stock car records than all other makes of cars combined. • • • Thrifty in oil and fuel consumption, it will also appeal to the economy-sense of those who want more than a "one year" car. For it is built throughout from quality materials, with quality workmanship—by **STUDEBAKER**—a name which for seventy-eight years has signified long, dependable service.

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Chattanooga to Summit of Lookout Mountain, 14 miles up and down, in 17 min., 39 1/2 sec. Averaging 47 5/8 miles an hour . . . partly over city streets and choppy, dumpy macadam.

THIS man devotes much of his time to creating new speed records on open roads—the same roads you and I use. Sales statements like "most rubber," "more miles," etc., mean little to him. He knows from Old Man Experience what a tire has got to be to carry him over open roads without blowouts, skids, sideways or slipping, at speeds which play havoc with less sturdy tires.

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CANNON BALL BAKER

---

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LEE *of Conshohocken*

GENERAL OFFICES: CONSHOHOCKEN, PA., U.S.A. Factories: CONSHOHOCKEN, PA. and YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

(Continued from Page 118)

sunny quiet and three pelicans sailing low overhead. He peered among the bushes. The boat was crawling deliberately forward, at low speed, but irresistibly gaining ground among the saw grass, the twists of darker water among the sun-warmed shallows. He shot twice, hurriedly. Instantly a fusillade of shooting hailed him from rifles along the gunwale. They raked the bushes time and time again, so that he crouched and dodged and started. He could hear the swishing of the bushes along the boat's side. Then it had passed, it had emerged, with the rifles still keeping his head down, into the full depth and bosom of the lake.

He heard the speed pick up with a kind of horror of despair. They were in it now. He had been useless to keep them out. If he could only have shot to kill. Yet by this time they must have known that he dared not. The very sound of the engine was bold and invading.

It was not until dark that he ventured to crawl into his boat. There he ate food hastily, staring out across the water to the camp he had left. Two-Gun's boat was tied up there and a little cooking fire pricked the soft dark ruddily from among the ashes of his own breakfast. He could even hear voices raised jovially from time to time. The men must have been drinking.

But they were none the less alert. His oars had dipped ever so cautiously in the deep shadow beyond the firelight, but a rifle had cracked toward him and a bullet splashed. He shot then himself, defiantly, and nicked one of the men on the shoulder. He heard the voices as the man shouted angrily. He was glad that he had drawn blood. Perhaps, if he had not been so careful at first, it would have gone better. A hot surge of anger rose in him; he had a desire to row nearer and kill them all deliberately, one after the other, as they moved incautiously in the firelight. It was what any sensible man would have done, he told himself. But he sat motionless, nevertheless, staring over his folded arms, listening vaguely to the sounds of men and, from the distance, the sleepy sounds of the as yet undisturbed egrets. The starlight grew so bright he could see the sleeping and waking white bodies clearly among the darker masses of the trees. A sort of spasm twisted all his face, for the thought had squarely come to him, "Suppose I do give myself up? Suppose I strike a bargain with you and give myself up?"

His oars dipped from time to time, moving like an uneasy spirit among the remoter darknesses of the lake. The fire dwindled to a spark in the distance. He moved or stopped, rowing or brooding for long moments of time, staring over at it. The trouble was, he saw clearly, he had been wrong from the beginning. It was like that old Hindu idea of an act loosed into the world, spreading like the ripples of a stone in a pond. No matter what he did, he could not escape that. And he was beginning to see, like a great spread of weariness, that his second mistake had been to try to evade. He had got off too easy. He had not seen the thing through. That was the fact that dragged at him now, with this curious lethargy. There was one thing he could still do, and he could not bring himself to it. His boat drifted idly and he dozed in the cool breath of dawn.

It was the sustained crackle of gunfire which jerked him abruptly awake in the broad dazzle of the first sunlight. He started and stared, his eyes unbelieving. Four guns were being shot off unhurried. No bullets came in his direction. It was then the fact burst in upon his thinking with the deadliness of a bullet. They were doing exactly what they had come for. They were shooting up the egrets.

Digging his oars into the water with that first bite of realization, his boat shot out across the water direct for them. Only, once or twice he turned to stare. Even at that distance he could see clearly the confusion at the rookery. White bodies of birds were falling every moment, catching in the lower branches or floating in white flecks on the water. Those as yet unharmed were rising a little way from their guard by their nestlings, screaming stupidly, distracted, but dropping again as if they had been tied by the leg—tied by the inevitability of parenthood to the end which was upon them. Long-legged lovely adults, with the shine of their perilous plumage behind them, were rising and screaming and falling. The deadly gunfire carefully poured across them, as searching as the sun. Already large areas of the brush were empty of grown birds. The fuzzy-headed young in the occasional untouched nests squawked hungrily.

The man who called himself John Pinder forgot everything but rage. He stood up in his boat and shoved it savagely forward with one oar, and as he drew nearer he shouted as he went, hoarsely, as a man does who cannot bring himself to believe that what is happening is actually permitted by life, by whatever justice there is, to go on.

No heads were turned to him. He saw plainly the men who were shooting from the gray boat, anchored opposite the rookery. One man sat in the stern with his shoulder tied up. The red-headed deputy sheriff shot occasionally, looking around him, talking and smoking a pipe.

John Pinder stopped shouting, stooped and picked up his rifle. As he stood there, he could easily kill all of them; but his gun cracked only once—a shot that went whistling over their heads.

Two heads turned, three. The fire ceased. And in that hush, while they stared at him levelly and without any emotion, he let his rifle drop and cried loudly, "Don't shoot any more and I promise to give myself up! Don't kill any more birds! I am Evans! I will give up!"

The faces stared at him. He breathed hard, his hands twitching on his rifle. He cried again, "Will you promise to stop shooting?" and half lifted his gun.

The shot that smoked from the rifle of the deputy sheriff in the boat was a smacking blow in his side. He spun on his heel with the vicious force of it and only saved himself from going overboard by a twist of his whole body that in the same moment revealed to him a fiery agony of pain. He sat, and his boat righted itself and drifted a little, before the bright wind, nearer to the bushes.

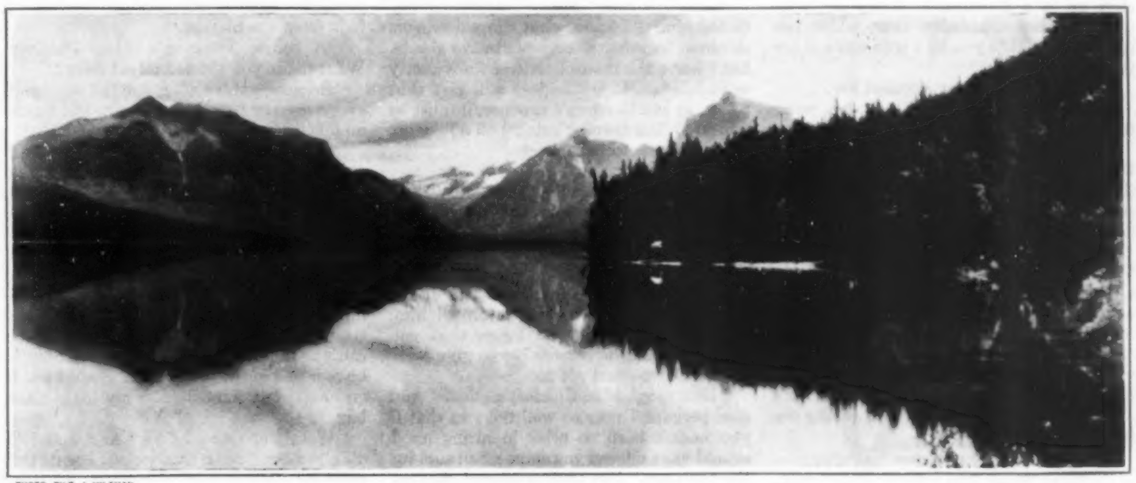
In the gray boat there were low voices and a laugh. And then, one by one, the orderly guns picked up again their raking destruction of the rookery. Two-Gun George Johnson, who had given it out that the Cocos Lake egrets were his, was leisurely resuming business.

The man John Pinder opened his eyes on the coolness of overhanging branches. His ears were filled with the quiet swish of leaves alongside. The boat was motionless. In the distance the guns were a remote trouble in his mind. It was surprising to him how much blood could be in the bottom of his boat. His hands, where he tried vaguely to stuff his shirt into the place in his side, came away brilliant with it. He ought to do something about it. It was bad to lose as much blood as that.

He found himself, however, staring vaguely at an egret that had been shot and had fallen here, half in the water, half clutching a branch. The bird had somehow righted itself and stood motionless, with a long red stain on the pure white feathers of its breast. It stood and gazed incuriously with its black, shiny glance at the man in the boat. It was as if all its unguessable bird thoughts were turned inward with a passionate direction upon an event shaping itself in its most hidden fibers, an event portentous and unshared, beyond any memory now of flock or fledglings or of its kind. There was no fear in the bright bird eyes, only a mute undeviating attention to the slackening and precious ebb of its heart.

The man John Pinder stared at the bird and something cried out with a frenzy of protest within him; the unnumbered cells of his own body cried out that this was death. He did not want to fail, with those methodical guns still in his ears. He would not die, he told himself fiercely. But his eyes lost their glare. He let the guns slip from his thoughts. His face quieted with that same passionate and mute intensity, that inward absorption, that the bird's eyes held, still clinging to its branch.

When the worst had happened, when mistake and failure and pain had fulfilled themselves to their uttermost, against the last desperate protest of the mind, what was this left, this something delicious, this respite, approaching cobwebbily along the avenues of himself? Was it this that had said to the outcast, "Struggle"? Was it this that had murmured to the defeated, "Victory"? He did not know. He rested, smiling a little, his eyes upon the dead bird in the water. How much were they paying for plumes? That, too, was unimportant. He had seen them for a little while, glistening in the sun.



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Lake McDonald, Glacier National Park, Montana

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LADIES CHANGE

(Continued from Page 32)

bright colors, and pieces of furniture so lovely in line that they were like clefs on a bar of music.

Mary Chadsey herself stood in front of the mirror fireplace and held out her hand.

"I was afraid you'd appeared in my life only to vanish," she said. "This is awfully nice."

"You're going to think I've got the deuce of a nerve," Lew told her, "and I probably took something you said last night too seriously, but do you want to make a little money?"

"'How all the other passions fleet to air!'" Miss Chadsey quoted.

"Well, we've got a client at the Henry Wilbur Advertising Company," Lew went on, "whose publicity has been turned over to me. She's a singer with a great voice, but she doesn't look right, and I'd be glad to pay you a couple of hundred dollars if you'd steer me to exactly the right people to improve her."

"I don't think there's any abstract right about those matters," Miss Chadsey replied. "What is the lady like? Maybe I've seen her."

"No," Lew said uneasily. "She hasn't done anything here. She's kind of medium."

It must have been his face, for Miss Chadsey exploded in a great laugh.

"It's the new American beauty!" she cried. "I saw the little article in the paper and was mystified. Now it begins to come clear."

"Yes, it is Mrs. Godfrey," Lew said, cursing her cleverness. "There's going to be some publicity following this statement of Sir Aymar's, and Mr. Godfrey thought it might as well be intelligently handled."

"Will you please not treat me like a case of arrested development?" Miss Chadsey implored him. "Milton Godfrey hired you yesterday afternoon. You were responsible for that statement. It's too incredible and too delicious."

Again Lew knew that he was beaten, and nodded his head.

"And that accounts," Mary Chadsey hurried on, "for that long conference from which Milton Godfrey emerged looking like a spoiled child who'd been smacked for the first time in years. I'd love to know what you said to him."

"I don't believe we'll go into that," Lew told her, "but do you want to earn the money? It's my conviction that Ann Godfrey has the makings of a pretty woman."

"Most of us have," Mary Chadsey replied. "I'm almost the plainest creature alive, but practically no one suspects it."

"Ann used to be so pretty. I don't know that I've ever seen a prettier girl."

"In fact, you'd always been a little in love with her," Miss Chadsey interposed. "I sensed that. Are you still?"

"Of course not."

"Not even when you find her, after years, shut up in a Bluebeard's tower of hypochondria and depression from which she can only signal to you by a wan wave of her hand?"

"You listened," Lew accused her.

"Of course I did. Milton was being rather dull at the time."

"What I feel about her doesn't matter. Do you want to help me out by suggesting those addresses? She says she's been to the best places, but I simply don't believe it."

"I know what she means by the best," Miss Chadsey said. "There are certain terrible, gray-haired harpies in this city who, by pandering to a cautious inclination toward frumpiness in their clients and charging gigantic prices, succeed in convincing unfortunates who get into their clutches that nothing else is quite nice. It's all part of the Puritan system of taking the fun out of money."

"What would you suggest?"

"I think some gay clothes might help, but I wonder if modistes and beauty shops are the real answer to Mrs. Godfrey's problem."

"I know they are."

"The way to rescue her from the tower? What if Milton Godfrey falls in love with her again?"

"Great."

"Are you sure you mean that?"

Lew Carmichael had a slimy feeling that he was being tempted.

"Do you mean because of my feelings toward her? That's silly. Even if there were a possibility of such a thing, do you think I'd have her give up fifteen or sixteen million dollars for me?"

"No woman needs more than two or three million," Miss Chadsey remarked modestly. "As things stand, I'm not sure that Milton Godfrey wouldn't subsidize you."

"To marry his wife!" Lew exclaimed. "Are you crazy?"

"She probably wouldn't like it, though," Miss Chadsey went on soliloquizing, as though she hadn't been interrupted. "Not in her present state. The first thing is to get her out of that."

"I won't have the thing discussed from this angle," Lew said savagely.

"I'm a realist," Miss Chadsey told him. "Why flub up the problem with niceties of speech? We're talking about one party to an unhappy marriage in a country where divorce is accepted, if that isn't too lukewarm a term for the attitude of most of the people one knows toward the institution."

Lew rose with some dignity. "I judge that you don't want the two hundred dollars," he said.

"Then your judgment is very poor," Miss Chadsey told him. "I want not only that but a great deal more. I suggest that you let me take charge of the refurbishing side of this affair. I know the shops of this town from end to end. As for beauty specialists, I have an old preparation handed down from mother to daughter in my family for nigh onto ten years which is the best skin food I've ever seen."

"Would you undertake it?"

"I certainly would."

"I'm anxious to have a pronounced change before Milton gets back from Colorado."

"The transformation scene from Superba! What fun!"

"And as soon thereafter as possible there'll have to be a big party at which she is seen and reported on by the press."

"Not so soon thereafter as possible," Miss Chadsey said. "It must be the very night Milton gets back. If we can arrange it, he mustn't see her until then. That will make him sure that we're giving him his money's worth."

"I think you're right, and I'll hunt up some impoverished dowager who will be delighted to stage the show in the grand manner."

"You will not," Miss Chadsey contradicted him. "I know what those dowagers summon together as representative guests. Let's leave the mausoleums of the vicinity unviolated. Mary Chadsey will give that party, at Mr. Godfrey's expense, it must be admitted, but thereby getting off a long list of obligations to her friends."

"Think you could?"

"I am one of Nature's inspired hostesses. You should see the lions and the lambs I gather here and make like it."

"But how much would you expect for all this?"

"Extortion from the rich is one of my principles," Miss Chadsey informed him. "Name the very largest figure that you think it would be reasonable to give me."

Lew Carmichael did so.

"How nice," Miss Chadsey sighed. "And now perhaps I may as well tell you that if you hadn't been so brisk in hiring me I should have offered you some small sum for the privilege. I've always adored playing with dolls."

It was Lew's idea to telephone that Miss Chadsey was coming up, but Mary Chadsey vetoed that in no uncertain terms.

"There's got to be a man present while we go through the awful first moments of adjustment," she said. "Wait till I pack a suitcase, and take me up in person."

"Pack a suitcase!"

"I'm going to move in there, of course. Something is radically wrong with that woman's life. It won't do to just gild the outside and paint cat-tails on it. It's got to be approached from within. The air she breathes must be changed."

On their way up in a taxi they discussed a few details.

"You agree that Ann had better lie absolutely doggo until the party?" Lew asked.

"Absolutely, but she must feel that something is being done all the time. Well, this stuff of mine for her face solves that problem. It will make her isolation seem reasonable to her, when otherwise she might get restless."

"But how long does that take?"

"I'll say it should be kept on from ten days to two weeks. Changed of course, now and then, but in the dark."

"That seems pretty strenuous."

"I hope so."

Several men were hanging around the entrance of the apartment building on which the Godfreys' penthouse stood.

"What's the crowd?" Lew asked the inside doorman.

"They're waitin' to take photographs of that Mrs. Godfrey. Been here since ten o'clock."

Lew recognized the coarse American hand of Maude Stevens and chuckled.

The Godfreys' butler left them in the dim, fourteenth-century hall while he went with muted, reverent tread to tell Mrs. Godfrey of their arrival.

"All wrong," Miss Chadsey sighed, watching him. "I wonder if a course in tap dancing wouldn't make him a more cheerful person to have about. Or think what a relief it would be if, just before he got to the door, he turned a cartwheel."

"Look here," Lew said to her. "Are you going to take this seriously or not?"

"Seriously enough," she answered. "Don't worry. I have your interests at heart. In fact, if it will reassure you, I may say that they are one with my own."

Lew didn't know what she meant by that and was puzzling over it when Ann came in.

"I've asked Miss Chadsey to help us out," he began awkwardly, because he realized suddenly that Ann might resent an acquaintance in such a capacity more than a stranger.

"As foreman of that corps of beauty experts he's threatened you with," Mary Chadsey said, "I don't think I'll be as objectionable as the average professional would, because I'll promise not to coo or purr over you; but if you have any special prejudice against me, just say so and I'll fade from the picture."

"Of course I haven't, Miss Chadsey. What made you think I might have?"

"Because you've always acted as though every remark I made cut you to the quick, no matter how innocently I meant it."

"Have I really?"

"Yes, and my telling you so is a sample of the frankness there'll have to be between us. No more chilling courtesy. Now, are you going to mind it?"

"Of course Ann isn't," Lew spoke for her; and Ann said, "No," a little dubiously.

"Very well; that seals your fate. I'm going to move in here and start. I've got some stuff I have to smear on your face which can't be taken off for days, and then only to be renewed in the pitch dark. Shall I put it on now? It's right here in my little black bag."

"Well, I'm rather tired," Ann said. "I didn't sleep much last night, and this morning ——"

(Continued on Page 125)

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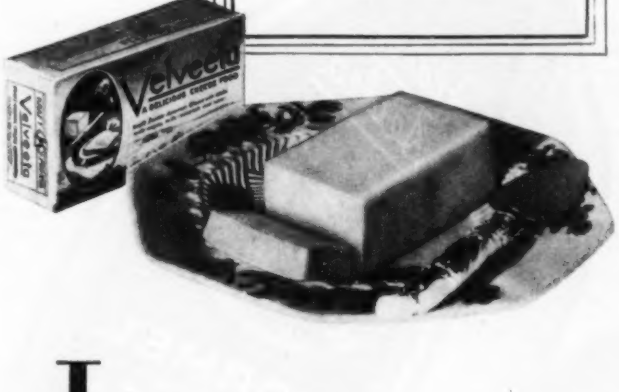
as milk
itself!



Children love Velveeta—and can eat all they want of it. Try it in hot, cooked luncheon dishes—cheese soufflés, macaroni, rice, noodles, or in a cheese sauce to be poured over toast. Or use Velveeta, sliced, to serve with cold meats or with fruit desserts. It's a perfect sandwich spread, too, and toasts beautifully

Let them eat it freely

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To fine Cheddar cheese, master blenders restore the properties of rich, whole milk. Milk-sugar, calcium, phosphorus and other precious milk minerals, lost in ordinary cheese making, are in Velveeta. No wonder children can eat it as naturally as they drink milk!

Velveeta is a food for every meal—and for the in-betweens. A thin slice of it on your morning toast makes breakfast an occasion. It gives fresh interest to any cooked dish you'd use cheese in, at lunch or dinner. And inspires you to try new ones. For appetizers warranted to disappear like magic, you simply spread Velveeta as you would butter. And when you toast it, on bread or crackers, just try to restrain the family from bursting right out into the kitchen!

Tuck a half pound package or two into the ice box today. Keep another ready on the pantry shelf. You're missing something if you don't know Velveeta. Your grocer has it.

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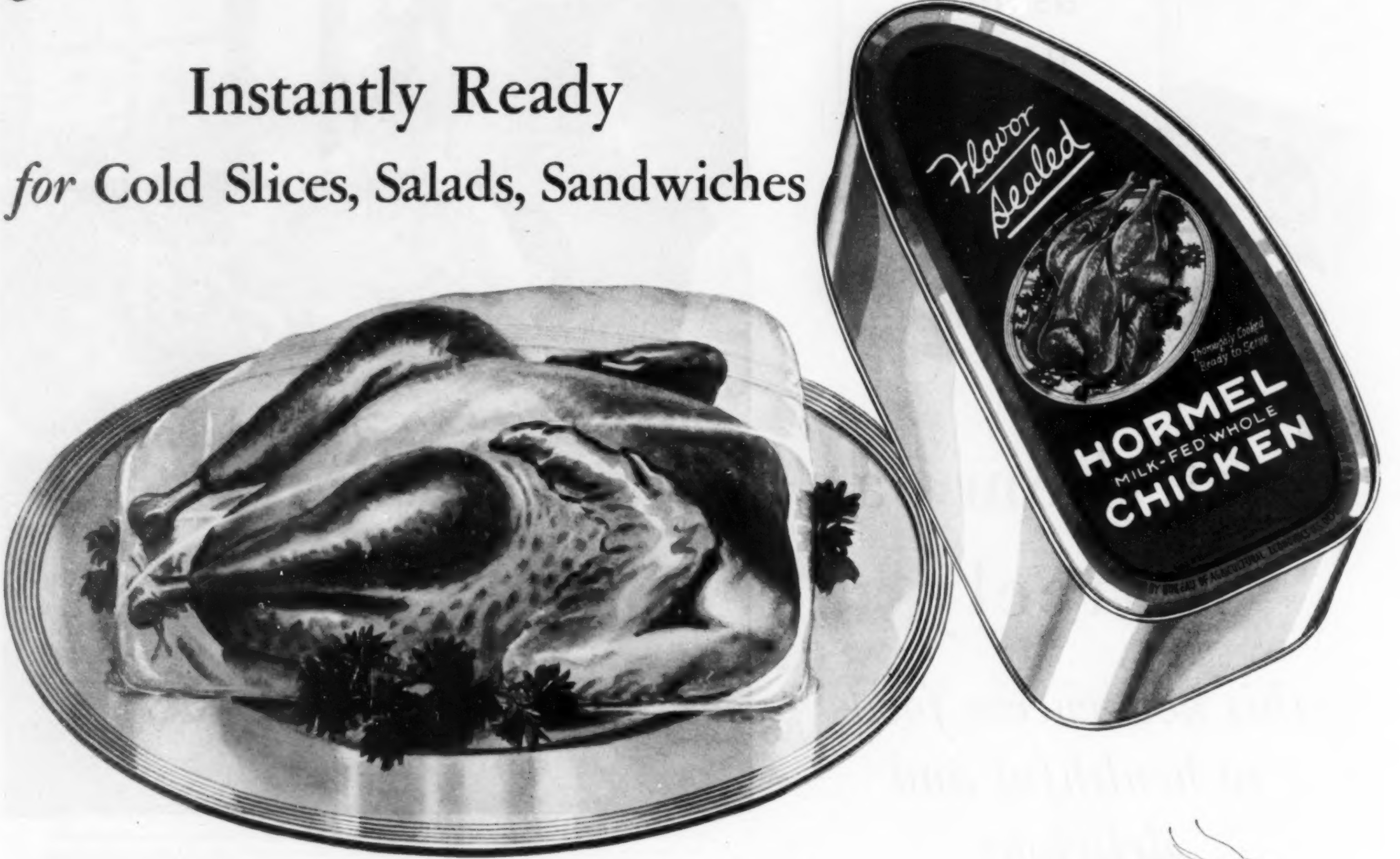
Jellied Whole Chicken

Instantly Ready

for Cold Slices, Salads, Sandwiches



Just as you see it in the picture—

you can instantly serve a whole Hormel Flavor-Sealed Chicken jellied in its own juices. Chill in the refrigerator, open the package and serve. A delicious, refreshing summer food.

It is a whole chicken—not dismembered or cut up. It is a selected, milk-fed chicken—plucked and cleaned to perfection. Each chicken has been inspected and certified to be healthy and wholesome by U. S. Government Inspectors.

The perfect Hormel Chicken is then sealed in its individual package and cooked immediately. This Flavor-Sealed cooking saves the juices and flavors which ordinary cooking loses. It cooks flavor *in*, not *out*. The result is a juicy, delightful delicacy of flavor you have rarely tasted.

Served hot, a Hormel Flavor-Sealed Chicken needs only heating and browning—for it is already cooked. So we say, "fried or broiled chicken quick as toast." Prove it yourself—you can serve marvelous chicken and save much time and labor.

At all leading food stores, Whole Chickens or Halves—2 to 4½ lbs. net weight. Keep a chicken on hand for instant use. Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minnesota.

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You never tasted such soups and gravies as you can make from the Flavor-Sealed juices which surround a Hormel Chicken. The finest proof you can have that Flavor-Sealed cooking retains the flavors which ordinary cooking loses.

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When you buy Hormel Flavor-Sealed Chicken you do not pay for head, feet, viscera—about ¼ of the weight of chicken as usually bought. Cooking shrinkage, too, is almost nil; while home-cooked chicken shrinks about ⅓ in weight.

FLAVOR-SEALED HAM, Spiced Ham, Pork Tongue, Luncheon Meat—are cooked like the Flavor-Sealed Chicken—in the sealed package. Fine flavors for appreciative palates, and hours of kitchen drudgery saved.

HALF SIZE PACKAGE
Flavor Sealed
HORMEL
HAM

HORMEL ★*Flavor Sealed* CHICKEN

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 122)

"You sort of lolled about," Miss Chadsey finished the sentence for her. "I should think you would be worn out. Nothing exhausts me like resting either. I tell you what; we'll forget the paste for today and go on a spree. There's a movie at the Strand they say is simply magnificent, and after that we can drop in at my dance marathon ——"

"You forget those newspaper photographers," Lew Carmichael interrupted her plan.

"Use your ingenuity," Miss Chadsey told him. "We'll borrow clothes from Mrs. Godfrey's maid and go down on the service elevator. It's that which suggested the idea to me."

"Well, I don't know whether I feel ——"

"Don't tell me how you feel. You've put yourself in my hands and are under orders. Go take a cold shower, and I'll sit here and think if there's anything we can do to mitigate this horrible room while I'm staying with you."

"Horrible room!" Ann protested. "It's supposed to be the best example of fourteenth-century architecture in the city."

"And explains why assassination was so prevalent in the fourteenth century," Mary Chadsey returned. "Possibly we might use it for skipping rope. That requires lots of space."

Ann looked at her for an instant, then laughed. "Or it would be good for a Halloween party," she herself said.

"You can leave now, Lew Carmichael," Miss Chadsey dismissed her escort. "Ann and I are going to be all right, aren't we, Ann?"

In the next few days Lew wondered if it wouldn't have taken less imagination and dictation on his part to have written the great American novel in three volumes than his new job required.

Maude Stevens had done wonders, but beyond occasionally twitting several city editors of her acquaintance with their failure to get Mrs. Godfrey's picture, she could not continue.

It took a flood of letters from all over the country really to convince the fourth estate that the Mystery Beauty, as she came to be called, was news.

"Who does this Mrs. Milton C. Godfrey think she is?" Photographer's Wife wrote to the Herald Tribune from Buffalo. "American women have never been afraid to have their photographs taken before, and I'll bet she's not so warm that she'll crack the lens. If it's the photographer that she's afraid of, let her come to my husband. I sit in the back room."

"It is refreshing in this day of arrant vulgarity," Old Fogy took pen in hand to inform the Times, from Baltimore, "to learn of a beautiful woman who keeps her beauty unsullied by the muck of publicity. Let me raise my glass of old Madeira in a toast to Mrs. Milton C. Godfrey, and in congratulation to her husband."

Like most of the early epistles which reached print, that proved a red flag. Emancipated, of Kansas City, was moved by it to a steaming charge:

"What does Old Fogy want, if I may ask? From his letter in your current issue I judge that he advocates yashmaks for wives. Maybe he'd like the drowning of little helpless babies, too, and the rite of suttee. Well, I wish he'd just go to one of the harem-scarem countries and I wish he'd take Mrs. Milton C. Godfrey with him. They both make me sick."

J. Silvernail, Jersey City, New Jersey, was merely humorous about the affair, in the Sun.

"We've had the Pacific Pugilist," he wrote. "Now comes the Invisible Beauty, in Mrs. Milton C. Godfrey. How long will it be before one of the broadcasting stations gives us the Silent Singer?"

And so forth, and so forth.

While Lew was turning out about seventy a day, of which perhaps 20 per cent saw publication, Mary Chadsey complicated his life by a telephone call.

"Hey," she said, when he answered it, "don't you know that Ann and I are just a couple of poor shut-ins? How about something to amuse us up here in Juliet's tomb? I should think that some flowers from Sir Aymar Bliss might be a graceful gesture, and when I came to this telephone I found a cobweb over the receiver. It hasn't the right feeling for the house of a successful beauty. A little more activity from you, young man."

"I'm sorry," Lew said. "How are things getting on otherwise?"

"Well, Ann appreciated the dance marathon and she was so interested in my Leibowitzes that she offered to give them their twenty-five hundred anyway. So we made them stop and go to their several homes and to bed, and they're to be married last Tuesday fortnight."

"The day Milton gets back?"

"Exactly. Ann's to emerge at the party I give for their wedding."

"You're joking, aren't you? She must be the star of that party."

"People so seldom are of parties obviously given to star them. This is wiser, believe me."

"I'll think it over. But how about the work you're supposed to be doing?"

"We put it off and gadded for a little, but I've spread the stuff on her face at last."

"Is that all?"

"No, we've tried a lot of ways of doing her hair. It's a nice, tarnished color, and I think if we dress her in chartreuse that we can make it look almost green."

Lew wondered whether that was the ultimate desideratum.

"Can I come around if I get a minute?" he inquired.

"While she has this stuff on her face? Of course you can't. But there's no reason why you shouldn't send a blossom now and then, and notes."

Lew placed an order for a daily bouquet from Sir Aymar, remedied his own thoughtlessness, and went to a file which was kept at the Henry Wilbur Advertising Company and contained the names of people prominent socially who could be persuaded, for a consideration, to get friends still more prominent socially to indorse commodities intrusted to the Henry Wilbur Company for exploitation.

To the cream of the list he sent a form letter indicating that there would be a special financial reward for anyone who could establish a contact with Mrs. Milton C. Godfrey and get her to lend her name and address to the huge Peerless Soap drive.

"We learn"—the letters bore a postscript—"that the utmost tact and persistence will be necessary before such a contact can be established. It will be a real *coup* for the person who brings it off."

By the time those letters were received, however, such a postscript had become unnecessary, for all the world knew about Mrs. Milton C. Godfrey and her reticence.

Lew's campaign had caught on. In one morning two of the tabloids ran shamelessly faked pictures of a veiled woman with the legend, Mystery Beauty Snapped at Last, and a columnist—Lew had learned of his stupendous losses at poker—filled his column with an effusion styled Sight Unseen, Or Will Mrs. Godfrey See Her Shadow on St. Swithin's.

That alternative title was a thin attempt to disguise the sentimentality of the paragraphs beneath it, for the columnist was a gentleman who liked to indulge in a little fine writing now and then. He linked Mrs. Milton C. Godfrey to all the lovely ladies the past has made lovelier than flesh by preserving their names and legend only, and perhaps some jewel . . . a line of elegiac verse . . . a fan.

That evening, in an interview granted to Maude Stevens by Van Dyck Worcester, that eminent psychologist said: "The case, peculiar to the lay eye, of the beautiful Mrs. Milton Godfrey, who refuses to have her photograph taken, is not so strange to the student of feminine psychology. Sometimes a little seed dropped in earliest childhood brings such a result. For instance, a photographer may say, 'See the birdie,' to a child who, the day before, was bitten by her grandmother's macaw. Never again can that child face the camera without experiencing absolute agony."

On the other hand, Mr. Joe Ziegburn, authority on feminine loveliness, with no connivance whatever on Lew's part, announced, in a full-page advertisement, paid for by the Fifth Avenue Photographers' Association:

"I know nothing of the so-called Mystery Beauty we are hearing so much about these days, but it has been my experience that the really exquisite woman regards the keeping of a photographic record of her beauty as a sacred duty."

In his mail the next morning Lew got a note from Mary Chadsey.

"Here's an invitation to my party," it read. "I've sent out a hundred odd, and you'll have to rely on me for the list, as I'm too lazy to copy it, besides being too occupied reading the papers. Ann and I shriek with laughter over them. Am I wrong in thinking that, as the Sairey Gamp of our tableau, I should send you some liniment good for writer's cramp?"

The invitation was a conventional engraved card requesting the honor of the recipient's presence at a dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Leo Leibowitz, and was extraordinary only in the parenthesis after their names: "Who almost won the Dance Marathon."

That day an A. P. dispatch from Chicago announced that Sir Aymar Bliss had named Miss Nellie McLoughlin, who served the perfume counter in Marshall Meade's emporium, the most beautiful woman in America, with the possible exception of Mrs. Milton C. Godfrey.

There were photographs of Miss McLoughlin, an austerely classic girl with a profile like that of a goddess stamped on a coin, and an expression indicating that she regarded the denomination of the coin as distinctly too small.

Lew had thought this would be the signal for him to pour forth more letters, but he had counted without the impetus the Mystery Beauty had gained. Vox Populi was actually vocalizing the name of Ann Godfrey.

"Is it fair to Little Old New York"—a letter in the Post seemed to caricature the very sort of thing Lew had been doing—"that the lady named by the world's foremost, or at least nerviest, beauty picker as her fairest daughter should let a Chicago shop girl walk away with the golden apple, just because of her own preferences? We appeal to Mrs. Milton C. Godfrey on the ground of civic pride."

In the evening papers there were five authentic letters to that effect, and two editorial writers embroidered on the same theme. Then, by the greatest good luck, the mayor of the city, in voicing his reluctance to approve a measure, said, "I'll never do it. At least not until Mrs. Godfrey has her picture taken."

It was Maude Stevens who picked up the story of the mayor's statement at her office and rushed to Lew's hotel with it.

Lew, who had worked late the night before, was having a tardy breakfast.

"I tell you it's fame," Maude declared in her emphatic way. "Fame. Nobody has ever done a better job of press-agenting. Aren't the Henry Wilbur people delighted?"

"They admit that they're satisfied, anyway."

"And how about Mrs. Godfrey?"

"Well, I haven't seen her for ten days. She's having these treatments, you see."

"Are you sure they're being given by the right people? Do you realize that when she comes out of her retirement she'll be literally the cynosure of all eyes?"

It was a question which had riled Lew's subconsciousness more than he knew. With time so precious, Mary Chadsey had wasted at least two afternoons on that fool dance marathon. In fact, her whole attitude, as he looked back, had been disturbingly frivolous.

"The best I could do," he answered Maude Stevens curtly.

"I haven't spoken about it before because you didn't consult me," Maude said—evidently her feelings had been hurt—"but now that the thing has become so momentous, I think we'd better have it out."

"Oh, the person in charge is perfectly competent," Lew told her. "I admit I wish we hadn't built up quite such an entrance, but the thing got out of my hands and ran away. At worst, we can stick to not having Ann's photographs taken."

"Not if she's to go on living in New York."

"I've summoned Sir Aymar back from Chicago. His portrait will have to be the official Mrs. Milton Godfrey."

"Well, he'd better make her beautiful. If she isn't beautiful, Mrs. Milton Godfrey might as well slip off to South America and quietly disappear. Everybody will laugh so! When does Mr. Godfrey get back?"

"Tomorrow, just in time for the dinner tomorrow night which will be Ann's first appearance."

"Is she giving it?"

"No, a friend of hers."

"But it's for her?"

"Ostensibly it's for a couple that lost out in the dance marathon."

"A what?" Maude cried, looking like Medusa. She had heard perfectly well.

"Ann got interested in them," Lew tried to mitigate her disapproval, "and gave them the amount they would have won. There's a human-interest story in that."

Maude paid no attention whatever.

"Lew, I think you've bungled this side of the business terribly," she announced. "It all ought to have been formal and conventional. Probably it won't have any effect on your job, and you won't even be blamed if the beauty treatment goes wrong and she looks like an adobe hut, but I think you'd have done better to come to me. Whose idea was this party? Milton Godfrey's, I suppose."

"No. Why do you suppose so?"

"Because I've heard something horrid about him anyway."

"What?"

"Oh, that he's got a girl."

"Got a what?" Lew gasped, and as though in letters of fire, there appeared before him Milton Godfrey's question: "If I'd wanted to hog the spotlight, why should I have hired you at all?"

"Oh, I don't mean anything rough," Maude said, "but he's supposed to be infatuated with some society woman and trail around everywhere after her."

"Who?" Lew asked, ungrammatically, his lips stiff with premonition.

"Let's see. It's a funny, short name. Was it Cheds, or Chads?"

"Good night!" Lew groaned, and jumped up, almost oversetting the breakfast table.

"What's the matter?" Maude Stevens asked.

"Nothing, except that I'm the biggest sap that ever messed into a woman's life, and I've got to do something about it."

There was that smell of melodrama in the air which was attar of roses to Maude's nostrils.

"You mean Ann Godfrey's?" she demanded. "How? Is there anything I can do to help?"

"Nothing," Lew told her, "except possibly reserve one sailing for South America, just on a chance, and another to the North Pole."

There was a big white signboard at one end of the fourteenth-century hall. It was faintly muddy and bore the legend Soft Shoulders, and distracted Lew from his main purpose so forcibly that his first words to Mary Chadsey were: "What in the deuce is that thing?"

"It's a sign that had been put up where the roadway had been mended," Miss Chadsey replied. "It amused Ann and me, so we brought it home. We'd decided that what this room needed was a touch of the vulgar."

"I didn't know that Ann went out since you put that preparation on her face."

"We've contrived a little widow's costume with a heavy veil. Sort of a furnace

What's *Your* Face Value?

Does It Open or Close Doors to You?

Poor Appearance Bars Many a Good Man

Whether we like it or not, appearances count in this world. It's only natural to associate success with the man who *looks* the part.

When a man looks neat we take a lot for granted. On the contrary, when a man looks shabby or unkempt, the thought "failure" comes to mind and it takes a lot to down it.

The man who knows his world adopts every legitimate means to look his best at all times.

To help man increase his face value, a special line of men's toilet needs has been created. It is the Brisk Brigade and here it is:

BRISK, the Mint Julep Shave. **ZEST**, the bracing after-shaving lotion. **SMOOTH**, the powder that kills shine without showing powder. **TRIM**, the hair dressing . . . in cleanly stick form. **STIP**, the modern stoptic.

In these five essentials man's toilet needs are completely fulfilled. Each is as male as military brushes, cigars and suspenders. Each is designed to increase man's face value.

Once you open the BRISK box and treat your face to a mint julep shave you will never again bother with tube, stick or powder.

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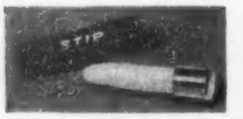
BRISK gives you a shave that brings to mind all the coolness and exhilaration of that famous Kentucky potion.

BRISK lathers freely in hot or cold water and plenty of lather is the first requirement of a good shave. BRISK forms two to three times the amount of lather because it absorbs two to three times the amount of water. That means not only a profuse lather but one that *stays moist on your face until you finish your shave!* The rich, moistureful lather eases the cutting stroke of the razor—just like a bit of soap on a saw eases its way through a log. The razor doesn't pull or bump along your face, but glides smoothly over the skin, mowing down the hair clean, closely, almost without effort.

The smooth work of the razor and the cooling, lotion-like effect of BRISK leave your skin clean, smooth and refreshed—soft and supple as a fine kid glove.

The flat, oval tin box—made for men only—contains an amazing lot of BRISK shaves. 50 cents at all drug stores.



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The most skillful shaver will occasionally "nick" himself. STIP is your handy little "surgeon". Absolutely new—contains no caustic. Closes razor cuts, stops bleeding almost instantly. Handy, sanitary container keeps it clean, makes it easy to use. Stops a lot of cuts for 25 cents. FLORIAN Inc., 1316 Book Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

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"THE MINT JULEP SHAVE"

and his 4 brothers

ZesT ~ Smooth ~ Trim ~ Stip

man's widow, so she can still use the elevator."

"Where is she now?"

"In that little office of Milton's, for the moment. She had to get out of her own suite because the photographers are there."

"Photographers?"

"Some of the monthly magazines asked, since they couldn't have photographs of Mrs. Godfrey, for views of her room. You'll find all that elegant French furniture piled up at the back of the library."

"I thought you said the photographers were taking pictures."

"The rooms looked so much like the rooms of every other rich woman, we thought it wouldn't be worth while to spoil some new plates with them as they were. Ann wanted something more modern than Park Avenue's standard, but I discouraged her from the lopsided fantasies of the arty boys, because I've done those myself. Finally we decided to do a really modern room—a room of the robot future—where every piece of furniture has been turned out by the hundred thousand and the personality has to lie in the arrangement and coloring. We didn't shop at the big department stores even, but at the mail-order houses, and the decorations are perfectly beautiful pieces of kitchen hardware."

"Look here," Lew Carmichael said. "I'm wise to what you're trying to do."

"Wait till you see the place," Miss Chadsey laughed at him. "It's enchanting. It has a certain *cachet de prairie bungalow* that's irresistible. Come along."

"Not if there are people there. Come into the library. I have something I want to say to you."

"What is this sinister note that's crept into your voice?" Miss Chadsey inquired. "If what you have to say is as secret and disagreeable as you indicate, the library won't do at all. We've had to have two new telephones put in there, and man them with a couple of temporary secretaries. You have no idea of the fan mail Ann gets, nor of the invitations. Your work has been magnificent."

"Yes, my work. And how about yours? Have you done anything about getting clothes?"

"Oh, we've fished together six or seven costumes, I should say."

"But the dinner is tomorrow night!"

"As a big innovation," Miss Chadsey told him, "Ann is only going to wear one of the six to the dinner."

"This is no laughing matter. I hired you ——"

"What has come over you, Lew Carmichael? I remember being so impressed by your charm."

"I never learned until this morning about you and Milton Godfrey."

"You mean that he wants to marry me? But I told you that your interests and mine fitted perfectly."

"Do you mean to say that you deliberately took this job to make a botch of it? Have you done something to her face with that stuff of yours?"

"Why would it have had to be a botch?" Miss Chadsey asked. "You liked her a lot just as she was, except for her invalidism. The only danger was that I would turn her into something so sensational that it would bring Milton Godfrey bounding back to her."

"That was what you should have done if you could."

"She's an entrancing person. I've found that out. She has a sensitive, charming mind. Why should she be turned into a poster effect? For both of us it would be far better that she remain caviar to the general. That's the way I argued with myself."

"I'm going to clear you out of here, and get somebody in, and in these two days ——"

"You're getting apoplectic," Miss Chadsey warned him.

"And if that stuff of yours has done any harm to her face ——"

"Let's see. It's time it was taken off anyway."

He followed her down the corridor to the little office, and as he did so he mumbled a litany of her offenses:

"Furniture from mail-order houses! Trips to dance marathons! This dinner for people named Leibowitz! What made me blind to the meaning of it for so long?"

"Yes, I've wondered about that," she told him pertly.

Ann Godfrey sat in the desk chair with florist boxes piled beside her. There was a veil over her face, but through it her features showed queer-colored and formless.

"Did you ever see a choleric young man?" Mary Chadsey asked her. "I've brought a specimen. You rarely find one under fifty."

"Hello, Lew," Ann greeted him in a voice so gay that, under the circumstances, it pierced his heart.

"Hello, Ann."

"What in the floral line?" Miss Chadsey asked.

"Oh, Sir Aymar's usual. And quantities from people I hardly know. The ones who've been told over the phone that I'm ill, I suppose. And these from the mayor, with a note of apology for having referred to me in his speech."

"Lew Carmichael came to inquire about your face, and I thought we'd wash it in his presence, even though he is in a foul humor."

"Where are you going to do it?"

"Right here. I'll go and get a bowl of water and a cloth and some lotion. Put up with the old grump as well as you can."

She left them.

"What are you grumpy about?" Ann asked. "Or is that just Mary's manner of speech?"

"Of course."

"Do you know, I'm suddenly ridiculously worried about how I'm going to look. Mary's kept me so busy I haven't thought about it until now."

"If this treatment hasn't turned out well," Lew assured her, "we'll find something else that will."

"No, we won't," Ann told him. "Mary and I have decided that if it's a failure we'll just take the most awful photograph of me we can find, and give it to the papers, and say: 'This is why Mrs. Godfrey doesn't pose a great deal,' and join in the laugh with as good a grace as we can."

"Would you do that?"

"I shouldn't enjoy it very much, I'm afraid."

"But if you would," Lew said, "if you ——"

Whole vistas opened up—vistas which all Mary Chadsey's talk hadn't made seem possible.

"What do you think of my hair?" Ann changed the subject.

Lew could only see that it was very different.

"I can't tell with that stuff on your face."

"I think just as a coiffure it's marvelous, but whether it will suit me is a question."

Mary Chadsey was back.

"Look out the window now, Lew Carmichael," she commanded. "Ann's maid wanted to do this, but I wouldn't let her and she was furious. I haven't been so excited since I raced my brother to see whether the horse hairs we'd soaked had turned into snakes."

Gazing over the extravagant view without seeing it, Lew felt a confusion of emotions. He couldn't even tell what he hoped, so he muttered, "Whatever would be best for Ann," as though it were some kind of charm. "Whatever would be best for Ann."

"Tell me if I hurt," he heard Mary Chadsey say, then: "You'd better scrub the main portions. I'll finish the corners and smear on this."

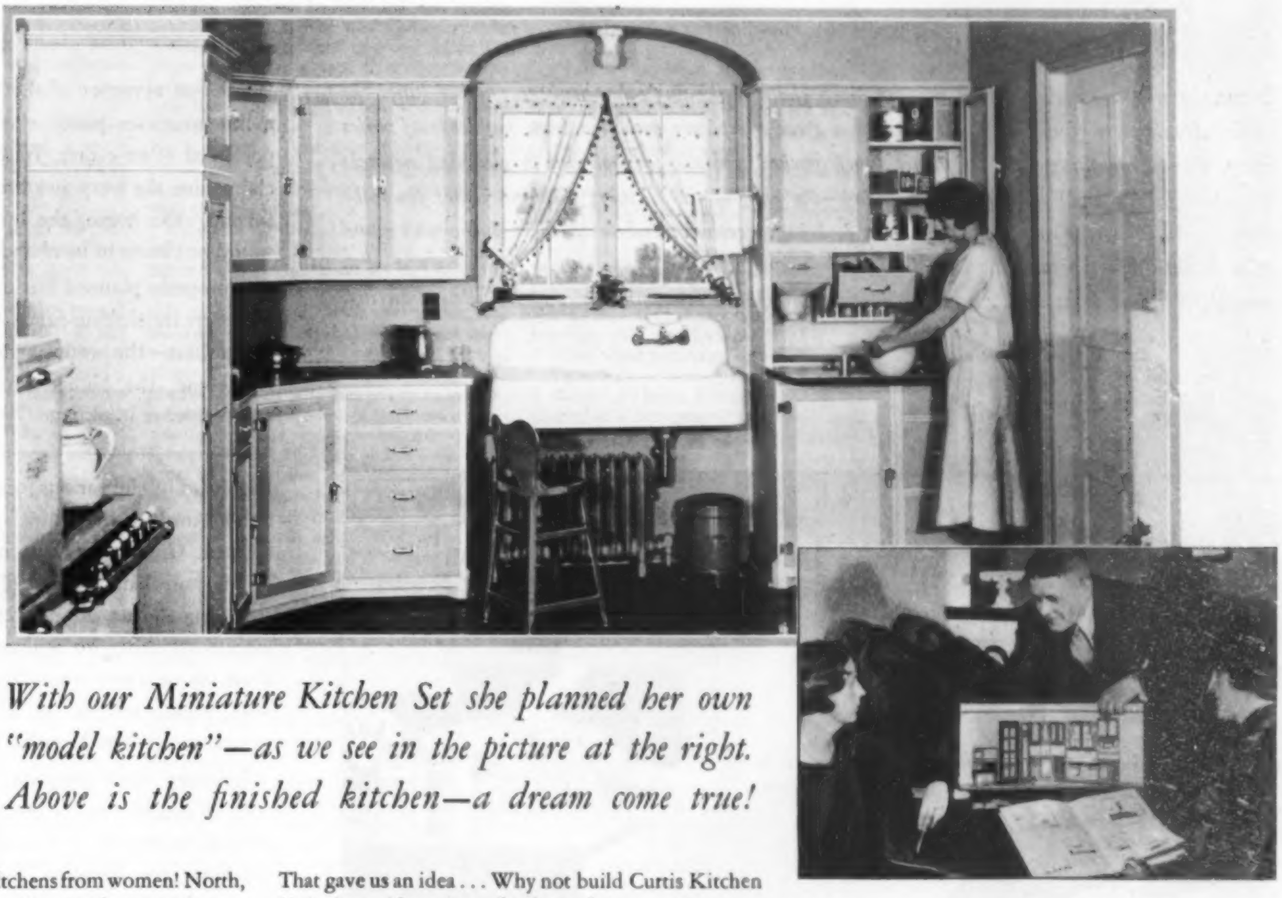
There was a pause, then Ann's voice said: "Tell me how it's come out, Mary. Please tell me."

"Not one word do you get from me. Look, Lew Carmichael."

Ann sat with her face held toward him and the light. He had been worried about her skin, so he noticed that first. It was all

(Continued on Page 129)

"the only *Model Kitchen* for me is the one I design for myself"



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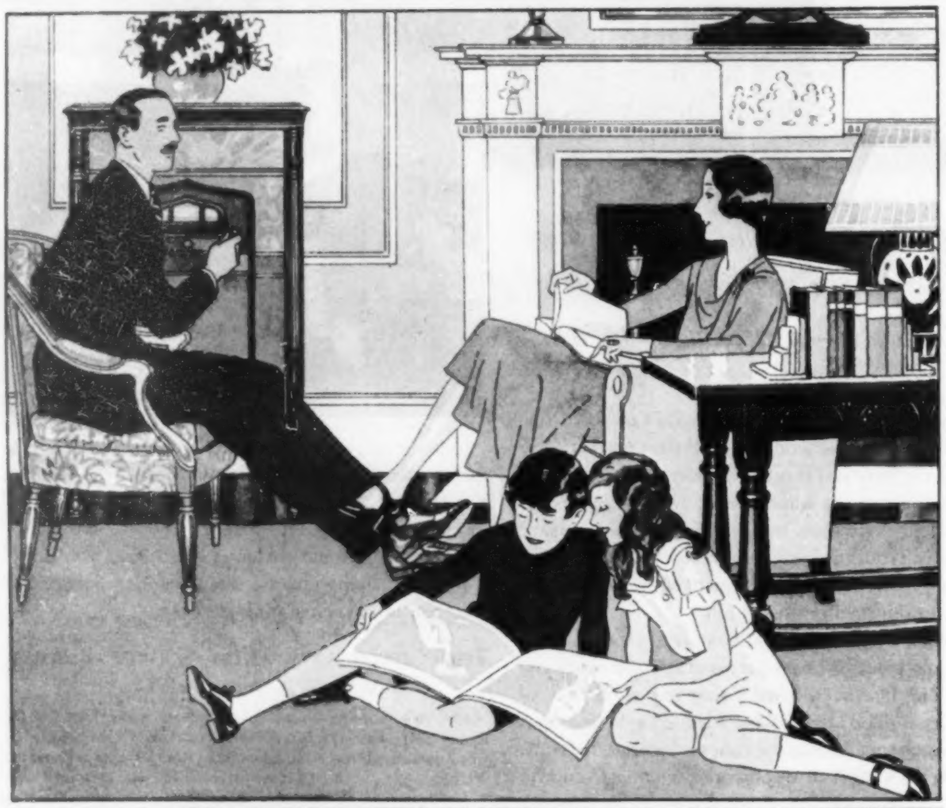
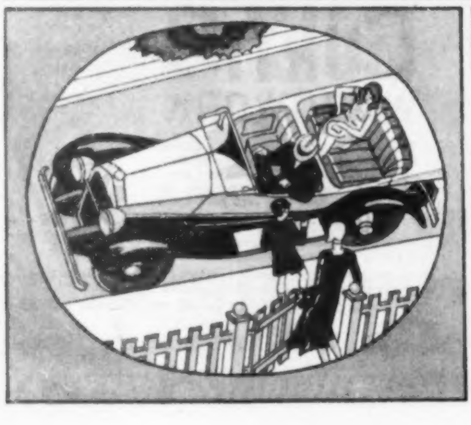
THE Future *Financed*

SATURDAY NIGHT—*mother by the reading lamp chats of the day's happenings. Father tunes the radio. At the turn of the dial he ushers in a great symphony orchestra from hundreds of miles away. Sunday morning—with a picnic lunch packed and the car polished to gleaming newness the whole family is off to the lake. Monday—the hum of the washing machine comes from the laundry. In the living-room a piano lesson is being practiced. And so on through the week—and other weeks—this typical American home enjoys comforts and luxuries not even dreamed of a generation ago—all possible to a modest income through the economic device of installment buying.*





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(Continued from Page 126)

right. The arrangement of her hair was all right too. It was ——

In his agitation he'd only noticed those details before he heard a queer sound from Mary Chadsey and, looking at her, saw that there were tears on her cheeks.

"Well, why don't you speak?" Ann pleaded. "For heaven's sake, tell me, one of you, or get a mirror!"

At last Lew comprehended why he was being so dumb.

"I can't get a mirror," he told her. "I can't do anything but look at you."

"If you were half a man you'd have to kiss her," Mary Chadsey snorted at him. "Don't be an oaf, though. Get the mirror from the room across the hall. It's been a success, my dear. It couldn't have been more of a success." What had stupefied Lew was the fact that he was looking into the face of his lost Ann.

All during the ecstatic half hour that followed, Lew Carmichael wanted a word alone with Miss Chadsey. She must have guessed, for, when he started to go, she walked to the door with him.

"Is that your idea of caviar to the general?" he asked. "Because I warn you that not only is the general going to like it but every man in the regiment."

"I only said that I argued with myself that something which was caviar to the general would bring the right result for you and me. I always replied that you and I didn't really matter. We were merely here to make a success of Ann, and there's only one kind of success that counts for us Americans—the big, rousing kind that no one can doubt."

"Well, you've accomplished one."

"And in doing so I haven't robbed you of anything, my dear. The deciding factor with me was Ann. Her emotions are so utterly and hopelessly tied up with Milton Godfrey that the mark I had to shoot for was something which might bring him to her again."

"But why should that be so, Mary Chadsey? She's worth ten of him."

Miss Chadsey shrugged her shoulders a little sadly.

"Don't question me on higher metaphysics," she said, "but I warn you that if our efforts haven't had that result, they've been labor lost."

"I wonder, when love is as dead as his, if anything ever resuscitates it."

Miss Chadsey's answer was cryptic: "Not if the two people are on a desert island."

At Miss Chadsey's party a profound depression overcame Lew Carmichael. He told himself, rather poetically, that it was because it is always a little melancholy to see a woman you have cared about at what you recognize to be the very crest of her loveliness. Never again would Ann Godfrey reach such radiance. Life couldn't be so lavish twice.

Girlishness is a dangerous word to apply to a woman of more than thirty, but there was girlishness in the delight that shone from her. A girl who knows herself a success at her first prom has something of that expression, but a version as mild in comparison as ordinary thirst is mild compared to the thirst of the desert. Ann Godfrey hadn't thought she would ever taste pleasure again.

Some such cause must have been responsible for Lew's state of mind, for the party itself was a knock-out. It was given at the Ritz, because the Leibowitzes' word for anything unimaginably swell was, "Aw, that's the Ritz," and their defiance for any criticism of their habitual surroundings, "Say, whatcha think this is—the Ritz?"

Neither of them had ever had any very definite idea that such a place existed. They had been married that morning and were still in their wedding clothes—a white satin dress with a veil for Lena, and a neat business suit with bow tie for Leo. They sat side by side at one end of the table and talked ceaselessly about the dance marathon and how they were sure to win next year. Mary Chadsey was at the other end.

In the middle of one side, with roses piled up before her, sat Ann Godfrey. Sir Aymar Bliss was on her left hand, beaming at what he was already convinced was his own acumen. He was to have his first sitting next day. Ann was to wear the chartreuse dress she had on tonight, and hold yellowish-green orchids in her lap. Her chair was to be upholstered in prune satin. And somehow there should be water in the picture somewhere—a lake or a pool. She had an Undine look. That was it. Sir Aymar cracked the joints of three fingers in rapid succession in celebration of crystallizing that thought at last.

On Ann's right was George, Albert, Honoré, Dieudonné, Marie, Prince de Conti; beyond His Highness sat K. O. Glotz, the middleweight champion, and on the other side of Sir Aymar, Buzz Fahnstock, the handsomest and gayest of one of the most vapid young men in the metropolis. It was Mary Chadsey's avowed principle to have always twice as many men guests as women.

She had invited a few of the more attractive males on the Henry Wilbur Advertising Company's list and two of the females, in order to be sure that Ann would be rushed, but the precaution hadn't been necessary. Men crowded about her; all the women asked her to parties, said: "Well, if you can't tell me a day when you'll be free, I warn you I'll keep calling you over and over."

Once during the dinner Ann caught Lew's eye and, pursing her lips, stretched out her throat in the gesture he had made, to indicate: "See this precious gift of beauty I have to offer the world." That wasn't her carriage tonight, however. Tonight every line of her body seemed to proclaim, "Life is such fun! People are so nice I mustn't waste an instant."

After dinner there was dancing.

"I felt that the bride and groom needed a little," Mary Chadsey explained, and, indeed, clutching each other in the exact curious grip they had employed in the dance marathon, Lena and Leo went into the same hypnotic movement which had brought them near to victory. After a few attempts to cut in, which were repulsed by furious glances from the groom, no one had the effrontery to interrupt them.

One couldn't dance more than a few feet with Ann Godfrey before she was snatched away, and Lew stood glumly in the stag line until Mary Chadsey, being danced past, whacked him on the arm and said, "Cut in on me. I'm your hostess.

"Yes, I know I'm looking like sin," she told him when he had done so, in reply to nothing, "but in an access of unjustified conceit I put on my least-becoming dress. Don't let's dance. I want to talk. We'll pretend I'm looking for somebody."

He followed her through the crowd.

"And what are you looking so grim about?" she demanded, as soon as she could. "Hasn't it all turned out just as you ordered it should? Haven't the pretty stars come together and spelled Reunion? You should be hilarious."

"I thought I saw Godfrey beaming at her a good deal," Lew said.

"The uxorious glances he cast in her direction all during dinner were scandalous. He's cutting in on her once for every five other partners now. She's made good, you see. She's justified his choice."

"Well, you say it's what she wants."

"It is. She's that wretched thing, a one-man woman."

"But Godfrey is such a—such a ——" Words failed Lew.

"No, he is not," Mary Chadsey said. "He's a vigorous, good-looking, interesting man. Look at most of your sex if you think he's so bad."

"He's certainly one of the worst husbands I ever saw."

"He was."

"But they're going to live happily ever after?"

"I didn't say that. For a time they'll be rather giddily happy. Then he'll have digested this phase of New York and will look at someone else with dazzled eyes."

"As he looked at you?"

"Exactly. Probably next time it will be some sour, pale little matron who visits in two very dull houses on Fifth Avenue and at one estate in Newport, and spends the rest of her time in Paris storming the Faubourg. She'll be able to convince him that her circle is the only important one in the world, and that Ann's and my group is fearfully rowdy and vulgar."

"And what will Ann do then?"

"She'll have to meet that problem when it arises. At least, I think that we'll have given her a fair general technic."

"I imagine you're right, but how do you know so much about it?"

"I've had a good deal of experience with male social climbers. They go in for it even harder than the female of the species, I assure you."

"You could meet those problems better than Ann. Go ahead, take him after all. Be a good sport."

"I couldn't get him back now, and you're wrong about my being able to meet them better than Ann. If he'd divorced Ann and married me, the instant the pale, sour little matron came along he'd have divorced me and married her. Now the marriage habit isn't broken, and each time Ann meets another of these tests, she'll have a stronger hold on him. Oh, it will be an interesting life for her, I fancy."

"Do you regret having lost him?"

"No. Just when I thought I might be able to make myself marry him, a nicer man came along, so I shouldn't have gone on with that anyway. I'm sorry for your sake, of course, and I'll begin to think wistfully of him when I've exhausted that tidy sum you paid me today. The pinch of poverty has made me regret more unpleasant things than Milton Godfrey."

"But why should you ever feel the pinch of poverty? Let's organize a company and put that paste stuff of yours on the market. There's a fortune right there."

"I doubt it," Mary Chadsey replied. "Someone would be almost certain to discover that it was white of egg, followed by yolk of egg. The joy of life, which is the one ingredient I think I added, we couldn't sell at the average drug store."

"You miserable charlatan," Lew Carmichael called her.

"Don't scold me," she said. "And I think it would be polite if you asked me who the nicer man was who came along. I've never had to underline such a promising speech in the past, but then I don't know that I've ever made one before."

(THE END)

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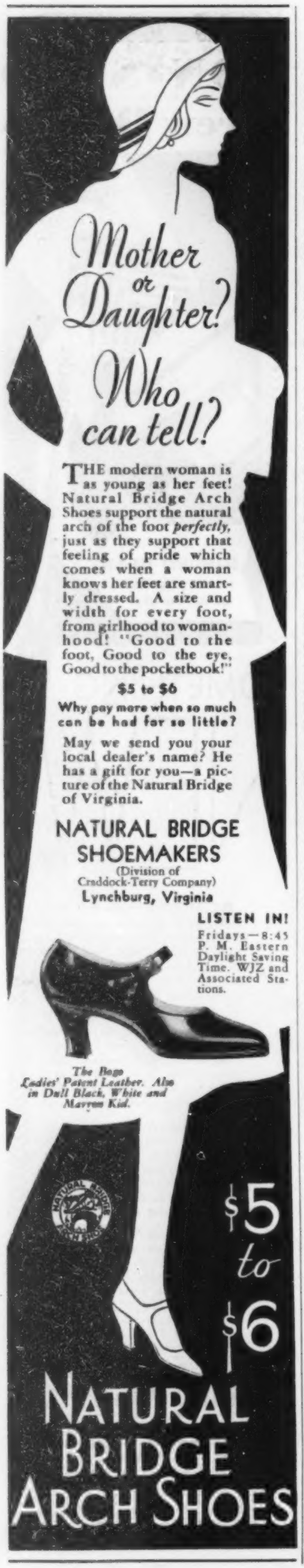

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THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS OF PROHIBITION

(Continued from Page 15)

candidate for office whose success may give encouragement to temperance fanatics and religious hypocrites to carry out their proposed proscriptive, injurious and dangerous plan."

President Grant, who was very much criticized by the prohibitionists because of his personal attitude toward the liquor question, sent a letter to the annual convention of the brewers in 1872, in which he commended the brewing industry and expressed regret at his inability to be present to participate in their deliberations.

During the 70's temperance legislation received many setbacks, while the political power of those who fought prohibition rose considerably. The advocates of prohibition struggled as early as 1872 to get Congress to appoint a Committee of Inquiry on the Alcoholic Liquor Traffic. By 1893 it had passed the Senate seven times, but had always been beaten in the House. In 1876, Representative Henry W. Blair, of New Hampshire, introduced the first joint resolution for a national prohibition amendment to be attached to the Federal Constitution. It was designed to prohibit only distilled liquors, and the amendment was to take effect in 1900. In 1887, when Mr. Blair was a member of the Senate, he went a step further and introduced an amendment to the Constitution for the prohibition of all alcoholic liquors.

If it be thought that the Republicans affiliated themselves too closely with the liquor interests in the 70's, there is ample evidence that the Democrats did likewise. In the Democratic national convention of 1876 they adopted a plank which was an outspoken bid for the wet vote, and it will be recalled that Samuel Tilden, with this in his platform, received a majority of the popular vote.

This elated the brewers, who secured gradual reductions of the tax on malted liquors. From that time on, as the per capita consumption of liquor increased, there were occasional exposés of whisky frauds, showing that the Government was cheated out of millions of dollars of revenue. Indeed, the frauds in the 70's involved persons high in the administration, including a private secretary to the President of the United States. The prohibition vote recorded in a third party was negligible for many years, and though the two major parties competed with each other in an effort to satisfy wets and drys, respectively, it was not until 1884 that we find the National Prohibition Party exercising a true balance of power, for in that election Cleveland carried the pivotal state of New York by a scant plurality of 1049 votes, while the prohibition vote of 25,000 in the Empire State was largely subtracted from that of James G. Blaine.

Dry Planks in Wet States

"The prohibitionists have stood up to be counted," telegraphed John B. Finch, chairman of the National Prohibition Committee, to a Chicago newspaper, "and rebuked the insult offered the temperance men at the Chicago convention, and this vote has made prohibition a national issue which may not go out of national politics until the beer shop and drunkery have gone from America. The Republican Party having been removed from the path to the graveyard, the prohibitionists will at once organize to bury the whisky Democrats four years ahead."

The prohibitionists quarreled among themselves as to the wisdom of the third-party movement, but it did not dampen the enthusiasm of the leaders, who constantly saw the effect of their work on the declarations in the pledges of the major parties and the beginning of the process of submitting constitutional amendments in the various states to the people. In two years following the 1887 campaign, the Republican Party in ten states, supposedly wet, embodied in their respective platforms planks recommending that the prohibition question be submitted to a popular vote. These states were Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Nebraska, Oregon, Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee and Texas. It is significant that outside of the dry states no additional enthusiasm for the principle of prohibition was to be found in the state platforms. They did not recommend adoption; they merely wanted the perplexing issue submitted to the people for decision.

Between 1884 and 1888 local-option laws were passed in fifteen states and every dry state strengthened its laws. Effective methods for search and seizure, and heavier penalties for violation, were added. Sunday-closing laws were passed in several states. Then there came the "scientific temperance-instruction laws," to teach in the public schools the effects of alcohol. By 1888 twenty-five states had adopted the idea, and by 1902 every state in the Union fell in with this educational movement. It was one way by which the politicians appeased the temperance advocates without actually enacting restrictive laws.

The Churches Take Up the Fight

The first conspicuous deal of a bipartisan character in the history of prohibition politics developed in the national campaign of 1888. New York State was the battleground. President Cleveland had won it four years before, due to the diversion from the Republican ranks of thousands of prohibition votes. The Republicans were quite willing to let the Democrats retain control of the state if they could win the national election; so the wet Democrats voted for Harrison, while the wet Republicans voted for David B. Hill, the Democratic nominee for governor. The Republicans were not altogether sure what the wet Democrats would do, however, so they managed to persuade former Senator Miller to make the Republican race for governor on the temperance issue. He attacked intemperance and Governor Hill's alleged favoritism to the liquor interests; thus attracting thousands of temperance voters to the Republican ticket. Benjamin Harrison carried the state by more than 14,000 and Hill was reëlected governor by 19,000. The prohibition vote, which normally would have amounted to 47,000, fell to 30,000.

"I did not expect that I could win," confessed Mr. Miller afterward. "My wife did not want me to take the nomination. I told her, however, that I believed it was possible to keep down the prohibition vote and save the state for General Harrison. I started in with that object in view. It was accomplished."

President Harrison's election unquestionably marked the turning point for the prohibitionists. Per capita consumption of liquor rose steadily, so that during the panic of 1893 the prohibitionists were quick to take advantage of the economic argument to the effect that money spent for liquor could be diverted to the purchase of the products of other industries, thus improving the productive capacity of the country and increasing the demand for goods.

The Prohibition Party started out in 1892 to get 1,000,000 votes, but failed. The Populist uprising was welcomed as a collateral help, because it was seen as a possible menace to the two major parties. Inside the major parties the temperance issue was already developing large groups who, in local elections, often held the balance of power.

The churches took a more intense part in the prohibition agitation in the last quarter of the nineteenth century than they did in preceding years, though as early as 1812 the Presbyterian Church began to pledge itself, at its General Assembly, to warn all members of the church against intemperance, and we find, in 1827, as well as in 1835, reaffirmations of prohibition sentiment, with a warning, in 1840, that "the only true principle of temperance is total abstinence from everything that will intoxicate."

Political action was not referred to in 1888, but in 1893 the General Assembly put itself on record:

"While it is not the province of the church to dictate to any man how he shall vote, no political party has the right to expect the support of Christian men so long as that party stands committed to the license policy or refuses to put itself on record against the saloon."

The Methodist Episcopal Church, in 1892, described the liquor traffic as pernicious in all its bearings, adding that "it can never be legalized without sin," and inserted the following paragraph on political action:

"We recommend all members of the Methodist Episcopal Church who enjoy the elective franchise, to so use that solemn trust as to permit the rescue of our country from the guilt and dishonor which have been brought upon it by a criminal complicity with the liquor traffic.

"We do not presume to dictate the political conduct of our people, but we do record our deliberate judgment that no political party has a right to expect, nor ought it to receive, the support of Christian men so long as it stands committed to the license policy, or refuses to put itself on record in an attitude of open hostility to the saloon."

Relentless opposition to the liquor traffic was pledged by the Baptist Church in 1890. It was not confined to the Protestant churches, for, in 1885, we find the Catholic Third Plenary Council of Baltimore announcing:

"We call upon all pastors to induce any of their flocks who may be engaged in the sale of liquors to abandon, as soon as they can, the dangerous traffic and to embrace a more becoming way of making a living."

"A Perpetual Incentive to Sin"

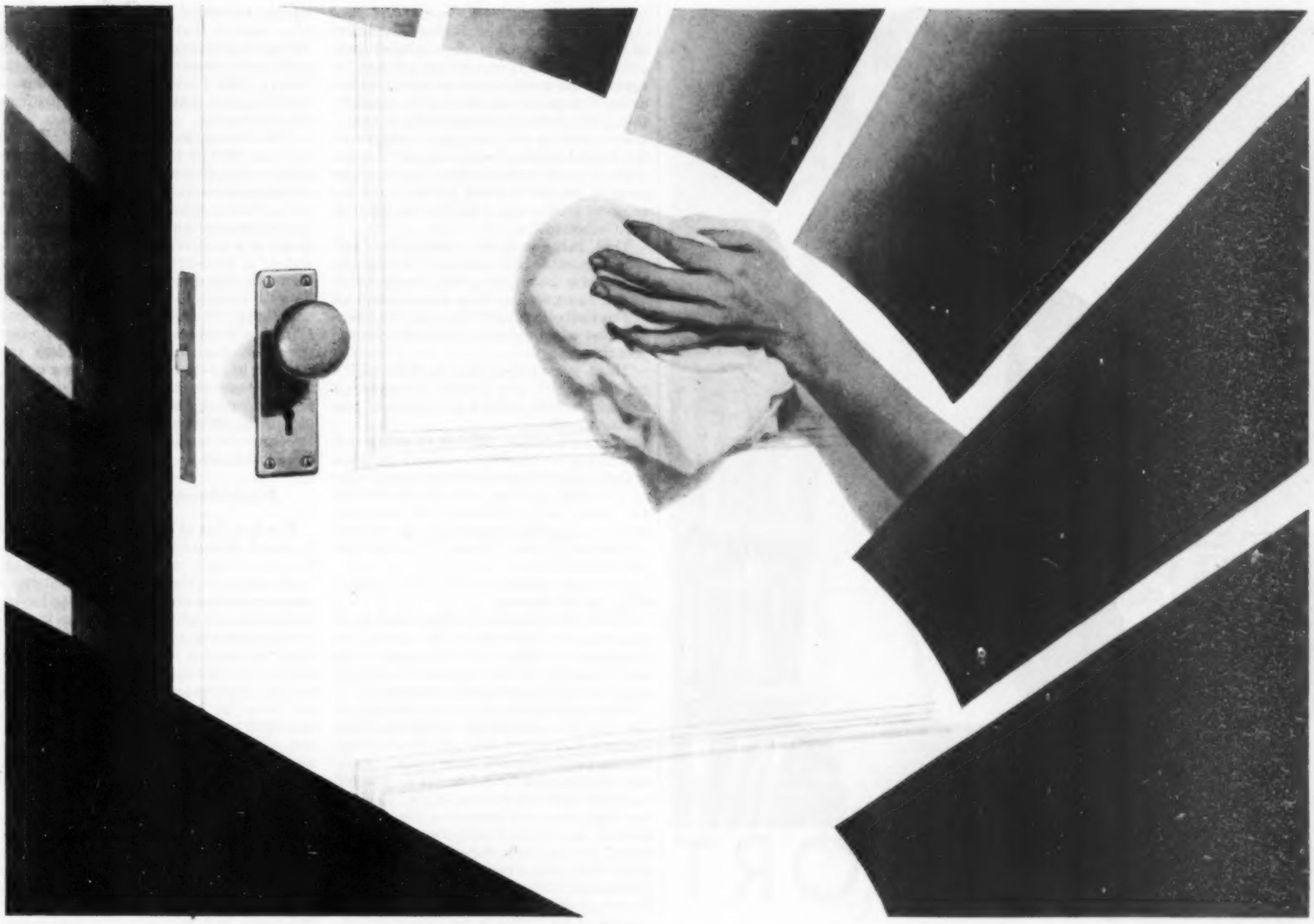
Two years later Pope Leo XIII lauded this step and praised the work of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, which had been organized in 1872. He wrote:

"We have rejoiced to learn with what energy and zeal, by means of various excellent associations, and especially through the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, you combat the destructive vice of intemperance, for it is well known to us how ruinous, how deplorable, is the injury, both to faith and morals, that is to be feared from intemperance in drink, nor can we sufficiently praise the prelates of the United States who recently, in the Plenary Council of Baltimore, with weightiest words condemned this abuse, declaring it to be a perpetual incentive to sin and a fruitful root of all evils, plunging the families of the intemperate into the direst ruin and dragging numberless souls down to everlasting perdition; declaring, moreover, that the faithful who yield to this vice of intemperance become thereby a scandal to non-Catholics and a great hindrance to the propagation of true religion.

"Hence we esteem worthy of commendation the noble resolve of your pious organization, by which they pledge to abstain totally from every kind of intoxicating drink. Let pastors, therefore, do their best to drive the plague of intemperance from the fold of Christ by assiduous preaching and exhortation, and to shine before all as models of abstinence, that so many calamities with which this vice threatens both church and state may by their strenuous endeavors be avoided."

The Congress of Catholic Laity, in 1893, in Chicago, urged Catholics everywhere "to get out and keep out of the saloon business."

(Continued on Page 132)



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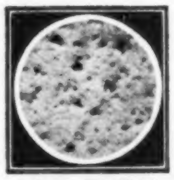

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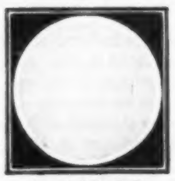

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union suit

(Continued from Page 130)

And, finally, in 1894, Bishop Watterson of the Columbus, Ohio, diocese ruled that:

"No one who is engaged as principal or agent in the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors can be admitted to membership in any Catholic society in this diocese."

In approving this, the papal delegate to the United States remarked that "if it appears to cause temporal loss at present to some, it should be borne patiently for the spiritual good of many and for the honor of our Catholic Church."

Thus, in the early 90's, most of the Protestant churches had come out for total abstinence for the individual and in opposition to the liquor traffic, while high authorities in the Catholic Church favored the abandonment of the saloon and opposed intemperance.

There was no hesitancy to take political action, for the United Presbyterian Church, in 1887, after a succession of resolutions, said:

"We regard the traffic as an evil which can never be removed without political action, and we regard its entire prohibition as the most pressing political question of the times; and it, therefore, becomes our duty as Christian citizens, in the careful and prayerful use of the ballot, to meet the question directly."

The same church went a step further with this statement:

"Partisan friendship for the saloon must be accepted as hostility to the church, the home and all that is valuable to society. No party is worthy of the support of Christian men that fails to antagonize the saloon."

Contemporaneous with the activity of the churches was the development of the national women's crusade, which was vitalized by the founding of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in 1874. Started originally as moral suasion, the W. C. T. U. for many years did not accept the political method as its chief objective, though it sensed the political obstacles. It was not until 1879 that Frances E. Willard, who became national president and whose work in the prohibition movement led to the placing of her statue in the National Capitol—the only woman in American history who has been so honored—found the political side a problem of prime importance. She attended national conventions. In every campaign thereafter Miss Willard aggressively stressed the political issue. She died in 1898, after having developed the W. C. T. U. into a militant organization active in the politics of the country, maintaining in thousands of cities and towns and hamlets local groups who could be depended upon to carry on the crusade.

The Anticanteen Law

There is something curious about the upward and downward curve in the progress of prohibition. It appears as if the public became surfeited with the discussion at times, or else changed merely for change's sake from wet to dry and back again. One of the principal reasons was the frequent absence of a common denominator of nationwide interest. The action of Congress in passing a law taxing retail liquor sales in 1862 crystallized sentiment, just as did the sale of alcoholic beverages in the army canteens during the Spanish-American War bring a revival of party interest in prohibition. Theoretically only light wines and beers were sold by the military authorities in the camps, but, actually, all kinds of drinks were obtainable. The sale of liquor in army posts had been permitted beginning in 1889, but the Spanish-American War brought the whole question to a climax. Finally, in March, 1899, Congress passed an anticanteen law. The liquor organizations were not daunted, but persuaded Secretary of War Alger to construe the law so that, though soldiers were forbidden to sell, the hiring of men to conduct the traffic was not prohibited. Attorney General Griggs, who supplied the Secretary of War with the legal opinion, coincided with the desires of Lewis Schade, one of the leading attorneys for the liquor interests, who boasted that it was his suggestion. President McKinley was criticized by the prohibition elements, but he stood by the ruling. The Prohibitionist Party was so bitter about it that in its national platform of 1900 it said:

"We charge upon President McKinley, who was elected to his high office by appeals to Christian sentiment and patriotism almost unprecedented, and by a combination of moral influences never before seen in this country, that, by his conspicuous example as a wine drinker at public banquets and as a wine-serving host in the White House, he has done more to encourage the liquor business, to demoralize the temperance habits of young men, and to bring Christian practices and requirements into disrepute, than any other President this republic has ever had. We further charge upon President McKinley responsibility for the army canteen, with all its dire brood of disease, immorality, sin and death, in this country, in Cuba, in Porto Rico and the Philippines."

Prohibition Goes to College

The first sign of violence, or what might be called militant tactics, such as the suffragettes in later years used, came from the indignation of Mrs. Carry A. Nation, a deeply religious woman, who, after having appealed to the governor of Kansas in vain, began smashing plate glass, fixtures and liquor containers in saloons. She was arrested a number of times, but in as much as saloons were outlaws, the authorities did not keep her in jail very long. She endeavored to arouse the public conscience, and ultimately Kansas became the driest state in the Union—at least, recent hearings before congressional committees would seem to establish it as arid land.

There were other phases of the prohibition movement which, forty years ago, appealed to the youth of the country in a way quite different from the way they apparently do today, if, indeed, the canvasses taken a few months ago by college newspapers here and there are a reflection of general college sentiment. There was, for example, the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association, organized in 1887 by representatives of forty-four institutions of learning.

By 1893 there were organizations in 146 colleges. From 1902 until 1907 these groups grew rapidly and these student movements, together with the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, played a part in the development of the forces that ultimately brought about the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment. By 1916, 100 colleges and universities had placed courses on the liquor problem in their curricula and gave college credits for its study. Oratorical contests were started and at least 10,000 original orations are believed to have been delivered from 1900 to 1917.

Thousands of college and university men and women were enlisted in the cause, and many of them later became prominent leaders in the prohibition movement. All this work appears to have stopped with the disorganization of the colleges in 1917, incident to the War.

The Prohibition Party, as such, did not increase its vote very materially, largely because a rival organization with more or less the same objective, but with a different method, entered the ranks. It was the Anti-Saloon League. It frowned upon the third-party idea and used all its energies to bore from within both major parties. It did not matter which party a man voted, so long as he voted against the saloon. Only the individual candidate was the issue. This conflict between the Prohibition Party and the Anti-Saloon League did not ultimately affect the triumph of the prohibition cause, but it played an interesting part in the evolution of the movement, for the Anti-Saloon League applied exactly the same line of reasoning as did the United States Brewers' Association—namely, that it was better to try to play one major party against the other than to set up a third competitor.

The Anti-Saloon League, however, did not start until more than thirty years after the Brewers' Association had been in existence. It began, in fact, in Oberlin, Ohio, in 1893, absorbing some of the smaller nonpartisan voters' unions organized in the 80's. And it was not until 1895 that the organization of the Anti-Saloon League was completed. Ohio was the laboratory in which the Anti-Saloon League tried out its experiments in political action, and from that state it sent out thirty-four state superintendents.

But the Anti-Saloon League by no means had a record of uninterrupted success. It lost often in local elections, yet fought on against the politicians on both sides until it saw the importance of abandoning local option with the city or town as a unit and going in for state prohibition. By 1904 the Anti-Saloon League had effected a union with the churches. Not all denominations were represented and there was considerable dissension from time to time as to the wisdom of the political tactics used. The records show much hostility, for instance, from the leaders of the National Prohibition Party, who contended they had greater ideals and that their opponents were opportunists.

The Anti-Saloon League, nevertheless, gradually rose in power, and its greatest success was in splitting the two major parties. It constantly enlarged the number of drys within the major groups and thus potentially threatened to shift its support from one party to the other in local as well as national elections.

Dr. David Leigh Colvin, who is himself sympathetic with the third-party idea and who was the official historian for the National Prohibition Party, thinks that the weakness in the present situation to some extent lies in the omnipartisan policy of the Anti-Saloon League.

"If the same overwhelming prohibition sentiment," he writes, "which outlawed the saloon in most of the states and which placed prohibition in the Constitution had been united in a political party, the wets would not now be able to take advantage of old partisan divisions and to wield the balance of power. The present deplorable situation is thus a direct consequence of the omnipartisan method.

"As a result of the dual composition of each party and the continued incentive to hold the liquor vote in national elections, neither party was committed to the maintenance and enforcement of prohibition. It did not become a party principle. Even though prohibition is in the Constitution, such is the influence of the party interests that politicians place the party ahead of the great moral principle in the Constitution."

Down With the Saloon!

"Not being a party principle, neither party accepted responsibility for the earnest enforcement of prohibition. The kind of prohibition which the United States has thus far experienced has been prohibition without a responsible party behind it to administer it. . . . The fact that there has been no real party responsibility for prohibition by the party in power is the main reason why prohibition has not been better enforced."

There is no doubt, however, that the name Anti-Saloon League crystallized the whole prohibition movement into a single slogan. Many a campaign in the history of American politics has been won by the use of a slogan. It was, of course, the most effective argument that the drys had at their command, for they could repeatedly point to the conditions in the retail sale of liquors.

The saloon in politics was portrayed constantly as the most vicious influence in American life. Even a presumably disinterested body like the Committee of Fifty, which made an exhaustive investigation of prohibition in widely separated communities, did not fail to bring out, as early as 1895, the evils of the saloon. Its investigations in St. Louis may be said to be typical of the saloon era:

"Dancing is, of course, common at all such places, and at some of them it is unrestrained. Many saloons have a separate ladies' entrance, and not infrequently private wine rooms. But it is difficult to say whether these or the so-called free theaters are the most objectionable from a moral point of view. The latter are entered through the bar, upon payment of the price of a drink, which need not be more than five cents, and a drink is given for the money. At the farther end of the room is a cheap stage. The ground floor is occupied by chairs, sometimes by chairs and tables. Men only are admitted. Stairways connect the lower floor with galleries above, divided into stalls, and with curtains in front, where the female singers and dancers employed by the proprietor meet and drink with such men and boys as choose to go up there. They are a sort of public green room, and the conduct and conversation are what might be expected. If there are no galleries, a place is ruled off and partially screened at one side of the room. . . ."

$4,000,000 for Beer

"A city ordinance makes it a misdemeanor for any dramshop keeper to employ lewd women as singers and dancers, but there can be no question as to the character of many of the low variety actresses upon these saloon stages. There is, of course, no official censorship of the stage, and the police dislike to pronounce judgment upon the indecency of a performance which the public sees fit to patronize and encourage. Several years ago, the Women's Christian Temperance Union undertook to suppress six concert saloons, and brought them before the grand jury. An indictment was found, but was quashed because it did not allege that at certain times the women named did sing and dance in said dramshop, but that they were employed for that purpose. But it is questioned whether any indictment can be framed which will hold, so long as the women are employed under cover of a theatrical license. The police express the belief that conviction is impossible. . . .

"It remains to inquire into the reasons for the nonenforcement of the law. In general, the public sentiment of the community does not demand and would not sustain its enforcement. A glance at a map showing the blocks upon which there are licensed dramshops gives a clew to public opinion.

"The multiplication of dramshops is largely due to the business rivalry between breweries, of which St. Louis has twenty-five or thirty—some of them among the largest in the United States, if not in the world. Three-fourths, at least, of the saloons are indirectly owned and operated by the breweries, which advance the license tax and collect it in installments, by charging eight dollars instead of six dollars a barrel for beer. At this rate it is necessary to sell 300 barrels a year to make good the advance, not counting interest; and the minimum consumption of beer in the city would have to be 600,000 barrels, costing $3,600,000 at wholesale. But this estimate is much too low. The rate of the ad valorem tax paid by dramshop keepers as merchants is twenty-five cents upon the $100. The amount, therefore, which they admit having expended for liquors of all sorts is nearly $4,000,000. Doubtless it is greatly understated, and the greater part of it is for beer, which has with the mass of the people largely replaced the stronger distilled liquors. Before the Brewers' Association was organized the competition was unregulated, and nonpaying saloons were maintained in many localities as the result of rivalry between manufacturers, neither of whom would abandon a disputed block or corner to the other.

"The Brewers' Association is a very considerable power in municipal and state politics. It declares, however, that it has never made a contribution to the campaign fund

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of any political party, and that such measures as it may have adopted to prevent the nomination of officers by either party who would make use of their official position to injure the brewing business, differ in no respect from similar measures employed by other great corporations whose interests are threatened by attacks made upon them, whether in good faith or for purposes of blackmail. In fairness to this association, it should be said that it apparently believes itself to be a public benefactor by fighting the battle of fermented against distilled liquors, which is, in its judgment, a great contribution to the cause of temperance. This is no doubt an interested opinion, but it is not for that reason any less sincere. On the other hand, there can be no doubt but politicians dread the opposition of the liquor interest, and are often subservient to it. Its influence, upon the whole, is not favorable to good government."

Prohibition for Food Conservation

Unquestionably, the Anti-Saloon League was the most conspicuous force in the statewide prohibition movement, for prior to September, 1914, there were only nine prohibition states—Maine, Kansas, North Dakota, Oklahoma, North Carolina and West Virginia—which had adopted prohibition by a popular vote—and Mississippi, Georgia and Tennessee, which had adopted prohibition by legislative action. Only three of these states—Maine, Kansas and North Dakota—had adopted prohibition before 1890. Thus the beginning of the World War saw the greatest impetus to the movement for state prohibition. Five states—Virginia, Oregon, Washington, Colorado and Arizona—went dry in 1914; all but Virginia by means of a referendum. Virginia did not have a referendum and the legislature did not vote to submit the question, but it did pass an act permitting a popular vote on prohibition, provided it was petitioned for by one-fourth of those who had voted at a previous election. Five more states—Alabama, which returned to prohibition after a brief period of wetness—and Arkansas, Iowa, Idaho and South Carolina—passed state prohibition laws in 1915. Only one of this number—namely, South Carolina—had a popular vote. South Carolina's action was significant because a dispensary system—virtually a government monopoly—had been tried and dropped. The difficulty was that a percentage of the fees for the sale of intoxicants went to the county and city, which made them parties to a stimulus of the traffic. In South Carolina, 75 per cent of those who voted in the election favored prohibition—the largest percentage up to that time given by any state.

In 1916, while the country was discussing the possibility of war with Germany, four more states—Michigan, Nebraska, South Dakota and Montana—adopted prohibition by a popular vote, and in all but Montana it was adopted by means of the initiative as well as the referendum. From 1917 to 1919 ten more states, counting the District of Columbia as a state, adopted prohibition, all but three of which had a popular vote, so that by the close of 1919 thirty-three states had adopted prohibition—eight by action of the legislature and twenty-five by a direct vote of the people. It is worthy of note that in the twenty-five states the referendum vote was made possible by the initiative-of-petition system, so that the responsibility for the action came directly from the people and not from any legislative body or political party.

Including the states where prohibition was adopted by the state legislature and the few that voted adversely, there were thirty-seven states, or more than three-fourths of the Union, where prohibition in some form was directly passed upon by the sovereign states. Later, when the Eighteenth Amendment was submitted, it was ratified by the largest number of states that ever ratified any amendment to the Constitution in the entire history of the nation.

Wartime prohibition unquestionably had much to do with the success of the movement for prohibition by Constitutional Amendment. The drys insisted that it would help food conservation, and in July of 1917 the wets were very much alarmed by the thought that food conservation might force immediate prohibition. They were afraid of it and really agreed to submit the Federal Amendment as a method of delay to head off complete prohibition. Wartime prohibition itself had prohibited only the manufacture of whisky, and permitted beer.

So, in the same year, a resolution was passed by Congress to submit constitutional prohibition to the people, and the wets thought they had the whole thing beaten when they inserted a clause requiring that the amendment must be ratified within seven years or else be regarded as invalid. Some of the wets boasted of this as a trick. But the drys were not appeased, and in 1918 they renewed their efforts to exterminate beer and wine as well as whisky. The War Prohibition Act finally passed both Houses ten days after the Armistice, to take effect as to manufacture after May 1, 1919, and as to sales after June 1, 1919. It was advocated not only as a food conservation measure but as a means of keeping the country dry during the all-important period of demobilization.

The Federal Amendment, which superseded wartime prohibition, was submitted to the several states on December 18, 1917, and was ratified on January 16, 1919, and went into effect one year later. Never before in American history, with but three exceptions, had so many states acted so quickly on an amendment to the Constitution.

Difficulties arose over the passage of a law to carry out the purposes of the Eighteenth Amendment, and when President Wilson vetoed the National Prohibition Act, popularly called the Volstead Act, because he thought some of its provisions were unconstitutional, Congress quickly passed the measure over his veto within two days. In as much as this required a two-thirds vote of both Houses, the dry sentiment of Congress in October, 1919, may be said to have been pronounced.

The Birth of the Racketeer

Official records tell us of the fight waged by liquor interests for fifty years beginning in 1862, to prevent that fateful step taken by the American people in 1919. Several national organizations with large financial resources fought one another. There was disagreement often between those interested in brewing beer and those who were retailing whisky and wine. Testimony before congressional committees revealed that at certain periods half a cent and at other times a cent a barrel for each barrel of beer constituted the dues of the United States Brewers' Association, and at different times this association controlled from 60 to 80 per cent of the total beer output, which, in 1914, amounted to more than 66,000,000 barrels. With special assessments, a fund of about $2,000,000 a year was raised to fight prohibitory legislation. In Pennsylvania, $300,000 was levied by the state brewers' association for political purposes in the election of 1914; in fact, in four years the funds in that state alone amounted to $922,000. Some of these liquor organizations also collected from allied interests—those who made bottles or manufactured accessories for saloons and those engaged in the distribution of liquor. The Senate investigation summarized the activities of the liquor organizations as having furnished large sums in an attempt to control newspapers and periodicals, and disclosed that they often succeeded in controlling primaries, elections and political organizations.

There is no doubt that these revelations in 1918 by a Senate committee which investigated brewing and liquor interests had much to do with the development of public sentiment in Congress. And there is no doubt, too, that much money was used by the drys, as well as extraordinary legislative pressure, but their defense was that they had no selfish interest to protect and were not engaged in any way in commerce.

The worst effects of the fight carried on by the liquor interests to save themselves from extermination were emphasized in the development of political rings in many cities, some of which, immediately after the passage of prohibition, were transformed into equally corrupt institutions which exacted their own private toll from what has since come to be called racketeering.

Almost every saloon was a political center and the saloon vote was so extensive that undoubtedly the reaction which came when national prohibition had to be acted upon so quickly—that is, within seven years—was provoked by a long series of exposures of polluted state governments as well as political domination of national parties and their conventions.

Railroading an Amendment

Something of a supergovernment developed in the days of the saloon era which even the most sincere and unreproachable business men engaged in brewing were powerless to prevent. Many of them, looking back on it today, recognize the mistakes made by the United States Brewers' Association, and they are inclined to feel that the ultimate triumph of the Eighteenth Amendment was as much due to the mistakes of the wets as to the zeal of the drys. The liquor power in politics had forced its way into the committee rooms of Congress as well as into the halls of state legislatures, only to be thrust back summarily when the tide of public sentiment reached its crest from 1914 to 1918.

One point, however, on which there always will be controversy relates to what actually happened between 1914 and 1918, when the Federal amendment was submitted to the several states. There was not time enough for popular vote, and the legislatures, one after the other, were compelled to act. The power of the Anti-Saloon League and the dry organizations was so great, however, that, pointing to previous votes by popular referendum, they were able to persuade legislature after legislature quickly to ratify the Federal amendment.

Much of the discussion that has since emerged as to the railroading of the Federal amendment through the states is due to the clause inserted in the original amendment by Warren G. Harding, then a member of the Senate from Ohio, requiring the states to ratify within seven years. It was his belief, as it was that of leaders friendly to the wet cause, that the seven-year limitation would kill the Eighteenth Amendment. But it worked just the other way.

The whole evolution of prohibition through a hundred years has been toward national as distinguished from state prohibition, for it was early discovered that local option made it difficult to enforce the law when neighboring communities voted otherwise. Just as national prohibition was the climax of many years of agitation to secure uniformity throughout the United States, so the great query has been since how to divorce prohibition from political parties and elections, and to secure a clean-cut verdict from the people.

When statewide prohibition was up for discussion, the states individually submitted the question to popular vote. The political parties usually took no initiative. There are, therefore, two questions outstanding at the end of one hundred years of prohibition—how to secure a true reflection of popular sentiment on the merits of the question when the major parties studiously avoid it, and how to secure enforcement of law with the existence of a considerable number of people who are antipathetic to any prohibition law. Enforcement as distinguished from the advantages or disadvantages of prohibition itself has come to be the most complex of all problems issuing from a century of prohibition debate; and this deserves a separate survey.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of three articles by David Lawrence. The next will appear June twenty-eighth.

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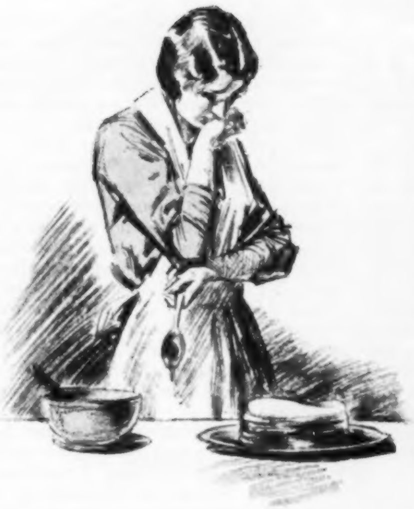

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STONE'S SANITARY STRAWS
Get the Home Package at your Druggist's 10¢

ROSE PLASTER

(Continued from Page 13)

"The minute I saw this place, I knew it was a dump! You simply can't rent from a real-estate description. But mother's tired of California. Well, I am myself. So, of course, we had to grab another Mediterranean villa—in Couveris, New York. There's enough Mediterranean villas on the Mediterranean! Let 'em stay there. But your house is a peach. And how old's your brother? The one who was jumping the black colt over the gates of the big pasture yesterday?"

"Carolus is twenty-one. . . . Gimme your foot, here. Won't do to let this plug think you're seared of him, sister. 'At's right. Turn him easy," Lupus ordered. "He's all right."

He rode Bohunkus close to the dusty horse, and the girl decided that she wasn't scared. She stopped biting her lips and said, "Rose and I trespassed on your place yesterday."

"Who's Rose, sis?"

"Mother. She likes cattle, and the housemaid said you people have awf'ly famous cows and a prize bull. So we sneaked over the bridge, there, and poked around. The housemaid says your family doesn't condescend to know the Shuttleworths. Gosh! I've got the Shuttleworth daughter's bathroom, and it's got vermilion octopuses on the wall. I wouldn't know people who did things like that either. But we saw your father and your stepmother and a baby with curly hair downtown yesterday. The housemaid says there's another baby, named Peter, who's a perfect fiend. But that one looked sweet."

"Henricus is a swell kid," said Lupus. "But you got us kind of mixed up, sister. Tell the housemaid that Red's my wife—not pop's. And Carolus is my oldest kid."

"Rot!" the girl said. "You say he's twenty-one? You're not more than thirty or something!"

"He's twenty-one, sister. He got born the day I was nineteen. Pop told me to go downtown and get shaved, 'cause a fella with a son ought to get shaved. 'N' I stood the town drinks an' rode my horse into the barber-shop window—it was the post office then—an' landed in jail with my leg busted."

"Well, you've worn awf'ly well, I must say! Better than dad. Dad's just a stage effect. If you get close to him you can see lines around his eyes and ——"

"Vera! What—what happened?"

Bohunkus paused to look at a stout lady trailing a pale skirt up the dust. There were servants clotted in the pink gates of the Shuttleworth place. One of the stablemen hovered just behind this lady, whose voice struck Lupus in the throat, somehow, and made him blink.

"It was perfectly rotten, Rose. Mr. Ten Eyck rescued me beautifully—just like a policeman in a film or something. The saddle began turning."

"You mean that Mr. Van Eck rescued you, Vera," the lady said, still very frightened, still panting a little, but making her voice flow in this downward ripple of slow syllables to a soft pause. "Don't forget names, dear."

"I didn't mean to, but my ego's all shaken up. I don't fall off horses every day, mother. And there isn't any compensation being rescued by an awf'ly handsome man when you sit down on your vanity case either!"

The lady remarked, "This is one of the times that mother knows best. Go and take a warm shower and lie down at once, Vera."

"I'm going to—and cry my face off too," Vera told her, and rode between the rosy gateposts.

"Come over to our place, sis," Lupus called after her, "any time you want a real horse to ride! . . . That's a good kid, ma'am."

The lady looked up at him, her wide hat not letting him see her hair, and put her hands together on her breast. He began scrubbing an ear with a fist and hoped she wouldn't cry. She would though. No, she wouldn't! A vibration ended in her white throat.

"I'm so horribly grateful, Mr. Van Eck! You deserve champagne and caviar. But come in and have some iced tea."

If she would go on talking, he would drink anything while she talked. Lupus swung down from his saddle and walked beside this woman up the Shuttleworth driveway. Every window of the pink villa blazed at him. It was like walking down an aisle against a brilliant stage.

"Asters already?"

"They start early here," Lupus said, picking a spray from the bunch under his arm. "I was tellin' Mr. Appledore we had 'em in August, on Sunday. He said 'at didn't happen except in Massachusetts."

"Henry's identified himself with the Yankee aristocracy ever since he was a kid in Harvard. His grandfather was from Kentucky, as a matter of fact. He's quite forgotten by this time that his father's the leading grocer in Terre Haute, Indiana. There are Appledores in Boston. I met one once on a steamer. Henry should find a forlorn Appledore and marry her and settle down to enjoy his middle age in the best Bostonian manner."

"He is from Indiana, then? Say, you can't fool pop on accents an' things! He said Indiana. I thought he was from Boston though. But I'm dumb, you know."

"Are you?"

"Somethin' awful," Lupus said comfortably, helping the lady up three steps onto the terrace of black-and-white-marble checks. "Mrs. Van Eck or Carolus gen'rally explain things to me. I got to be a sergeant in the Army, but that's the most I'll ever amount to. I'm a natural fool. Pop says every other Van Eck is. His father was dumb, too, he says. It's been like that since before the Revolution. We got a piece of Dutch pewter in the dinin' room with Pieter Van Eck's name on it. Somebody wrote in Dutch, with a knife, I guess, 'Pieter is a fool.' It was his son fought in the Revolution. He got to be a captain, so he had some brains. But we've always been good with horses, ma'am."

The lady stopped pouring iced tea into a glass covered with golden blobs and looked at Lupus. She must have been very beautiful before she let herself get stout. It was like staring into green water to watch her eyes. She had taken the wide hat from gray hair, and the pose of her head was like something he had forgotten—like some statue, perhaps, or a picture.

"You may be stupid—which usually means mere inattention—but you're not dull. Henry Appledore favored me with three hours of conversation last night. He isn't stupid, but he's amazingly dull. He's forty-eight—which isn't old—and there's no sparkle left. And he used to sparkle. He really did. I've known him forever, you see. I'm from Terre Haute."

"Hey, did you know his first wife—Ella Vincent?"

"Oh, certainly! She's from Terre Haute too."

"Golly," said Lupus, stretching his boots on the marble. "That's swell!"

"Why?"

"Well, she was swell. On my honeymoon we was down in New York and Sue wanted to see a play—that's my first wife. She died before the war. 'N' they sent us to a play named Forsaken Paradise, 'n' Miss Vincent was playin' it. 'N' she had a speech about snow in the last act, where she was tellin' this fella to get to hell—to get outa her flat. 'N' Sue put her head on me an' bawled so's an old lady gave her some smellin' salts. I never heard nobody use their voice like that! And she was certainly beautiful."

The stout lady slowly said, "'Perhaps you love me—a little. Perhaps I loved you—once. I forget. I forget. Everything warm in me froze so long ago. I hear you speaking, but your voice comes to me through snow. Through so much snow. You froze the world around me, and I shall not be warm again.' . . . It wasn't a bad speech of the kind. Good stucco."

Lupus leaned forward. "You oughta be on the stage! I never heard anybody im'tate Miss Vincent as good as that! You—why, it's just like hearin' her talk! You ain't related, or somethin'?"

"My name's Rose Plaster, Mr. Van Eck."

"Honest?"

"Honest. I've been helping my uncle, Simeon Plaster, die, out in California. After a lifetime devoted to trying to make his stove polish sell, it suddenly became a rage among housewives. He got richer every month and his digestion gave out. You Van Ecks have always had your lovely old house, and probably plenty of money. Poor Uncle Sim never had anything until six years ago, except a mortgaged factory in Terre Haute. And now my girl and I are just caked with money. I suggested that Henry Appledore write a novel about Uncle Sim. It'd be a solid theme—for once in Henry's life. But I'm afraid," she said, "that I know the plot of his next novel—everything but the end."

"I never read one of his books. . . . What became of Miss Vincent? Why'd she quit actin'?"

"Too lazy. She's always been lazy. And never believe the tosh you read about the eternal lure of the footlights. I must know fifty people who've had successes in the theater, and then stopped. Why, she's lazy, and she'd saved some money, and had her girl to bring up. She likes a good, soft couch and a lot of books and a good cook and no worry. And her hair'd started to change. Her mother's was white at forty. And—to do Ella justice—she hates hair dyes and that kind of thing. She had beautiful hair, you remember?"

"Don't I? Pretty as Red's—Mrs. Van Eck's. Well, next time you see Miss Vincent, you tell her she's got one friend in the world, any time she wants a dog whipped. I used to chase down to New York any time it was in the paper she had a new show. She looked like a wonderful woman to me," said Lupus. "How came she to quit Appledore?"

"Henry quit her, to be exact. The intervening power was named Olga Mikhailovna. . . . Your stepmother has beautiful hair, Mr. Van Eck. Henry's spoken of it with profound admiration. Mr. Van Eck ——"

"Yeh?"

"Do you like Mr. Appledore?"

Lupus clinked his spur on the terrace and listened to a car passing the pink gates. Mrs. Plaster had taken an aster to play with. It made a blue shadow on her chin. He ought to get the flowers home to Mary before they wilted.

"Why, I'm dumb. Dunno. Mrs. Van Eck met him in Boston, week before last. He was out to lunch Sunday. Why?"

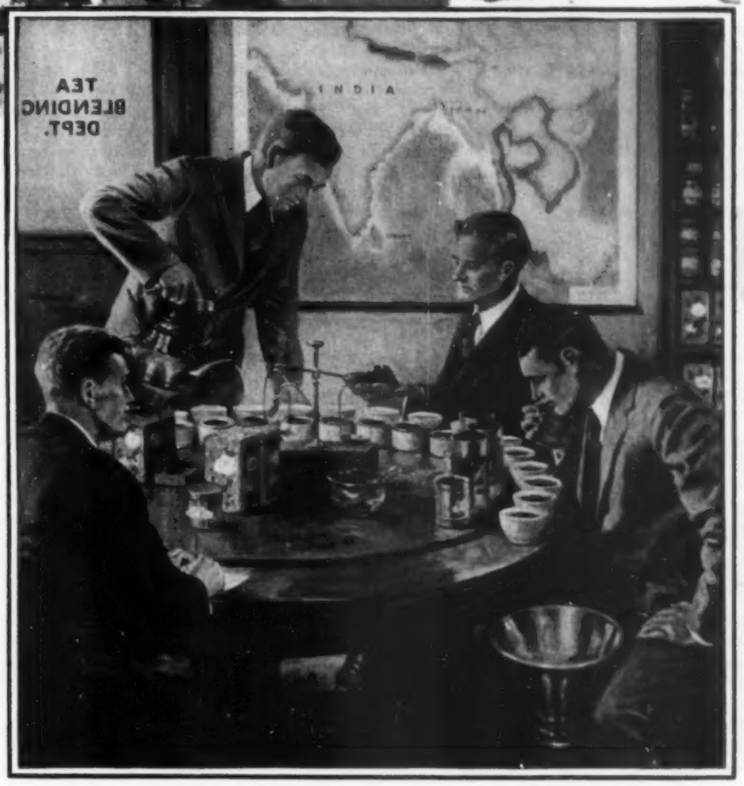
"For two cents," she said, "I'd tell you the plot of his next novel. His novels are thin plaster decorations of his passing emotions."

Lupus scrubbed an ear. "You mean they're all about—about himself?"

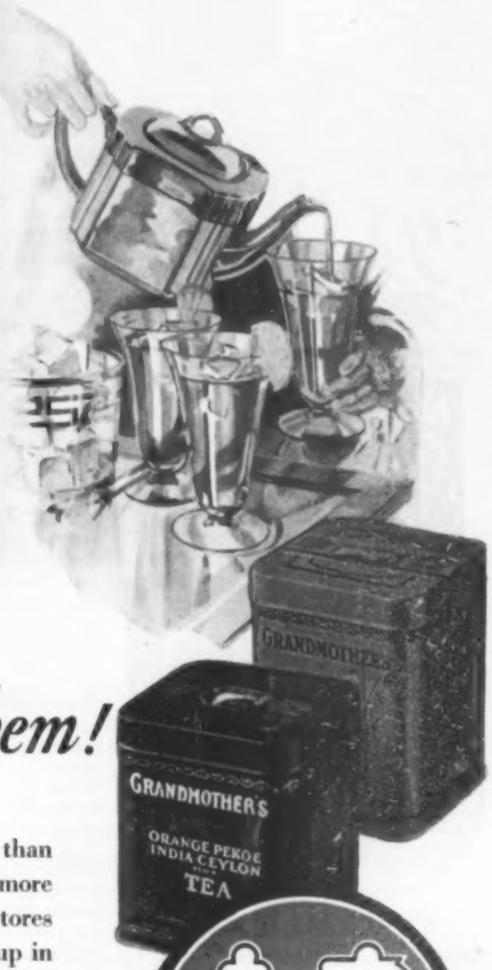
"You're not dumb, Mr. Van Eck. This next novel of Henry's," the plump lady said, "is about a clever young gentleman—about thirty, probably—who met a lovely woman visiting—say—Boston. He's very fond of starting novels in Louisburg Square. Nice setting. And the lady goes home to her husband and children, in a secluded rural community, and attends to her babies and the humdrum routine of the farm. And the clever young gentleman comes along. . . . I don't know the end of the novel. But you must realize that whatever Henry does is never wrong. He's made this rosy, plaster figure of himself. He looks charming, on a rural bridge, playing the

(Continued on Page 138)

From the famed tea gardens of INDIA, CEYLON *and the* ORIENT *come these fragrant teas*



Tea Blending—a science to which men devote a lifetime of study and research.



And to assure you of captivating flavor A&P's own experts carefully blend them!

IF YOU could see them at work—these master tea blenders who create the delightfully fragrant A&P blends. If you could watch them critically appraise fine teas, detecting minute differences in flavor, in strength and aroma, comparing with uncanny skill the teas from hundreds of Oriental gardens, you would realize why A&P's teas are in such demand.

For each blend of tea must be perfectly "balanced"—must have the exact proportions of flavor, strength and aroma which tea drinkers love. And only the most constant care and skill in blending can achieve that balance.

A&P has blended teas now for more than seventy years, so successfully that today more women buy their tea at A&P Food Stores than at any other stores. In fact, one cup in every eight served throughout the country is an A&P blend.

Tomorrow—stop in at the nearest A&P Food Store. Ask for Grandmother's Tea in your favorite blend. You'll find this better tea priced extremely low. This is because A&P is America's greatest tea merchant—distributing direct from Oriental tea gardens to your table.

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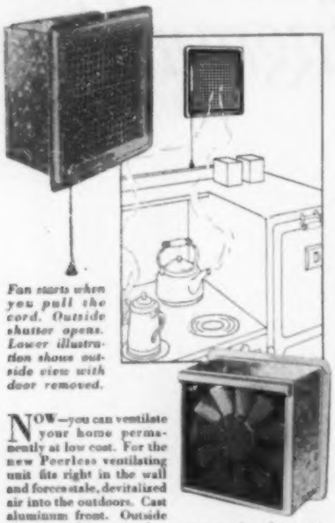

Fan starts when you pull the cord. Outside shutter opens. Lower illustration shows outside view with door removed.

NOW—you can ventilate your home permanently at low cost. For the new Peerless ventilating unit fits right in the wall and forces stale, devitalized air into the outdoors. Cast aluminum front. Outside aluminum door opens by same operation that starts fan. No louvers. Silent two speed fan. Slow speed gives steady ventilation to kitchen. High speed will ventilate entire home. No assembly necessary. Can be installed in new homes or old. Sturdy, dependable, low priced. Will last for years. Write for free descriptive folder.

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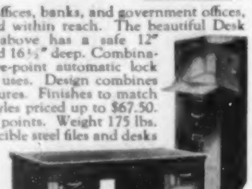

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(Continued from Page 136)

guitar in white flannels. He is charming. He's sweet tempered, he's well educated, nice manners, traveled a great deal, has a name in the world. He doesn't mean anything at any time. But what he does is always right, Mr. Van Eck. The maids say that you youngsters adore your father. You've just saved my daughter from—from possible death, and I owe you something. Mrs. Van Eck's much younger than your father. I noticed that yesterday, when they drove past us. . . . Perhaps she doesn't realize—hasn't heard—that Henry's been married four times and has three widows living."

Lupus stood up and gathered the asters from the glass top of the table.

"Your maids have got us kinda mixed, Mrs. Plaster. Mary's my wife, not pop's."

"No!"

"Yes'm. Carolus is my kid, too, not my brother. I'm forty. Mary's thirty-one. We thought Mr. Appledore was—was courtin' your daughter. He's been ridin' around with her. But you meant all right. I had to fire a groom last spring for bein' fresh. I'm not so dumb I don't know I got the best-lookin' wife in the state of New York. Thanks a lot. I can handle Mr. Appledore, if it comes to that. Only," said Lupus, "the end of his story is that the young fella went back to Boston all by himself."

"But you've altered the plot, Mr. Van Eck! You see, the husband in my version was a handsome old gentleman with grown sons, not a Roman tribune with arms like a bronze statue and rather engaging waves in his hair. Please forget what I said!"

"Gee! You got a beautiful voice! Can I bring Red—Mrs. Van Eck—over to call, ma'am?"

"I'd naturally be delighted."

"And you'll im'tate Miss Vincent for her? She never saw her act. Thanks a lot. Y' see," he said, "Red's father's a schoolteacher. 'N' she used a—used to—fetch his lunch over to high school an' saw me wrastlin' round with my gang, until I got expelled. 'N' she admired me. She was a little kid. 'N' then I married Sue. . . . But she's always admired me. Dunno why. 'N' we've been married three years now. An' it'd take a lot to worry me, Mrs. Plaster. But thanks a lot. You meant it all right."

When he was mounted he thought she spoke, and turned to look at her, still in her iron chair on the terrace. And when he looked back from the curve of the road, she was standing in the pink gateway, holding her hat in her hand. Must feel foolish. But she had kept her head and hadn't said anything silly. And that was graceful about his arms and his hair. Bohunkus trotted down the road and Lupus contemplated his arms. It was too early in their acquaintance for Mrs. Plaster to have said something about his legs. His loose shirt ballooned pleasantly, full of hot breeze. Lupus thought he might wear a necktie and even a coat when he took Red to call on Mrs. Plaster. It would amuse Red, and the plump lady might like it. And pop ought to enjoy this stately person. He liked women who knew how to talk. Bohunkus tried to turn into the great stable yard, where Mr. Van Eck was watching a foal cavort and spitting on fine gravel, his cane planted behind his gray pants, but Lupus brought the big horse on and swung him past the lindens into the driveway of the old house.

Mary's hair glowed against a limestone pillar of the porch. She had Henricus in her white lap. Mr. Henry Appledore sat beside her on the top step. The yellow face of his guitar was crossed by one of his arms in a creamy sleeve. The strings buzzed as Bohunkus stopped his trot. This frail, monotonous music tinkled in the air. Bohunkus walked toward the sound and Lupus felt his legs sticks of crumbling plaster inside his boots. This man had a name in the world, and he was very handsome. Knew all kinds of things. And he was so handsome, sitting there, with one hand stirring those silvery strings. He knew how to make music. He was not just a horse breaker.

"—— but there's something gray and suave—deliciously melancholy—about Munich. A kind of pleasantness. And you've never been there?"

"Never," said Mary. . . . "Look, Henricus, here's your father. The Van Ecks can advance stealthily even on horseback. . . . They never make any noise with their feet or hoofs, Mr. Appledore."

"Hoss!" said Henricus, tilting a book down from Mary's lap.

"Henricus A, do try to respect literature! . . . Don't get off, Lupus. Caro's gone swimming. I want you to lug this book up to Sam Pomeroy's. Promised him a book for his wife."

She planted Henricus on a step and stooped for the book. Her hand met Appledore's fingers on the cover. Lupus twitched his lips. But she came over ten yards of gravel to him, her hair glittering, and Lupus grinned down at her. He forgot everything suddenly, except that her hand was on his knee.

"Get away from here, Lupus. Don't get cordial. This cabbage wants to stay for dinner. Don't come back for twenty minutes! He's driving me mad," she murmured. Then she said aloud, "Where did you find the asters, Lupus?"

"All up the road, honey."

"And you remembered to bring me some."

"'Course I did, honey."

Mary looked up at him, her chin among the brilliant flowers held to her breast with both hands. It seemed to him that her eyes had a wetness in the lashes. Lupus forgot all about Mr. Appledore. He stooped himself sideways from the saddle and kissed his wife on the nose. Then he rode out of the yard. He also forgot where she wanted him to take this book in his hand, and was rather upset about it, remembering Mr. Appledore. It would look silly to ride back, now, and ask what she had just said. He let Bohunkus walk up the highroad and tortured an ear with his fist, slowly going over every word until he came to Sam Pomeroy. 'At was it! So he trotted Bohunkus and thought casually that Mr. Appledore could go on tinkling the guitar a long while, for all the good it'd do him. Mary said the notable person was a cabbage. She disliked cabbages extremely. Sam Pomeroy's little front garden was full of purple cabbages when Lupus walked through it, and the poor man's sickly wife was languidly washing a cabbage in the rickety porch of the house. Lupus pitied her a lot and sat down on the step to be friendly. She was a nice old girl enough. He told her all about the new foal, and the passion of the dog Brainless for collecting sardine tins, and Mr. Van Eck's remarks to an intrusive female in fifteen thousand dollars' worth of car who had walked right into the house and tried to buy the old Dutch desk with 1679 carved on the drawer.

"My land," said Mrs. Pomeroy, "the gall of them people from N'York!"

"This dame was from Boston."

"Well, it's just as bad, Lupus. 'Cause they come on in your place and act like you wasn't nobody. I dunno what gets into city people's heads about us. They act like we're just funny. But that's a nice woman has the Shuttleworth house. She stopped in day before yesterday, with her girl and her husband, 'cause she saw my sign about apple jelly for sale on the gate. I didn't think so much of her husband—condescendin', kind of. But she was real sweet. And funny. 'Oh, my,' she says, 'look at all the cabbages!' Seems she used to be on the stage and had a play with a scene in a field of cabbages where she was a farmer's girl with a city feller courtin' her. So she spoke some of it. She was real funny. You wouldn't think she'd ever been an actress. She's real stout and dressed kind of sloppy and comfortable like anybody."

"The hell she was an actress!"

"Why, Lupus Van Eck!"

"'Xcuse me, ma'am. . . . Oh, so she was an actress?" Lupus put both fists in his pockets and studied his boots. He was as dumb as a cabbage not to have known that! Nobody could imitate Ella Vincent's voice like that. "What's her husband like?"

"Oh, nothin' so much. Kind of handsome. Curly-headed. Their girl kep' callin' him Henry, which struck me for unnatural. I suppose it's modern, like lots of things."

"Well, I got to be movin'," said Lupus.

He moved rapidly down the highroad, grinning. There was still sunlight, but the trees had purple shadows now, and a coolness rode in the air. Everything was soothing around him and everything was pretty funny—Mr. Appledore carrying on his wooing under his first wife's nose and himself sending Ella Vincent kind messages through herself. Mary was gone from the limestone porch when he turned into the driveway, and the nurse was feeding Henricus Abram from an old pewter bowl. Pieter Lupus, as usual, was yelling fearsomely in his shallow basket lined with tiny pillows.

"Mrs. Van Eck inside?"

"Her an' him walked down the orchard a piece back."

"Yeh? Where's my father?"

"He was over by the henhouse a while ago."

Lupus slapped Bohunkus to send the horse down to the stables, and tramped through the garden, acquiring the dog Brainless as he passed. But pop was not around the wooden henhouse in its barrier of netting—the only thing on the place not built of red brick. Lupus spoke to a rooster which Mary insistently called Artemidorus Jones, because she thought the name suitable. The golden horse on the weather vane of the biggest stable was getting tarnished and pink as the sun went scarlet. Tomorrow would be hot again. He yawned and walked irresolutely down the orchard. If he bunged into Mr. Appledore with Mary, the handsome man might ask him point-blank, as he had last Sunday, if he might stay to dinner. Coming to think of it, that was what had happened on Sunday. Red hadn't asked the stranger to stay; he had done his own inviting. And, come to think of it, she hadn't said anything at all cordial about this man. Lupus smiled, touching black trunks with a thumb as he passed them. The orchard spread immensely on this soft slope toward the little river. She must have walked Mr. Appledore down to the wooden bridge that joined a lane on the other side of the water and pointed a way to town.

What had Mrs. Plaster said about somebody looking charming on a rural bridge, playing the guitar? Well, it was pleasant to lean on the rail and watch the water. Great thickets of elder and sumac hid the bridge from this end. You could be very private there, and do some thinking, if you had to. Lupus rambled that way, waving a stick to and fro to make Brainless jump along the thick grass. The police dog hopped and missed, hopped and missed, and Lupus chuckled at him when he whined. And then all at once the guitar sounded behind the bushes in a great buzzing of its strings, and Lupus found a cane jammed in his chest.

"Quiet," said Mr. Van Eck.

Pop was standing there, motionless as a tree when he lowered his cane. Lupus saw something awful in the amber face with its hard, curving nose. He saw how pop scared people. This wooden face held something deadly and cold in its unlined flesh. This was how the Iroquois had looked at bodies in the torturing fires which burned once in these valleys.

"But, Mr. Appledore, don't you know that you're being incredibly silly?"

"More words," said Appledore.

"Incredibly silly!" Mary cried.

"Words. You belong to me."

She said, in a huge gasp, "Oh, don't be so trite! I'm thirty-one and I'm good-looking. Do you think you're the first man who's said that I belonged to him? Good heavens! There was a little clerk in a grocery store downtown who wrote me letters last year. I belonged to him. I remember giggling so over one letter that Lupus asked me what was funny. . . . No, go on playing your guitar!"

(Continued on Page 141)

Pillsbury's
BEST
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Flour
Bread
Biscuits
Pastry

Avoiding failures is only half of success in baking

There are two angles to this matter of baking success — eliminating failures is only one of them. To be sure, it's important to avoid baking mishaps. So important that Pillsbury's Best Flour is tested constantly, by daily baking, by every scientific method known — to make sure that it will never fail you, that every sack will work perfectly for any baking purpose — bread, biscuits or pastry.

But that's only half the story — there's a higher type of baking success. One woman bakes a good-looking, perfectly satisfactory food — while another woman bakes a food which is no better-looking, but has a delicate, unmistakably richer flavor. Here is real success — the mark of the artist in baking. There is no particular mystery about it — simply choose ingredients (flavorings, shortening, etc.) with greatest care, and use a flour that is *rich* as well as dependable—Pillsbury's Best. For Pillsbury's baking chemists have discovered one secret of this finer flavor. They have found that there are certain blends of wheat which make a richer flour — and that foods made with this richer flour have a better flavor. Pillsbury's Best Flour is made only from this carefully selected, plump, full-flavored wheat. It is really a double-value flour — it gives you dependability, *plus finer flavor.*

It's a most pleasant feeling — to know that your flour will never cause a failure, and, more than that, to know that all your foods will have that delicately richer flavor that is the mark of finest baking. Simply remember the flour that gives you this double quality — Pillsbury's Best. All good grocers have it — ask for it by name — for better flavor and more certain success in everything you bake!

OLD FASHIONED STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

4 cups Pillsbury's Best Flour
8 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
8 tablespoons shortening
2 cups milk

Sift the dry ingredients together; work in the shortening with the back of a spoon and stir in the milk. The mixture will be quite moist. Divide the mixture and turn into two oiled layer cake pans. Bake in a hot oven 400 degrees F. for about twenty minutes. Wash, hull and mash one quart strawberries and add one-half cup sugar. Butter the top of one of the shortcake layers, add the berries and cover with the second layer. Garnish with one cup of cream whipped and additional whole strawberries.

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They will make a complete Pedo-graphic analysis of your stockinged feet, revealing the extent of your foot ailment, and show you how simple and easy it is to get immediate, permanent relief.

UNDER the guidance and leadership of Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, internationally famous foot authority, leading merchants in every community in the United States and Canada are now organized to render a completely standardized, scientific Service that insures relief for every foot sufferer.

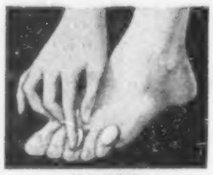
They have chosen June 14 to 21—Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Week—as the time to initiate this service.

Go to any Shoe or Department store in your town specializing in Dr. Scholl's Foot Appliances and Remedies and take advantage of the unusual offer which they make *without charge.*

You will learn the exact condition of your feet; what your foot ailment is; what causes it; the exact size shoes to wear, and other helpful information about the care of the feet, etc.

At the same time you will be shown how the correct Dr. Scholl Appliance or Remedy for your foot ailment relieves you of all pain and quickly restores your feet to normal.

There are 40 specific Dr. Scholl Aids for the Feet. Each one is made under Medical and Orthopedic supervision and *guaranteed* to end the pain and remove the cause of the condition it is designed to correct. Sold by Shoe, Department and Drug stores the world over.



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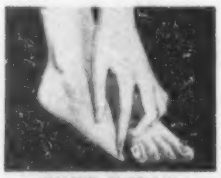
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads immediately relieve corns and tender spots on the toes; remove shoe pressure. Thin, protective, soothing, healing, guaranteed safe, sure. 35c box.



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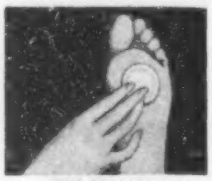
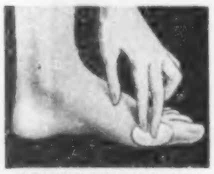
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Soft Corns between the toes end pain instantly, heal the irritation and remove the cause. Easy to apply. 35c box.



CALLOUSES

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Callouses stop pain instantly; remove shoe pressure. Thin, protective, soothing, healing, guaranteed safe and sure. 35c box.



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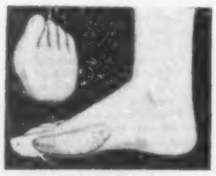
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Bunions give instant relief to tender or enlarged joints by removing shoe pressure. Thin, protective, healing, safe and sure. 35c box.



BUNIONS

Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer relieves bunion pain by removing shoe pressure; reduces by absorption; hides the bulge, preserves shape of shoes. Worn invisibly. 75c ea.

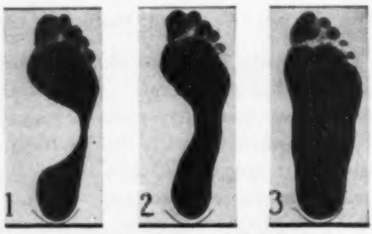
Have your feet Pedo-graphed

7 in 10 Have Weak Arches!

Pedo-graph prints made of the feet of 4,763 men, women and children, reveal the startling fact that 7 in 10 have weakened arches and suffer from a foot trouble directly traceable to an arch condition.

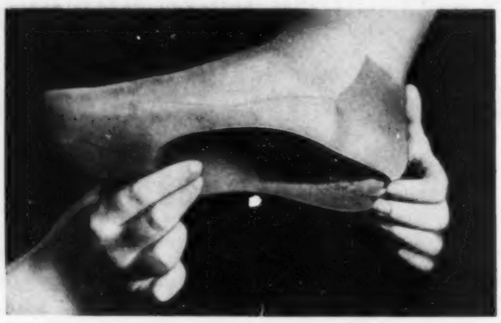
If you have tired, aching feet, rheumatic-like foot and leg pains, cramped toes, sore heels or swollen ankles, it is the surest indication that you have weak or fallen arches and foot strain!

Go to your dealer this week and let him make Pedo-graph prints of your stockinged feet.



Pedo-graph prints of (1) Normal Foot; (2) Weak Foot; (3) Flat Foot.

422

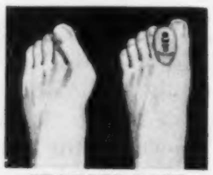


RELIEVES AND CORRECTS WEAK AND FALLEN ARCHES

Dr. Scholl's New Improved Arch Supports give instant relief to tired, aching feet, weak or broken down arches, foot and leg pains, weak ankles, tender heels, etc. They restore the arch to normal by easy and comfortable stages. Remarkably thin, strong, light and flexible. Adjustable as the condition of the feet improves. Worn in any shoe. Scientifically fitted at shoe and department stores.

SORE, HOT FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm soothes, cools, rests and heals tender, tired, aching, burning feet. Promotes foot health. Gives immediate relief. 35c per jar.



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Dr. Scholl's Toe-Flex straightens crooked toes with comfort by exerting an even outward pressure to the great toe. Insures safe correction. 75c each.

TENDER FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder relieves sore, tender, perspiring feet. Very soothing, healing and beneficial to the skin. 35c can.

Dr Scholl's Foot Comfort Week

JUNE 14 TO 21

(Continued from Page 138)

Mr. Van Eck stretched his cane before Lupus. It was a rigid fence against the green leaves. The dog sat looking up at it.

"Eve," said Appledore, "your hair is like red snakes."

"I think that's trite too. Let's settle this, please! You are not to come near me again. I don't love you. I don't even particularly like you. If that matters, I detest your books. Ten days of this—this darned nonsense is a great deal too much."

"You're afraid of me," the man said.

"Of course I am!"

"Oh?"

"Of course I am," said Mary furiously. "You have the impudence to follow me home from Boston. You come lallygagging around me; and my father-in-law has eyes like—like an Indian scout, and Caro's terribly observant. They wouldn't speak to Lupus for worlds. They wouldn't worry him. But they're worried. And I don't propose to have anybody worried on your account!"

"You lie beautifully, madam. Don't pretend to be the agitated bourgeoise. You and I belong to another world than ——"

"Oh, great Cæsar's ghost! Can't you say anything that doesn't sound like a second-rate novel?"

Lupus moved forward against the cane. She was scared, out there on the bridge. It swept in her voice. He must go out there and tell that fool to get off the property and . . . leave her be. But the cane would not stir.

"Let her finish it, son."

"I'm saying these things because they are true," said Appledore. "You and I belong to another world, and you know it. And I shan't let you stay here with this pleasant fool who thinks Andrea del Sarto was a wop general in the war. No, and stop lying! You care."

"I do not care!"

"You care."

"I do not care one pin! I have the most beautiful picture of myself rushing out to Nevada and divorcing Lupus so as to give myself the pleasure of your company for—for the length of the sentence! Your neckties are superb. Lupus never wears one unless we're going to a funeral. What on earth do I care if he doesn't know the name of a third-rate Renaissance painter? Is that enough?"

"No."

The wires sounded in a light whimper, and Mary cried out, "Oh, don't be absurd!" but Lupus did not move. His father had gone through the bushes as if leaves and branches were a curtain. The tawny dog ran in a little circle and looked at the place where Mr. Van Eck had been standing.

"G'on up to the house, daughter, an' leave me talk to this feller."

"I wish you would!"

"I'm goin' to. Run along, child. You're too civ'lized for this kind of business. Go 'round by the stables an' not straight up. Lupus is home. You look kind of excited, Red. Git cooled off."

For some time there was no noise. Then Mr. Van Eck began speaking in a dreamy purr:

"You cheap fool, the trouble with you is you dunno when you got your big feet in a gentleman's house. You're a smart ellick from some place out West that's learned to talk Boston. You may think it funny, but bein' a success as a husband is kind of traditionary in this fam'ly, like breakin' hosses an' usin' bad grammar. The fam'ly papers is kep' from the time of the Rev'lution. The British burned the house, then. No Van Eck never lost his woman to another man. My grandmamma was a De Lansing from Albany. She turned down an Ackert and a Cornelys to 'lope with granddaddy. When you come to that, my wife was a Forsythe from Hartford. She met me in the paddock at Saratoga, an' I never got rid of her—nor wanted to. Now, git off my land."

But there was no noise. Appledore's feet did not sound on the planks of the bridge. Lupus put a fist up to his ear and rubbed it. And then there was a terrible noise of smashing wood and shrieking wire.

"Git off my land!"

"You damned old—clown!"

"An' take your Spanish guitar with you. Bring me a lawsuit for smashin' it. You're ——"

"Please don't speak so roughly to Henry, Mr. Van Eck," said Rose Plaster.

Brainless went headlong through the bushes to see what strange voice that was. There was a third silence on the bridge, and then a small noise of a woman's high heels tapping the thick planks.

"He's not used to being spoken to so harshly, Mr. Van Eck."

"I haven't the pleasure of knowin' you, ma'am."

"Oh, I'm just one of Henry's retired wives. His first wife, to be exact."

"Rose, will you please keep out of this?"

She laughed, and the sound whirled under the low bridge, bringing up a deep and slow echo. Suddenly Lupus put his hand on his throat, because it was full of a hot, choking water. He had never heard anything like that laugh.

"No, Henry. You're being very childish for a man in his forty-ninth year. Even Vera's caught on. We were trespassing yesterday when you were having your quiet moment here with Mrs. Van Eck on the bridge. It amused Vera no end. She is almost eighteen, remember. She's seen plenty of second-rate playwrights and actors and press agents attitudinizing. She knows what's going on. And she hasn't any particular respect for you anyhow."

"Oh," said Appledore, "will you shut up?"

"No, Henry, I won't. You're going to stop annoying Mrs. Van Eck. For two reasons, Henry. One is that she wants you to, and the other is that I just met her husband. He could kill you with one hand. By the way, he just saved Vera's life. Her horse ran away with her. He rescued her in the grand manner. The horse has a mouth made of iron. He must nearly have pulled its jaw loose. You'd better walk over to the house and pet her. She's still quite upset. And you do pet people nicely, Henry. Go."

"Are you telling the truth?" Appledore asked, in another voice.

"I am," said Rose Plaster, "telling the truth."

Mr. Appledore walked quickly away. The fourth silence lasted and lasted. Carolus went whistling up the orchard, two hundred yards off, with a towel draped over one shoulder. His scarlet jersey was brown in the dusk. Twice a wind stirred all the leaves, in huge sighs of an intense music.

"I'm obliged to you, ma'am."

"Not at all. Henry's incredibly naïve, you know. As soon as I saw him down in the town, last week, I suspected something of the kind. And he hadn't talked to me for three minutes before I almost knew the lady's name."

The fifth silence was long. It came on him that she had really been Appledore's wife and that the pretty girl was their child, that this foolish business was not new to her, but old. She knew all about Henry Appledore.

"You was this actress, ma'am—Ella Vincent? You quit this man—how long ago?"

"He deserted me. Women don't quit Henry, Mr. Van Eck. He quits them. He does it nicely, gracefully, very politely. It saddens him. It upsets him a lot—for a while. He thinks how tragic life is, and writes a book about it. He paid me the compliment of taking ten years to get altogether tired of me. We'd always known each other. He fell in love with me when I was playing in Forsaken Paradise. I hadn't any experience at all then, and so I did a big speech about having my heart broken at the end of the piece and everybody was crazy about it. I was myself. Your son was speaking of it an hour ago. He thought it was grand. . . . Plaster!"

"I never seen you until 1920. You was playin' comedy then," Mr. Van Eck said. "I'm obliged to you for bein' entertained fine. . . . You don't act no more?"

The sixth silence was not so long. Lupus wondered how they were standing on the bridge and if pop was smoking. The dog set up a hungry little yelping, saying that suppertime had come.

"You don't ride any more, Mr. Van Eck?"

In this seventh silence the dog still yelped and strings of the broken guitar rattled. His father was poking the wreck with his cane. "You're a smart woman, sister. . . . No, a feller with a wooden leg can't ride a real hoss. . . . You've had your peck of trouble."

"One gets over it, Mr. Van Eck."

"One gits over nearly everything," pop said. "Left my leg down in Cuby, in '98. . . . Play cribbage?"

"Do I see before me a person who really plays cribbage? I could kiss you!"

"I'll give myself the pleasure of droppin' in some evenin', ma'am. I expect Mr. Appledore'll be leavin' soon?"

"Tonight, I rather imagine. . . . Is that a revolver inside your shirt, Mr. Van Eck?"

"Yes'm. It's an automatic. They don't make much show through your clothes. I've been packin' it sincet Sunday noon. I'm a good shot. My dad sent me to buy mustangs in Ar'zona when I was a pup. . . . Lupus ain't a suspicious boy. . . . I was considerin' how Mr. Appledore would look with one ear shot off at the top. . . . I'll say good evenin'. We have dinner at seven. It's a pleasure to meet you, ma'am."

The bushes rustled. Lupus stepped back as his father returned, a shadow through shadows. The sky was green, but darkness lay in the orchard. Mr. Van Eck began to roll a cigarette. His face glowed for a moment in the puff of a match. The silence was prodigious, for she had not left the bridge. Presently a sound swelled and rang twice, a long rush of noise. And the dog put his head on his master's boot, whining delicately in answer. Then her feet moved on the wood and she was gone.

"Some things go right on hurting, Lupus son. You're a lucky boy."

"Aw, pop! Don't I know it?"

"Well, go and kiss your woman. An' don't never be funny about this business. It was no joke to her. No joke," said the wise man, "to none of us."

"'N' I'm so dumb that I didn't know nothin' about it!"

"Well, go on bein' dumb, you big calf. You didn't know nothin', and now you dunno nothin'.

"And go kiss your woman. She deserves it," said Mr. Van Eck.

A Pasture Near Clifton Springs, New York

RUNNING WATER

. . . at amazingly low cost!

Now you can enjoy the convenience and comfort of running water in your home and anywhere on the premises—even though you live beyond the city water mains. No longer need you do without this modern necessity because of excessive cost.

The new Fairbanks-Morse Home Water System will bring you "city water" convenience—a full, steady stream at the turn of a faucet—*at a cost of only a few cents a week!*

No matter what the water supply or the power requirements, there is an **F-M** Water System that will meet your needs exactly. Gasoline engine driven plants are provided for use where there is no electricity. Where current is available the plant illustrated is extremely popular. It is compact, easy to install and automatic in action. Yet it sells for only $75 cash. Easy terms if desired.

Don't delay any longer because you think that the cost is too great. *Running water is not expensive!* Get the facts *now*. See your **F-M** dealer or send the coupon for valuable free book.

ONLY $75

Cash f. o. b. factory

210 gal. per hour pumping capacity. Complete with motor for 60-cycle alternating or direct current. Fully enclosed. Only $20 down—balance easy terms. Also 420 gal. size at $107.50.

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Send your FREE Home Water Service Book and Special Circular giving full details about the New F-M Home Electric Water System.

Name ....
Address .... R.F.D. ....
Town .... Co. .... St. ....
My source of water supply is:
☐ Lake ☐ Spring ☐ Stream
☐ Deep Well ☐ Shallow Well ☐ Cistern
Have you electricity? ☐ Yes ☐ No

A WRENCH WITH *DOZENS* OF USES

Goes in the Pocket of Your Car

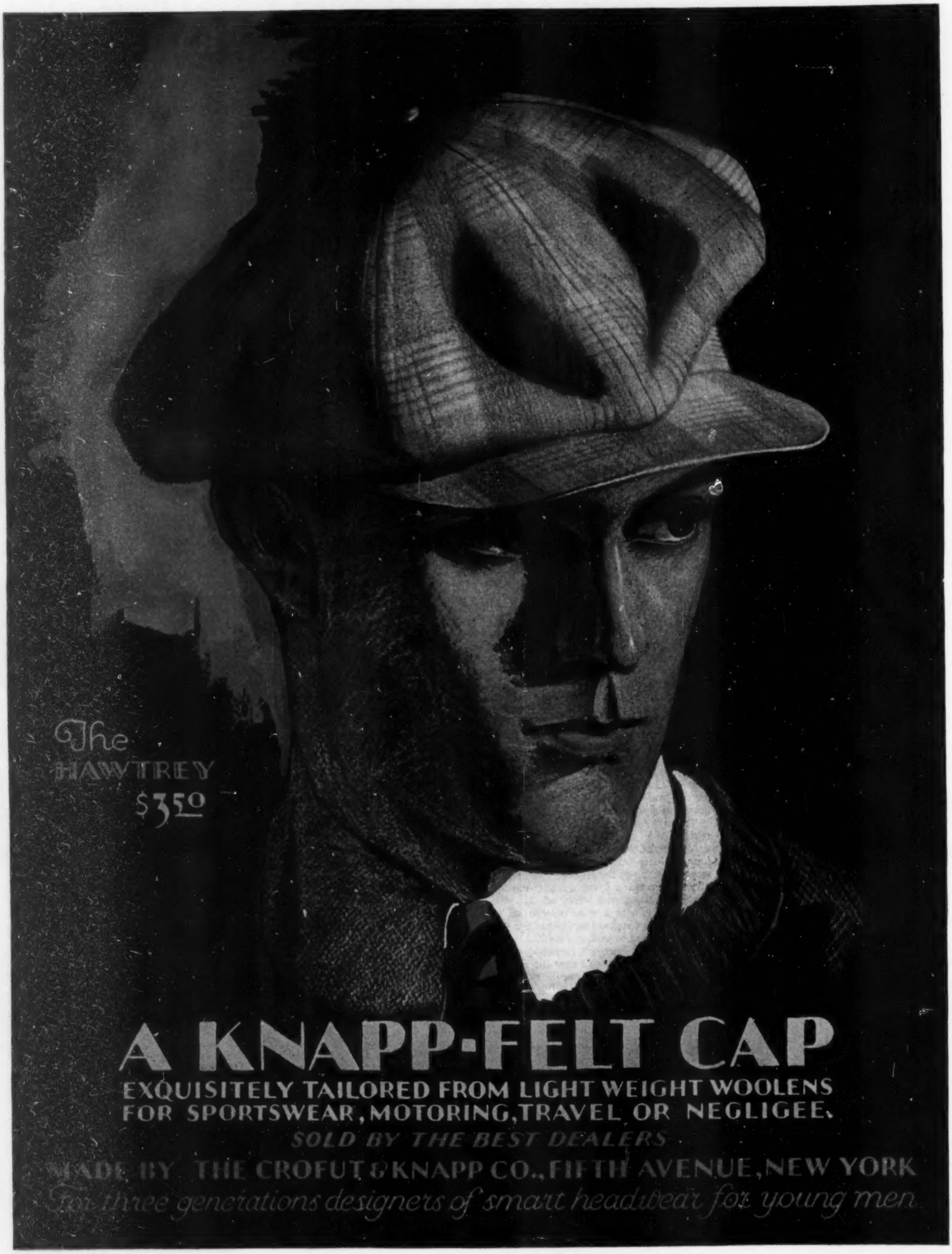
Don't disturb guests by rummaging under seats. Keep "Multisocket" in front door pocket. 8 different openings in swivel heads. Tightens rim bolts, trunk racks, tire holders, fenders, bumpers, cylinder heads, etc. See your dealer, or send this ad with $2.00—stamps or money order. Refunded in 10 days if unsatisfactory.

J. H. WILLIAMS & CO.
271 Vulcan St. Buffalo, N. Y.

Dealers write for details.

8 IN ONE $2

WILLIAMS "MULTISOCKET"



The HAWTREY
$3.50

A KNAPP-FELT CAP

EXQUISITELY TAILORED FROM LIGHT WEIGHT WOOLENS
FOR SPORTSWEAR, MOTORING, TRAVEL OR NEGLIGEE.

SOLD BY THE BEST DEALERS

MADE BY THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO., FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

For three generations designers of smart headwear for young men.

PASS THE PERFECTOS

(Continued from Page 17)

"I think perhaps we had better be getting back to my office," suggested Mr. Brodie hastily.

Young Mr. Bullfinch ignored the suggestion. "Put it another way," he rattled on smilingly. "Take two people—girls." Young Mr. Bullfinch's eyes brightened. "Take that sweet little peach out at the information desk and—and take the bony old girl outside your door. Suppose you had your choice of marrying either one or the other, which would you prefer?"

Apparently T. Tattersal Byrd had a preference for silence—a choking, purple silence.

"I think we had better be getting back to my office," suggested William Alexander Brodie nervously.

Young Mr. Bullfinch nodded cheerily. "See you later," he promised his new employer. "We ought to have a lot of fun."

His employer opened his purple lips. "This is a workshop," he said sharply. "We work here, we don't play."

Young Mr. Bullfinch accepted the dictum with a happy smile.

"'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,'" he quoted.

Left alone with his outraged feelings, the president of the Atlas Advertising Agency pressed his buzzer viciously. The creative part of him called aloud for vengeance upon this smirking, flip young man who spoke of the ennobling, motivating things of life as if they were a lot of cheap claptrap. Hooey! He kept his finger on the buzzer.

"Yes, Mr. Byrd."

T. Tattersal Byrd glared balefully at his prim, almost gaunt secretary.

"Take a letter," he snapped. "'To S. Bullfinch. My Dear Mr. Bullfinch ——'" Then he stopped. The business part of him was tugging at his sleeve, reminding him of a certain letter written to a certain dean, calling upon him to remember that a million and a half dollars of billing was a lot of business, pressing him to consider that he, Byrd, was not being as diplomatic in a delicate situation as were the sales manager and the advertising manager of the Wet Smack Corporation. He coughed and continued to dictate:

"'I have just met your son Jack. I am very much impressed by his spirit and mental alertness. In fact, my first impression was much the same as those of Mr. McDonald and Mr. Boynton of your own organization, as Mr. Brodie gives me the story. I feel that our association will be very pleasant and that we, here, will be able to contribute, in some small measure at least, to the development of the future head of Wet Smacks. With my kindest personal regards, I am ——'" Mr. Byrd's voice trailed off.

"Anything else, Mr. Byrd?"

"No. And ——" But the bruised and battered spirit of creative art, shunted for the moment in the interests of cold economics, was not to be denied. "Just a minute, Miss Foster," her employer added grimly. "Take an office memo to Mr. Brodie. Say: 'The scene in my office this morning was disgraceful. In the future I shall hold you personally responsible for the activities of this callow, weak-minded youth, saddled on us by business exigency. In addition, I shall also hold you responsible for the development and execution of some plan which will remove him from the organization at the earliest possible moment consistent with entire harmony.'"

III

"I TELL you I can't stand it. The organization cannot stand it!" Mr. Amos Cartright, office manager of the Atlas Advertising Agency, suffered from a lack of stature and high blood pressure to the point where trouble sent him to dancing and stuttering.

"Outrageous! Never in my fifteen years of office managership have I seen the like. Laughing in my face, Mr. Byrd. Taunting me, sir!" he went on. "Me—I—you ——"

T. Tattersal Byrd affixed his glasses, with their long black ribbon, and stared in amazement.

"What are you talking about?" he demanded.

"What am I talking about? What is everybody in the organization talking about for the past three weeks? This—this"—the office manager groped frantically in his rage—"this young Smart Aleck, Bullfinch—that's what I'm talking about. It must be stopped. It must be stopped instantly."

"What must be stopped?"

"This Elwell matter," cried the little office manager. "He's been taking her out to lunch and both of them have been getting back after three o'clock. Miss Elwell has always been very satisfactory up to—to the time this young whippersnapper came into the picture, but now ——" The little office manager threw his hands up in the air and almost left them there in his distress.

"What does this girl say? What is her excuse?"

Mr. Cartright cackled. "She referred me to Mr. Bullfinch."

"And what did young Bullfinch say?"

"He—he told me"—Mr. Cartright barely managed to speak as he relived the moment—"to run along and pitch my hay."

T. Tattersal Byrd stood up. His jaw had squared. His fist came down sharply on the desk before him.

"This must stop instantly!" he thundered.

"I am the laughingstock of the entire organization," wailed little Mr. Cartright. "To think that ——"

"I will not tolerate such conduct from anyone," his superior assured him. "Not even if it costs me the Wet Smack account."

"Thank you, Mr. Byrd," Mr. Cartright tumbled his thanks out in a series of vigorous little nods. "I knew you would uphold me in this matter. I'll write him a little note at once, telling him that his services are no longer required."

"Him!" T. Tattersal raised his heavy brows in surprise. "I was thinking about this—this insubordination of the girl. Discharge her at once."

"But this—this ——"

"I will take care of Jack Bullfinch," Mr. Byrd assured him hurriedly. "I will write to his father at once. Immediately. He shall be brought to time. On your way out tell Mr. Brodie that I wish to speak to him immediately."

When that flushed young man arrived, his chief eyed him sternly. "William," he said, "several weeks ago I wrote you a memorandum holding you responsible for the actions of young Bullfinch. I am now informed ——"

"Just a minute, chief," his vice president and account executive interrupted him doggedly. "I am willing to do everything I can, but I can't be every place at once. I have duties to perform. How was I to know what he was doing in the conference room? How was I to know that Mudge was to hold a conference with the La Belle Cliquette people this afternoon in there? Am I to blame because Johnson, their advertising manager, hates gambling? If I am, I—I ——"

Mr. Byrd removed his beloved problem solver from his mouth and stared in growing amazement. "Conference room! Gambling! Johnson! I don't understand. I was referring to a talk I just had with Cartright about Miss Elwell and this—this ——"

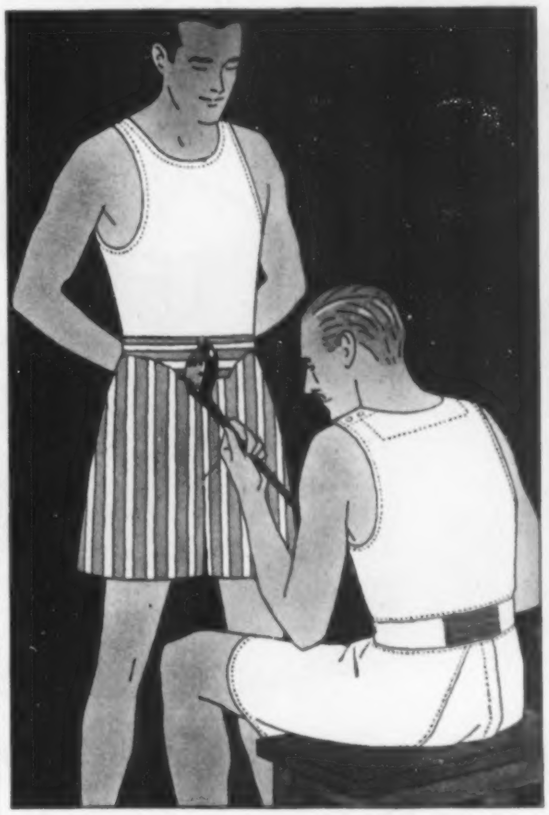
"I thought ——"

T. Tattersal Byrd held up a plump, commanding hand. "Now just what is this other matter?"

Mr. Brodie ran a distracted hand through his red hair. "It was this way," he explained: "It seems that some friends of Jack's were in town from college and came up here to see him. He took them into the conference room. When Mudge and his

(Continued on Page 145)

HANES BRINGS YOU
BREEZIER SUMMERS
EVEN THE PRICE TAGS
ON THIS COOL UNDERWEAR
ARE COMFORTING



At left: Hanes *Shirts and Shorts*, 50c, 75c, $1 *the garment. All white or in handsome color effects and luxurious fabrics.* At right: Samsonbak *Union Suit with patented belt for just* $1. *Others from* 75c *to* $2.

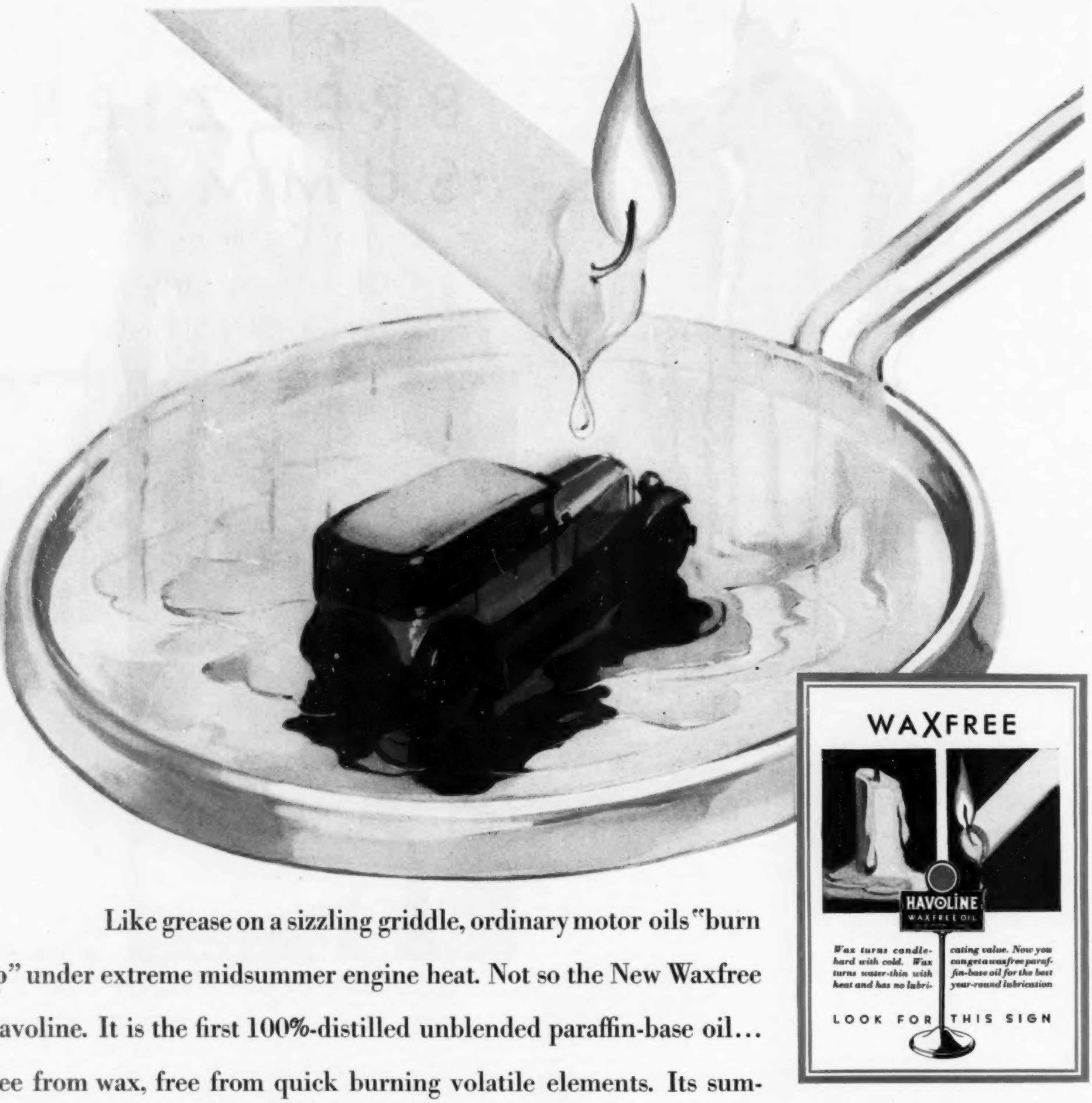
Elastic-knit Lightweight Union Suits for mild climates, $1 *to* $1.50. *Long or short sleeves, three-quarter or ankle length.*

Knit Athletic Union Suit—shoulder-button style—made of fine combed yarn, $1.

HERE's more "heat-control" . . . more underwear comfort than you ever thought possible—even on hot, sticky days. HANES fabrics are of fine quality and are carefully cut to full measurements to permit the air to get to your skin and keep it cool and dry. Seams are smooth, never irritating. Styles, as smart or as conservative as you please.

Be as hard to please and as tightwad as you please; be as oversized as you dare—your garments as made by HANES are tailored and waiting at your store. Price tags also figured out to hold down your temperature. If your regular store hasn't the complete line for your boy as well as yourself, write to P. H. Hanes Knitting Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

HANES UNDERWEAR
FOR MEN AND BOYS FOR EVERY SEASON
TRADE MARK HANES



Wax turns candle-hard with cold. Wax turns water-thin with heat and has no lubricating value. Now you can get a waxfree paraffin-base oil for the best year-round lubrication

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

Like grease on a sizzling griddle, ordinary motor oils "burn up" under extreme midsummer engine heat. Not so the New Waxfree Havoline. It is the first 100%-distilled unblended paraffin-base oil... free from wax, free from quick burning volatile elements. Its summer grades possess greater heat resistance than any other oil of the same body at high motor temperatures. That *guarantees* sturdier lubrication, more power, greater mileage, *fewer crankcase drainings* on your hardest, hottest trips. There is a correct grade for every car and every climate.

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY, *General Offices:* Lawrenceville, Illinois · *In Canada:* Havoline Oil Company of Canada, Ltd., 67 Yonge St., Toronto, 2, Ontario

The New WAXFREE HAVOLINE MOTOR OIL

© 1930, Indian Refining Co.

35c A QUART

Prices slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains and in Canada

(Continued from Page 143)

group from La Belle Cliquette came into the room they found the table covered with money and a hot crap game in progress. They had some words ——"

"What kind of words?" his chief snapped.

Mr. Brodie gulped. "Jack called Mudge a little Phœbe and one of his friends knocked over a flask that was sitting on the table and spilled some gin on Johnson's coat and ——"

"Gin!" bellowed Mr. Byrd.

"Gin," assented his associate weakly.

"Gin," echoed the oaken paneling.

"Yes, gin," cried a new voice as the door opened and Alvin Ashley Mudge, vice president and account executive in charge of the La Belle Cliquette account, burst into the room. "Gin all over one of our best customers! A serious, creative conference practically destroyed by a scene only fit for a common gambling den."

"My dear Alvin," said his superior sympathetically, "this is terrible."

As the creator of the smart and glowing testimonials which had built up a comparatively unknown line of toilet articles to the point where they outsold all smart rivals, Alvin Ashley Mudge was an æsthete. He shuddered dramatically at his chief's softly spoken words of sympathy.

"Gin," he murmured. "Gambling."

"Don't look at me that way!" shouted Mr. Brodie suddenly. "It wasn't my fault!"

Alvin Ashley Mudge pursed his lips primly at the unnecessary violence of the words.

"You are responsible for his being here," he pointed out.

Mr. Brodie accepted his responsibility with a grim nod. Then he turned to his chief. "Shall I fire him?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Mudge promptly.

"Certainly not," said his chief; and then, as Mr. Mudge opened his mouth, he added hastily, "We cannot afford to antagonize a big customer if—if there is any other way out. After all"—with a touch of the familiar Byrd manner—"the boy is young and does not realize the magnitude of his transgressions. I will write to his father. This happens to be the day our weekly report of his progress"—Mr. Mudge sniffed—"is due."

Mr. Brodie sighed with obvious relief.

The sigh annoyed his superior. "Any letter I do write, however," he stated frigidly, "does not relieve you of your responsibility, William. This young man is a nuisance; the worst we have ever had. You must see that today's occurrences are not repeated and that we are freed of his presence as soon as possible. Is this clear?"

"It is to me," said Mr. Mudge tartly.

"You keep out of this," Mr. Brodie told him savagely.

Mr. Mudge tittered. "Did you teach him that silly trick he has with the two cigars?" he inquired.

"That will do, gentlemen," said Mr. Bryd. "I have this letter to write and a prospective client from Detroit coming in—Mr. Sam Fiddler, president of the Excelsior Motors Corporation. As he is coming at half-past four and I must get a haircut before that time ——" The president of the Atlas Advertising Agency dismissed the rest of the sentence and his two associates with a wave of his hand.

Fifteen minutes later he dictated the following letter:

"*My Dear Mr. Bullfinch:* What a dynamo of energy your son is! We are very much pleased with the progress that he is making here at Atlas. Of course, he is having a certain amount of difficulty in getting down to the daily grind; that was to be expected. However, if things continue as they have for the past two or three weeks, we hope to be able to promote him to new fields of endeavor.

"Sincerely yours,
"T. TATTERSAL BYRD."

Then he left for the barber shop on the tenth floor.

IV

AFTER an unexpected delay of some twenty minutes, during which time he considered, from all angles, the problem presented by the Bullfinch heir, T. Tattersal Byrd lowered himself slowly into a chair, commanded a haircut and gave his brain over entirely to a study of the best possible approach to Mr. Fiddler and the account of the Excelsior motor car. That the account rated such a mental effort he conceded. For the past five years the company had never spent less than a million dollars, and at the moment were operating on an advertising budget of approximately two million dollars. Two million dollars represented a gross income of three hundred thousand dollars to the Atlas Advertising Agency, provided they got the account.

Briefly, as the capable fingers snipped about his ears, Mr. Byrd reviewed the facts, as sent on by Hubert J. K. Sparks, head of the new-business department, who had spent several weeks in presenting the Atlas story and arranging the present interview.

The mature consideration of these facts suggested that Mr. Fiddler was a bachelor with a poker face, few intimates and a personality which did not unfold itself rapidly even under the magnetic charm of high-class solicitation. "A hard nut to crack, but worth the cracking," Mr. Sparks had put him down in closing. "A man of many moods that needs a master of psychology such as yourself to reveal his hidden weaknesses and inhibitions, to make him conscious of the service which Atlas can render him in advertising and merchandising counsel," was the gist of the postscript.

T. Tattersal Byrd smiled softly, confidently. Under the soothing touch of swiftly moving fingers he laid out a little preliminary campaign, to be concluded, perhaps, with an autographed copy of his book. Perhaps a quiet little dinner at the club, where, under the mellow lights, a flow of soul might be prompted by an understanding nature. Perhaps ——

"Anything else, sir?"

The flow of soul stopped in midstream. From under the white cloth Mr. Byrd pulled out his watch and gazed at it with consternation. It was ten minutes to five!

"Hurry up," he commanded. "I'm late for an appointment. Take off this cloth."

The elevator service seemed slower than usual.

It was two minutes to five when he reached the reception room. It was empty, except for the slim figure of Miss Elwell behind the small walnut desk.

"Has a gentleman been in to see me?" he inquired. "A Mr. Fiddler from Detroit?"

Miss Elwell tucked a tiny curl of yellow hair behind one shell-pink ear.

"A gentleman came in about 4:30 and asked for you. He seemed rather put out when I told him you were out, but expected back any minute."

"Where is he now?"

Miss Elwell tucked another tiny curl of yellow hair behind the opposite shell-pink ear before replying.

"He went out about ten minutes ago," she said finally—"with Mr. Bullfinch."

When T. Tattersal Byrd recovered, in the privacy of his own office, he picked up the receiver of his telephone and called for Mr. Brodie's presence immediately.

One look at the face of his chief convinced his junior that something had happened. The broad face, usually lighted with a smile of kindly tolerance, was suffused with blood. The mobile lips usually clenched upon the beloved problem solver were quivering with rage. Even the long, white hair which usually lay back so smooth upon the mammoth head was rumpled as if some hand, usually calm and white, had in its sudden agitation sought to tear it from its roots.

The voice, when it came, seemed to push itself up from unplumbed depths.

"Brodie," it called out, "once more you have betrayed your trust. You have allowed this—this young upstart to commit still another dastardly trick! I am through! He is through! No matter what it costs me, this—this pest goes off our pay roll tomorrow."

JANTZEN
—ALLURING STYLES
—COLORS OF LOVELINESS

Jantzen styles, smartly individual, are distinctive in the beach parade. They reflect faithfully the latest, the most authentic trends. There's always an inner glow of satisfaction in wearing a Jantzen—a sense of complete style-correctness.

Jantzen colors—Riviera in inspiration—are rich, attractive, alluring! Soft lovely pastels—gay vivid hues—color harmonies to fulfill every wish, to complement every type.

A suit for sun and sea! Fitting so smoothly, so perfectly, so comfortably! Knitted by the famous Jantzen-stitch, it becomes a very part of you—you swim freely, easily, joyously.

You'll find the famous Red Diving Girl emblem on every genuine Jantzen. Your weight is your size. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Ore.; Vancouver, Canada; Sydney, Australia.

Jantzen
The suit that changed bathing to swimming

Jantzen Knitting Mills, Dept. 12, Portland, Ore. Please send me free "Jantzen Color Key to Smart Sun and Sea Togs"
Name______________ Address______________

WINDOWS

of this wonderful new glass at no greater cost

LUSTRAGLASS

FLAT-DRAWN

transmits ultra-violet Sun Rays

LUSTRAGLASS, the new flat-drawn glass, is in every respect a better window glass, the "whitest" of all glass made for windows. It is perfectly flat, clearer, and more lustrous than any glass you have ever seen, and, in addition, it transmits from 15 to 20%* of the ultra-violet rays of sunlight of a wave length of 313 mu.

Yet Lustraglass *costs no more than ordinary window glass.* At no extra cost, you can have the advantage of ultra-violet-ray glass in every window of your home.

Instruct your architect or contractor to install Lustraglass throughout your new home. If your home is already built, you can replace the glass in all the windows at moderate cost. Reliable dealers everywhere sell Lustraglass and will gladly furnish an estimate.

**See the Lustraglass Booklet for table of transmission.*

AMERICAN
WINDOW GLASS CO.
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Makers of Quality Window Glass, Armorlite Scatterproof and Bullet-proof Glass, Picture Glass, Photographic Dry-Plate Glass, Ground and Chipped Glass, ⅜" Crystal sheet and Imported Quartz-Lite.

LUSTRAGLASS
AMERICAN

Look for this label on every pane of genuine Lustraglass.

"What has happened, chief?"

"Plenty," the quivering lips assured him. "A prospective client—a Mr. Fiddler of Detroit—was to call at half-past four. I was detained in the barber shop. Young Bullfinch, on his way home—a half hour early, as usual—saw him in the reception room, according to Miss—that girl at the information desk—and noticed that Fiddler was wearing a fraternity pin similar to his own. They talked for ten minutes and then walked out together."

"But that doesn't necessarily mean —— What I mean to say is, that anyone might do the same thing."

Mr. Byrd stopped him there. "Are you presuming to defend him?" he shouted.

"Now, see here, chief ——"

But the chief would neither see nor hear. The picture of one of the most important automobile accounts in the country walking out the door with a callow youth as the representative of the Atlas Advertising Agency—a youth filled with cheap tricks, sneering at his elders' wisdom, relying on the influence of a father who had worked like a slave to provide him with advantages at which he sneered. T. Tattersal Byrd sank into his chair with a groan.

He paid no attention to the words of his associate which followed:

"Remember, chief, that even with all his wildness, this boy is a Bullfinch. And this is business, chief. Maybe ——"

V

T. TATTERSAL BYRD arrived at his office at 9:37. At 9:38 he rang for Mr. Brodie.

"Is he here?" he asked when his vice president and account executive arrived, hot and evidently bothered.

"Not yet, chief."

"Pretty early for him, eh?"

With the face of the elder Bullfinch before him, William Alexander Brodie tried to stem the tide.

"After all," he argued, "things aren't any worse than they were. Wet Smacks is something we have; Fiddler is only a prospect. Don't you see, chief? Even if he has lost Excelsior Motors for us, there is all the more reason why we should hold on to Wet Smacks. Don't you see?"

"My mind is made up," said Mr. Byrd grimly. "He must go. His staying is too great a price for me to pay for my self-respect."

"But ——"

The telephone rang. Mr. Byrd snapped an answer into it, and then, very suddenly, his voice softened. "Show him right in," he directed. He turned to his associate. "It's Fiddler," he said briefly.

The head of Excelsior Motors came in hurriedly. A tall, thin man with a wide mouth and a skin the color of golden oak.

"Mr. Byrd?"

T. Tattersal Byrd stepped around his desk and held out his hand. Mr. Fiddler took it and nodded.

"This is Mr. Brodie, one of our vice presidents."

Mr. Fiddler nodded and shook hands.

"I am sorry to have missed you yesterday afternoon. I am afraid"—Mr. Byrd smiled apologetically—"you must have formed a pretty poor idea of our organization. Let me explain ——"

Mr. Brodie shuddered.

Mr. Fiddler took out his watch. "At some other time," he suggested. "I have only a few moments today—just now. I want to talk to you about this young man of yours—Bullfinch."

Mr. Byrd shook his head sadly. "I am sorry the necessities of business ——" he began.

"I want him," said Mr. Fiddler suddenly. "If he's a sample of your organization, I'll horse-trade with you. You let me have him and I'll give you my advertising account. We'll discuss details later. What do you say?"

The soft, white hand grasping the beloved problem solver tightened over the blackened bowl. William Alexander Brodie managed, with considerable difficulty, to turn a cry of astonishment into a hacking cough.

"We—we are always glad to oblige a client," admitted T. Tattersal Byrd softly, and then played his hand for its full worth. "Of course, the decision must be made by the young man himself, and as he is the son of a valued client, we would be very anxious ——"

"That part is all settled," Mr. Fiddler assured him crisply. "The young man is anxious to come. I talked to his father before I came up here. He wanted me to see you, in view of the splendid progress he had been making here, according to your letters."

Mr. Brodie looked hurriedly out the long window. Mr. Byrd coughed and then nodded. He added a warm smile for good measure.

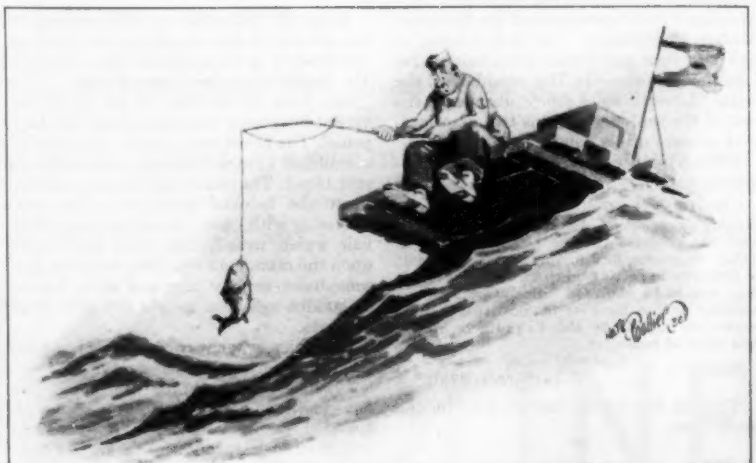
"In that case—sorry as we would be to lose Mr. Bullfinch—we would be glad to coöperate."

William Alexander Brodie stepped closer to the window.

The cold gray eyes of the head of Excelsior Motors challenged the soft orbs of his advertising-agent-to-be. "I suppose you are wondering why I want this young man."

His advertising-agent-to-be bowed. "I would be interested," he admitted.

"I'll tell you," said Mr. Fiddler, and looked again at his watch. "I must make it snappy. We are going into the aeroplane business. It's a young business and I want to go into it with young men around me. They call me eccentric. Well, let them. Now I know this boy is young, flip, what you might call a Smart Aleck, but he has a way of seeing things that impresses me. He has a way of dramatizing his selling points. Have you ever seen him take two cigars out of his pocket and ——"

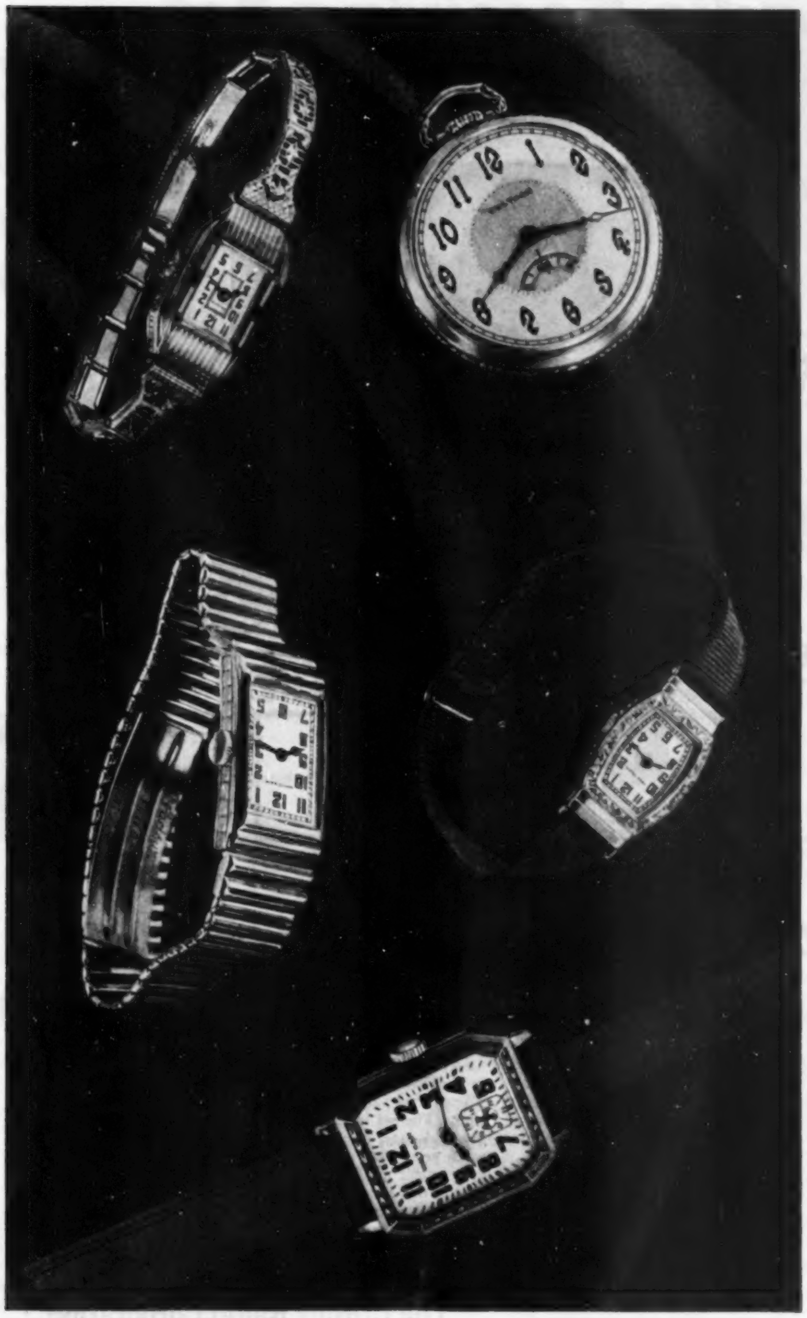


DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

"*Too Bad I Don't Like Fish*"

Waltham Watches

cases by Wadsworth



SHOWN on this page is a representative group of watches with movements by Waltham and cases by Wadsworth.

Wadsworth Cases are sold to the makers of good watches only. Therefore, one way to be sure of getting a good watch is to look for the name Wadsworth in the case.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY
Dayton, Ky., Opposite Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading
watch movements

LISTEN IN! Wadsworth Radio Programs, NBC Chain Wednesday Evenings 9 to 9:15 Eastern Daylight Time; 8 to 8:15 Central Daylight Time. Stations WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, WLS, WCKY, KWK, and WREN

Wadsworth

WORKERS IN PRECIOUS METALS

Now! Crosley puts Radio on Wheels

See It ▲▲▲▲▲
Hear It ▲▲▲▲
Drive with It!

An Amazing Automobile Radio Receiving Set ▲▲▲▲

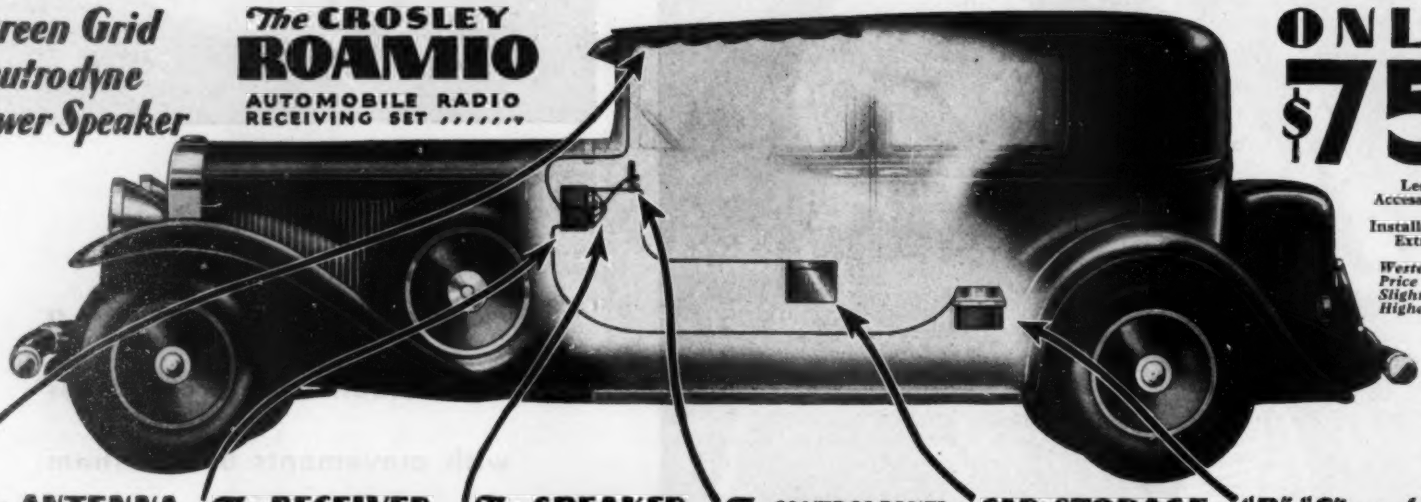
at a price that everyone can afford!

Screen Grid
Neutrodyne
Power Speaker

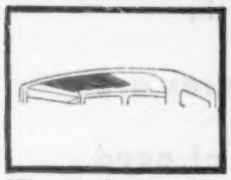
The CROSLEY ROAMIO
AUTOMOBILE RADIO RECEIVING SET

ONLY $75

Less Accessories
Installation Extra
Western Price Slightly Higher

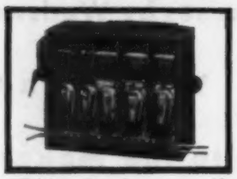


The ANTENNA



"Was surprised at how quickly and easily the ROAMIO was installed in my car."

The RECEIVER

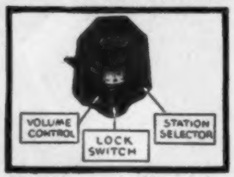


"Driving through town could easily tune out powerful local stations and get DX."

The SPEAKER

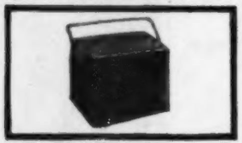
"First evening we received 30 stations with good volume, selectivity and tone."

The CONTROL PANEL



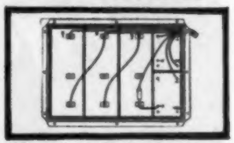
"There is no noticeable variation in signal strength in any part of the city."

CAR STORAGE (A) BATTERY



"The ROAMIO performs as well at higher speeds as when the car is driven slowly."

"B" "C" and "D" BATTERIES



"It works perfectly; gives exceptional volume with wonderful tone qualities."

Take your favorite radio entertainment with you wherever and whenever you drive with a ROAMIO

Think of the untold hours of pleasure, diversion, entertainment and amusement you derive from a radio receiving set in your home. Imagine how lost you would feel without it! Every time you fail to hear one of your favorite radio features you feel a sense of personal disappointment. Oftentimes this is due to some necessary trip in your automobile which keeps you away from home at a particular hour.

Now radio has been put on wheels—you can take your favorite radio entertainment with you wherever and whenever you drive your car. No longer need you remain at home to hear a particular program if your car is equipped with a CROSLEY ROAMIO Automobile Radio receiving set, as are thousands of cars in daily use everywhere. Men who drive to their homes after a busy day in office, factory or store find diversion and relief from business cares and arrive home in a pleasant and happy frame of mind. Women who drive children to and from school find amusement and entertainment for themselves and children. Salesmen who travel by automobile find a friendly relief from the monotony of driving. No matter where you are—driving in the city, touring in the country, parked awaiting family or friends—the CROSLEY ROAMIO will bring you your choice of radio broadcasts exactly the same as would the receiving set in your home were you comfortably seated at your fireside.

The CROSLEY ROAMIO is extremely selective and sensitive and has extraordinary distance-getting ability. The automatic volume control maintains a practically uniform volume even on distant stations. It also maintains the volume in shielded areas, and eliminates the necessity of constantly changing the volume. The special lock in the control panel makes it impossible to operate the set when it has been locked by the owner. Uses five tubes, two of which are Screen Grid.

The CROSLEY ROAMIO is easily and quickly installed in practically any automobile. It fits snugly and conveniently under the dash, entirely out of the way yet in a position to render full volume for the entertainment of all in the car. The control panel is attached to the dash, handy to the finger tips. The set is moisture and dust-proof. It is enclosed in a metal case, one side of which is conveniently removable when necessary. The installation of a CROSLEY ROAMIO in your car can be made quickly and conveniently, whether or not the car has an in-built antenna. The cost is little. The entertainment and delight it provides for your family and friends are great.

Go to the nearest Crosley dealer today—see the ROAMIO—hear it—drive with it.

The Crosley Radio Corporation
Powel Crosley, Jr., *President*
CINCINNATI, OHIO
Home of WLW—*"the Nation's Station"*

The CROSLEY ROAMIO is recommended for use in motor boats and cruisers.

YOU'RE *THERE* WITH A CROSLEY

CROSLEY RADIO

THE ALIEN AND UNEMPLOYMENT

(Continued from Page 7)

passed on March twenty-first of this year by the Central Trades and Labor Council of Greater New York and vicinity:

"WHEREAS, Complaints are being continually sent to the New York office of the American Federation of Labor, protesting the inability of citizens and residents of New York State to get employment because of workers who have come into the country illegally; and

"WHEREAS, Thousands of these workers who jump their ships when in port, are known as 'Jumpers' and find employment around the harbor, in garages, and numerous shops and factories; and

"WHEREAS, Contractors employing men for digging ditches and building roads in the suburbs are colonizing Portuguese aliens in deserted farmhouses in Northern Westchester and other places, that are a disgrace to the community; and

"WHEREAS, These illegal entrants, in fear of being deported by their employers, are compelled to accept low wages and long working hours as the price of their privilege to stay illegally in this country; therefore be it

"RESOLVED, That a copy of this resolution be sent to the Secretary of Labor, and to the Industrial Commissioner of New York State, with a request that these matters be investigated."

The moral, or rather the lack of moral, of this peril to employment can further be demonstrated in striking examples of the right and wrong way of handling the immigration problem. For the wrong way, we have, after our own country, an instance almost at our front door in the case of Cuba. Although her sorry economic plight is largely due to the overproduction of sugar, her principal meal ticket, the second contributory cause is an influx of aliens. Between 1902 and 1929 exactly 1,344,079 immigrants entered the country. It was all out of proportion to the size and needs of the island. The competition of the immigrant with the Cuban laborer has been sufficient to keep wages down to a well-nigh incredible level. In Matanzas Province the average daily wage is seventy-eight cents.

French Work for the French

For the other side of the picture, have a look at France, the one oasis, so to speak, in Europe's desert of unemployment. While Britain sticks to a chronic idle army of 1,400,000; with Germany paying the dole to 2,378,500; with Russia feeding 1,000,000 jobless; with Austria struggling with the task of trying to assimilate 225,000 persons many of whom have not done a stroke of work in a year; and with Italy, despite the Mussolini edict against laying off men, presenting a total of more than 400,000 out of work, France had exactly 1639 workers not drawing pay on March first.

The reason for French immunity from what has become a widespread European evil is well worthy of American consideration at this moment. She does not allow aliens to come in until there is actual and specific need for them. In those dark days after the World War, when her man power had been sapped, she permitted the entry of hundreds of thousands of Italians for work on the roads and some thousands of Belgian and German laborers to cultivate the sugar-beet fields. The moment she found herself physically and financially, the exodus began. Today, only those who can be employed in excess of actually employed French labor need apply, and for a restricted period. France is divided up into labor districts, with central bureaus where both industrialists and agriculturists file applications for their foreign-labor requirements. The incoming alien is directed to these places where he is fitted into the productive machine, whether on the farm or in the factory.

Conditions in Great Britain would be much worse but for ironclad restrictions against the alien worker. No foreigner can enter the United Kingdom for employment without a permit issued by the Minister of Labor to his employer. Before the war a vast amount of specialized labor was performed by aliens who were mainly recruited on the Continent. This procedure is now forbidden, employers being required to train and employ persons already in the country. In consequence of these regulations, Great Britain today is more British than at any time during the past seventy-five years.

Australia has made herself a white man's country through rigid exclusion, thereby purging herself of Chinese and Japanese penetration. Her so-called dictation test is, perhaps, the most effective of all exclusion formulas. All immigrants who present themselves at the gates are required to write out not less than fifty words of any prescribed language. If the applicant happens to be undesirable, the test can be in Greek or Sanskrit.

The Stay-at-Home Britisher

In Germany, any employer who intends to engage foreign labor must obtain permission from an unemployment exchange. One of them—it is a government organization—is located in every large industrial and agricultural area. All applications are examined by a board of seven men, three representing employers and three German labor. The president is a civil servant. The only foreign labor now tolerated in Germany is Polish, and this is purely seasonal. Every spring about 150,000 Poles are admitted for labor, mainly on the sugar-beet farms of Saxony. Hence they are called "*Sachsengänger*," which means, roughly translated, "Saxon-goers."

Mussolini is trying to solve both phases of the problem. He not only keeps his nationals at home but prevents working aliens from coming in for permanent stay. This ban on migration, however, is more nationalistic than economic. The Duce wants to keep his fighting availables within sound of a possible war tocsin. As a result, the Italian population, already top-heavy, is more congested than ever before.

Britain and Italy furnish an interesting contrast which is not without its relation to the larger employment problem. John Bull's domain is overpacked, yet despite every aid and inducement to foster emigration, the Britisher refuses, in the main, to leave his home land. The Italian, on the other hand, has the urge to go, but is restricted. In each case the productive machine becomes clogged with an excess of human hands.

We can now get down to the specific details of the American situation. A few preliminaries are necessary to fix the background.

Restrictive immigration has all along been hindered by ignorant sentimentality. Measures which would prevent the United States from becoming the human dumping ground of the world have been opposed. This opposition has grown out of a mistaken idea of the real issues involved. An excess of aliens, and especially the increasing illegal horde, imperils the equilibrium of our material well-being.

Contrary to the uplift idea, the problem is entirely a domestic matter, and, therefore, our own affair. There has been too much regard for foreign sensibilities, both in the Old World and the New. Our Latin-American friends, who resent the idea of a modified quota system for them, seem to overlook the fact that they are still immigrant-seeking countries, not having reached the saturation stage which impelled the enactment of our own restriction laws.

While we are on the handicap of sentimentality, we may as well polish off a second fact which is conspicuously absent in

IT'S IN A SEALRIGHT

«Don't worry, packed this way Ice Cream keeps firm longer»

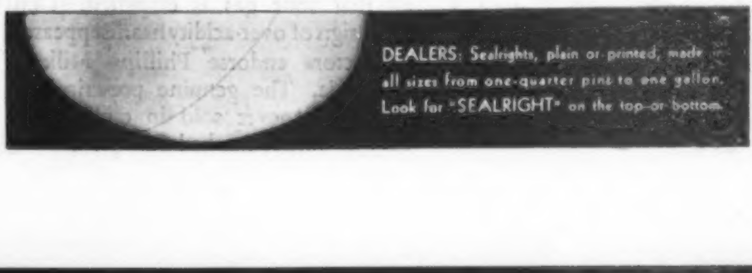
IT'S an honest pride in giving you the best possible fountain service that makes progressive dealers everywhere choose Sealrights. These sturdy food containers keep ice cream firm longer. And Sealrights are made with the patented double bottom for safety. They just can't drip or leak when used for carrying home ice cream, sundaes, sodas and other fountain specialties. ¶ The patented Sealright bottom also enables you to serve ice cream in dainty round slices [illustrated below]. Dealers who use Sealrights are good dealers to buy from. Sealright Co., Inc., Dept. SA-6, Fulton, N. Y. Canadian Sealright Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Ontario.

SEALRIGHT FULTON N.Y.
PAT'D 6-1-17
MFG'D BY SEALRIGHT CO. INC.

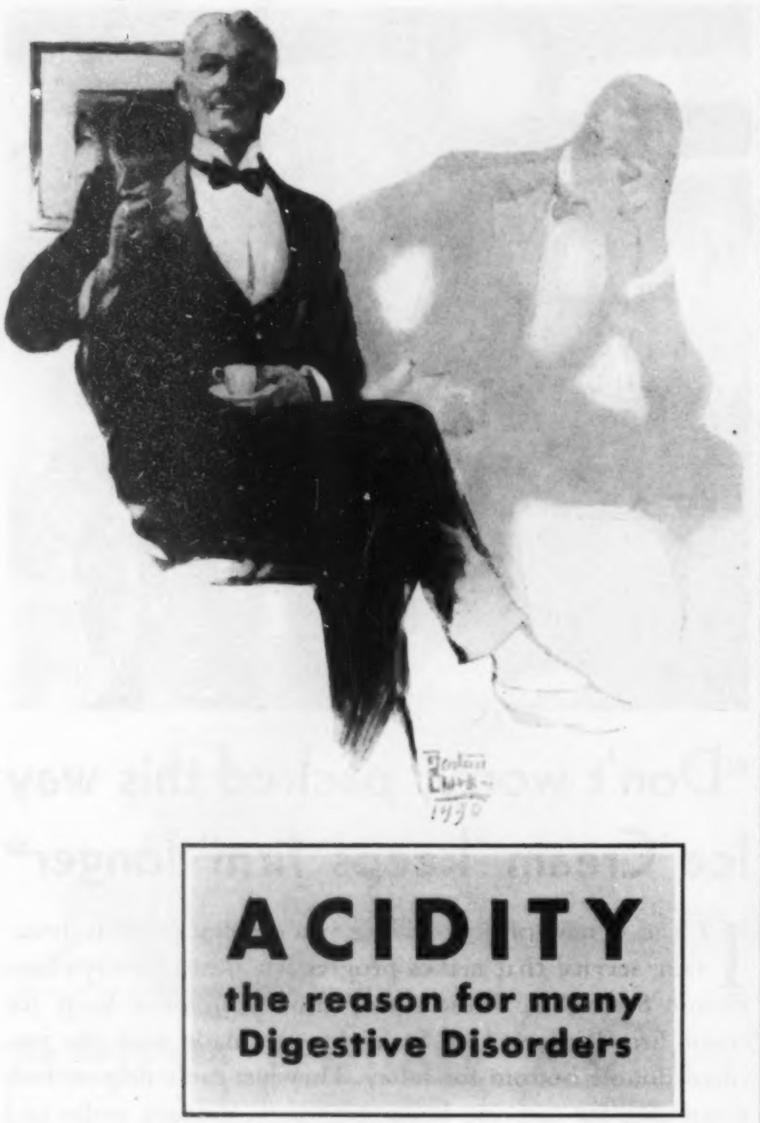
SEALRIGHT WAY to Serve Ice Cream

1. Hold container under cold water an instant. 2. Remove cover and press bottom with thumbs. 3. Cut ice cream in slices and serve.

SEALRIGHT
LEAK-PROOF
FOOD CONTAINERS



DEALERS: Sealrights, plain or printed, made in all sizes from one-quarter pint to one gallon. Look for "SEALRIGHT" on the top or bottom.



ACIDITY
the reason for many
Digestive Disorders

Rich foods . . . strong coffee . . . heavy cigars. Then the penalty for indulgence. Digestive distress!

People who are haunted by the shadow of such suffering have not learned its one common cause.

Usually, it's the fault of *too much acid.*

Too much meat, fish, bread and pastry or too little fresh fruit and vegetables can easily cause over-acidity. This destroys the alkaline balance; foods won't digest. *They can't.* Nothing tastes good. One cigar—and you are as logy as if you had smoked ten. Things you eat sour in the stomach, causing gas pains. Your head aches, and you are constipated.

All danger signals! Warnings that you are in immediate need of an anti-acid! So heed them, and meet that need at once with Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

One creamy, pleasant-tasting spoonful neutralizes many times its volume in harmful acid. But take it for several days, until your whole digestive system is sweetened. Until appetite returns, and all that sour gas is dispelled. Until every sign of over-acidity has disappeared.

Doctors endorse Phillips Milk of Magnesia. The genuine prescriptional product is never sold in tablet form; only in bottles marked *Phillips.*

GENUINE
PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA
SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING
THE CHAS. H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO.

In conjunction with this ideal anti-acid, dentists have told many to use only Phillips Dental Magnesia; a tooth paste that guards against the condition of acid mouth.

the contention of obstructionists to rigid alien restriction. Though European overpopulation and the economic aftermath of the World War have accelerated the immigrant exodus, the war removed one provocation for flight. In the old days, Continental political oppression, imperial and otherwise, fomented revolt, with the inevitable desire to flee to what loomed across the Atlantic as the land of promise and freedom. Out of such insurgency emerged Carl Schurz and others of his type who helped to shape the destinies of this nation. Today those oppressive autocracies are no more, because self-determined nations have risen out of the ruins of empire. It is unnecessary for their nationals to seek asylum and sanctuary over the seas. The right of self-government is theirs at home, as the crop of postwar republics shows. We get no more Carl Schurzes.

Moreover, in that other day, the immigrant seeking liberty had the instinct of the pioneer. We had land to give, and he developed that land. The great open spaces demanded new and vigorous blood. There were transcontinental railroads to build. Now those roads are completed. It is extremely doubtful if the average incoming alien would work that land as a gift. He prefers to huddle in the cities and maintain his nationalistic customs and affiliations. The Fascisized Italian-American, trying to serve two countries, with impaired loyalty to each, is only one example.

Furthermore, the growing European tendency is to practice selection at home at our expense, as this incident shows: Not so many years ago, an American was discussing our first immigration restrictions with a high Hungarian official, who retorted: "If I understand you, America expects to take only the good people and none of the bad. I can say to you that Hungary will not issue passports to the young blood of her country. We need it at home. We will send you, or try to send you, the old men and the refugees."

In line with this pronouncement is Mussolini's illuminating statement, which I quoted in a recent article, and which is well worth repeating here. He said: "The time is past when new countries can be allowed to build themselves, and old nations be allowed to revivify their decadent blood, with the Italian vitality which is needed for domestic development."

Failings of the Quota System

Now you can understand why our courts, jails, asylums and other institutions, as well as the energy and resource of deportation officials, are taxed to the limit by the defectives and criminals who somehow have wangled themselves into the country. They comprise only a small part of the illegal mass that clutters the industrial and agricultural scene. It is with this wholly unnecessary burden on our social and economic life that we will now largely concern ourselves.

The subject falls into two phases. One is the enforcement of quota control and the existing defect in the system. The other grows out of the violation of immigration laws on the northern and southern borders, especially the latter.

The seaport immigrant scrutiny leaves few loopholes for infiltration, save for deserting seamen or seamen who sign off and become surreptitiously absorbed in our labor fabric. As you will see, the laxity of the maritime statutes and failure to have compulsory alien registration permit this to happen.

So far as numerical allotment is concerned, we turn the restrictive trick. Under the national-origins law, 153,714 immigrants are allowed to come in each year. In many cases, mental and physical fitness are determined by examining boards located in large emigration centers abroad. On the borders no quota restriction obtains. It is part of the open-door policy that we enunciated for all the nations of the Western Hemisphere. Hence the influx of Mexicans in increasing numbers. This, too, is a subsequent story.

The quota system fails of complete protective purpose because, though holding down numbers, there is no authority to select our immigrants with regard to their economic or occupational desirability. They are not adjusted to our productive needs and, therefore, congest the employment machine.

Under the present law, parents and other relatives abroad of American citizens, as well as persons skilled in agriculture, are entitled to preference in visa issuance; 50 per cent, and, in some cases, an additional 25 per cent, of the allotted quotas being available for this purpose. Otherwise, visas are issued on the principle of first come first served.

The urgent need of selective immigration, as well as a plan for it, was presented to me by an eminent American who has studied the problem both at home and abroad. He said:

"Why should Europe determine the type of our immigrants? It is up to us to make the selection. Character and physical fitness do not comprise all the essentials. They must be adapted to our needs. My idea is that we should introduce a system of priority within the quotas."

Secretary Davis' Plan

"I should give the cultural type priority over all others. In fact, it might be desirable on occasion to devote our whole quota to intellectuals. There is no hazard to economic or political standards in disciples of the arts. The only art inimical to our system is the art of promoting unrest, and this can be excluded if we take the proper precautions. Second, I would place skilled labor; third, skilled agriculture; and last, the common laborer.

"This selective system could be operated under a board of control consisting of three cabinet members equipped with discretionary powers. Unfortunately, discretionary powers are only bestowed in this country in times of crisis, and then solely with the President. Other nations invest their immigration officials with a far more selective authority. The Canadian Minister of Immigration, for example, can get an Order in Council to exclude an alien in a day. Sweden gives the same latitude, especially in a period of unemployment. If we are to stabilize employment, it is vitally necessary that we set up a selective system."

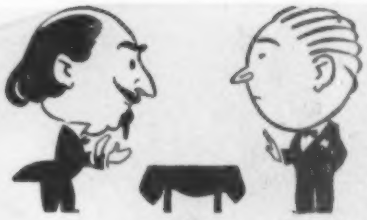
Secretary Davis' solution is as follows:

"The plan I have in mind is very simple. It would provide that industries or other interests in the United States needing the professional services of some particular individual could allege to the Secretary of Labor that it was necessary to bring the needed talent from a foreign country. The Secretary, after full hearing and investigation, would authorize that a preference in the issuance of immigration visas be accorded to the particular person named. Other cases might arise in which there was an alleged need to bring in certain skilled artisans, because like labor, unemployed, could not be found. In such cases possibly interested parties would be notified, open hearings granted, and full investigation made, all for the purpose of determining whether there is a bona-fide and probably continuing need for such skilled labor which cannot be supplied in this country, whether labor trouble of any nature exists in the industry concerned, and whether wages to be paid imported labor are up to the American standard. These facts having been preferably determined, the Secretary of Labor would authorize that preference visas be given to a specified number of applicants who possess the qualifications desired."

You have now seen how seaport control fulfills its mission, save in the cases of deserting and signed-off seamen. It is on the borders where a different tale unfolds. Without a quota, and with insufficient financial appropriation to maintain an adequate patrol, it is a case, as every observer has indicated, of closing the front gate, only to leave the back and side doors ajar.

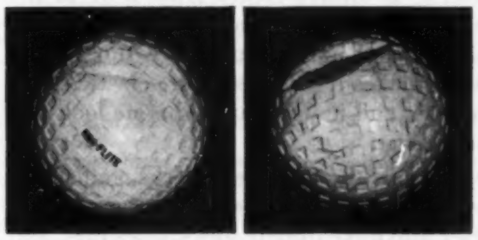
(Continued on Page 153)

What's that!



You've never seen the golf ball you couldn't cut?

Then let us introduce you to the Kro-Flite!



Here are the two present size balls that made the best showing against the Guillotine. On the left is the Kro-Flite. On the right is the next most durable ball of the few balls that are comparable to the Kro-Flite in distance.

YOU may have hacked every golf ball you've ever played. If so, we'll bet you've never played a Kro-Flite.

Kro-Flite is the toughest golf ball in the world. If you can cut *it*, you're one of those supermen who can bend iron pipes, tear up telephone books, and bite holes in silver dollars. For not even the murderous Guillotine has ever been able to cut a Kro-Flite.

This Guillotine is a heavily weighted steel knife that drops on a golf ball, hitting it exactly as a clubhead does on a viciously-topped iron shot—only *harder!* It is the most ruthless test ever given to a golf ball.

Time after time, these Guillotine tests have been made with every reputable ball in the world. And in every single instance, the Kro-Flite has carried off first honors . . . in every single instance, the Kro-Flite alone has come through unscathed.

Most of the others were total losses. All the others were cut so badly that they were utterly unplayable. Yet the Kro-Flite never showed more than a barely visible dent. Any Kro-Flite that ever went under the Guillotine came through the ordeal sound in body and cover, and perfectly able to go out and play through an abnormally long life of golf.

And when the larger 1931 size came along, it too was put to the Guillotine. Every ball that is at present made in the new size was tested—and the results were exactly the same—the Kro-Flite once more captured first honors . . . and proved that it is the toughest ball in the world, old size or new size.

The Kro-Flite has distance, too

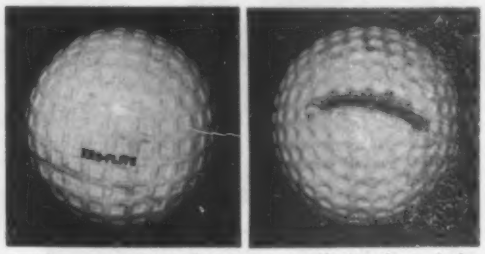
The Kro-Flite not only is the toughest ball in the world, but it is the *only* ball that combines first-grade distance with maximum durability.

In recent Driving Machine tests at Chicopee, Mass., Putney, England, and Pinehurst, N. C.—with balls in the present size, and balls in the new 1931 size—Kro-Flite once again proved that it is one of the longest golf balls made.

For in these tests, the Kro-Flite fell but a trifling distance behind its famous brother, the Spalding Ball. And this Spalding Ball, this mighty ball of the Champions, is recognized by golf's greatest players as the longest ball the game has ever known.

So try the Kro-Flite. Give it a chance to prove to you that it is one ball that can't be cut. Let it show you why the golfing world has given it the title of the Toughest Golf Ball in the World.

Your Professional, your Spalding Dealer, or any Spalding Store can supply you. It comes in the present size or the new 1931 size . . . dimple or mesh . . . plain white or Spalding Multidot Marking. 75 cents.



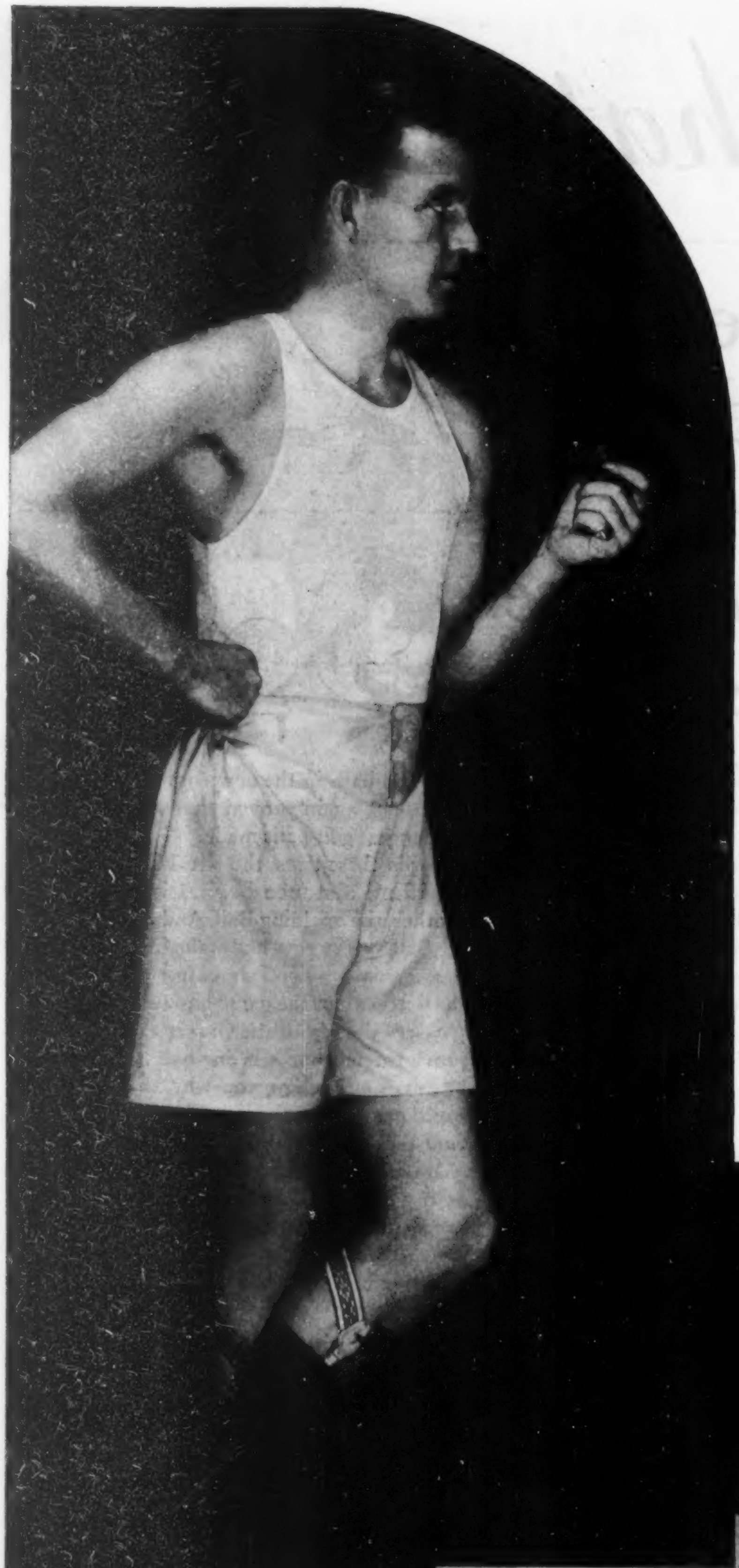
And here are two balls in the new 1931 specifications that made the best showing in the Guillotine test. On the left is the Kro-Flite, still the Champion. On the right is the next most durable ball of the same group.

KRO-FLITE

MADE BY *Spalding*

EACH 75 CENTS

© 1930, A. G. S. & Bros.



Nothing could be more comfortable and easier to wear than a pullover shirt and shorts of soft, absorbent, long-wearing durene. They come in colors, as well as in white. Ask also to see durene hosiery—conservative or novelty patterns. It gives you wonderful service.

Women alert to style harmony now favor shorts and brassieres of softly lustrous, clinging durene... They choose silk stockings with durene feet and tops because these stockings wear, and wear, and wear.

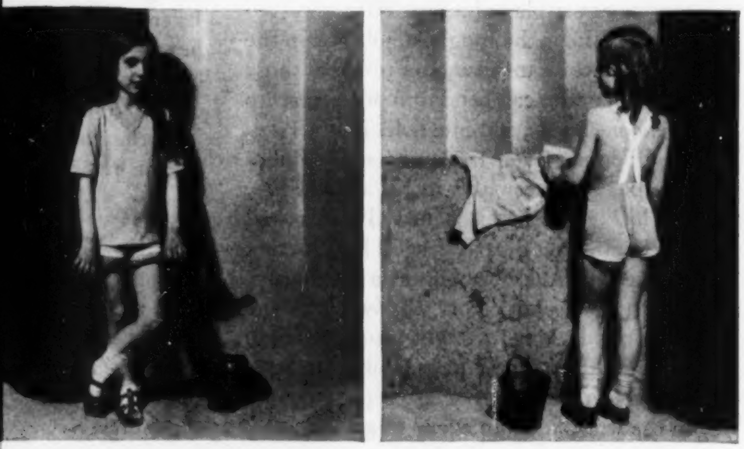
Remember This Name—Durene; It Means Extra Value to You

THERE'S a new name for the finest specially-processed cottons—a name that means that only one bale of cotton out of twenty-five was fine enough to meet the ideals for which it stands—a name that assures you of highest quality every time you buy knit cotton hosiery and underwear . . . The name is durene—and it is sure identification of the finest quality cottons the whole world affords!

Soft, lustrous durene is always comfortable next to the skin, because it readily absorbs skin moisture. It outwears ordinary cotton hosiery and underwear, many times over. The special processing makes it stronger, more elastic, more absorbent. And hosiery and underwear of durene look like new after every laundering.

Most good stores are now showing men's socks, golf stockings, pullover shirts, polo shirts, shorts, and union suits of durable durene. They also have durene socks, stockings, and underwear for children; women's stockings with durene feet and tops, and women's underwear. When you buy hosiery and underwear, ask for durable durene.

Durene Association of America, 250 Fifth Avenue, New York City



"Pretty!" says the child—and "practical" says mother, when she sees that this smart little durene beach suit looks like new after every laundering . . . When breezes blow, there's a soft, comfortable slipover shirt to wear over the sun-tan garment.

Durene

Quality Begins
With the Yarn

(Continued from Page 150)

On the northern line the hazard is largely minimized. Canadian-American immigration is reciprocal—a sort of fifty-fifty proposition. The Canadian is of our own stock and fits into our social and economic scheme. Fiscal and other relationships between the two countries grow apace, to mutual advantage. Besides, Canada's great need is for people. Her restriction system represents the last word in intelligent discrimination. The only nonassimilable element that we get from our northern neighbor is the French-Canadian, who constitutes a considerable portion of the New England industrial population and who is as tenacious of his traditions of language and custom at home as he is abroad, as the province of Quebec shows. He represents, however, thrift, energy and an old civilization.

The one problem on the Canadian frontier has grown out of the activities of the "border crossers," as they are termed. They are aliens residing in Canada who come daily to work, or to seek work, in the United States and spend their nights at home. The growth of certain industries in the vicinity of Buffalo and Detroit since the World War caused this influx of aliens from contiguous foreign territory. Many do not elect to emigrate to the United States with their families, being Canadian citizens.

The sole issue is with those who hail from quota countries abroad, park themselves in Canada, and seek to slip in as aliens "visiting the United States temporarily for business." That "business" usually is hunting for a job. In making entry easy for the majority who had a right to come in—that is, the Canadians—opportunity was increased for the entry of aliens not entitled to admission.

No complication existed until the Immigration Act of 1924 went into effect. The Department of Labor then held that aliens entering the United States to engage in existing employment, or to secure employment, would be considered aliens of the immigrant class. It meant that they would be obliged to obtain lawful admission as immigrants, presenting immigration visas and meeting quota requirements if natives of countries subject to quota restrictions. The Canadians, who had no quota bar, acquiesced to the procedure and obtained the necessary permits. The quota aliens, impatient to enter, are still at the job of trying to beat the border, if their national allotments are filled.

Unwelcome Border Jumpers

Canada is not the only jumping-off place for illicit entry. In Cuba and the West Indies not less than 15,000 Western and Southern Europeans are waiting for an opportunity to slip into the United States as ship employes or otherwise. A considerable number went to Cuba hoping to obtain employment, only to find that the economic depression had put thousands of natives on the idle roster.

Despite the fact that Brazil and Argentina welcome and subsidize immigration, the contiguous quota dodgers hold to the hope of breaking into Uncle Sam's domain. Many succeed.

The sore spot is the Mexican line. What was once a seepage of seasonal laborers has become a flood of permanent and unassimilable undesirables. For every Mexican legally admitted there are not less than four illegal ones.

To begin with, the underlying conditions on the Mexican border are exactly the opposite of those that prevail on the Canadian. Emigration from the United States has never been large. Hence, in the Johnson Bill, which sets up quotas for all countries of the Western Hemisphere, Mexico, with a larger population than Canada, has a much smaller quota.

Interesting, therefore, is this paragraph in the report submitted by Representative Johnson, of the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization, recommending the Johnson Bill for passage.

"Citizens of the United States do not go to Mexico, because the bulk of the population there is of a different type. Much of it is not homogeneous with the general population of the United States. It is for this reason primarily that the United States should restrict heavily the flow of lower classes of the Mexican population into the United States. Caste exists and is recognized in Mexico. It is the peon type that has been sucked into the United States in large numbers since 1917, so that now the number of persons in the United States who were born in Mexico exceeds 1,000,000."

Prior to the World War there was practically no connection between Mexican and European immigration. Many of the Mexicans crossing over for work returned after seasonal employment on this side. Those who remained stuck to the Border States, while a limited number found their way into agricultural and other industries in the Mountain States and, to some extent, the Middle West. In 1922, only 19,551 Mexican immigrants were legally admitted.

The moment we began to clamp the lid down upon the European exodus, Mexican immigration got under way, and has been expanding ever since. In 1924, 89,336 immigrants came in. Last year the total was 44,461.

A New Conquest of the Southwest

These figures represent Mexicans legally permitted to enter the United States. They passed the physical examination and paid the visa fee of ten dollars and the head tax of eight dollars. The greater menace to our employment situation is in the large number who get by illegally. It is estimated that the illicit flow has averaged not less than 150,000 a year since 1924. This would make the total Mexican population in the United States, all sources considered, at least 2,500,000. Some place it as high as 3,000,000. In that horde that arrives by freight, truck or foot each year is an annual infusion of from 50,000 to 75,000 Mexican Indian peons ineligible for citizenship.

Two points in connection with the Mexican invasion lend themselves to particular emphasis. The first is the all-important matter of Mexican diffusion and its social and economic consequences. If a small number of legally admitted Mexican laborers confined themselves to agricultural labor in Texas and neighboring states, the issue would not be so important. Unfortunately, there is no longer a restricted border area. Mexican labor penetration has reached out to an extent little realized by the great mass of the American people.

Today there is little return to Mexico of seasonal agricultural labor. Recurring decreases of such labor near the border are caused by Mexicans seeking better jobs in other occupations and in more remote districts. Sent in carload lots to the sugar-beet fields of Colorado and Michigan, they also clog the industrial life of Chicago, Pittsburgh, Gary, Detroit and other big productive centers. Chicago has a Mexican population of 30,000. Almost 51 per cent of the track laborers and relief gangs on railroads running into Chicago are Mexican peons. California, the particular goal of thousands of Mexicans because of its climate, which enables them to live there permanently, is being inundated. The Los Angeles vicinity alone harbors more than 150,000. The Mexicans are also spreading over Michigan, Montana, Iowa, Indiana and Pennsylvania.

In the face of this growing geographical spread, the original border stamping ground has not lost its lure. In 1900, Texas had a population of approximately 70,000 Mexicans. At the time I write, San Antonio alone has 75,000, while El Paso contains at least 45,000. Practically every Texas community has its Little Mexico. The result is, as one expert pointed out, that the Mexican has arrived in such increasing numbers as almost to reverse the essential consequences of our war with Mexico and bring about a peaceful reconquest of the Southwest.

THIS
MODERN
FAN
"BELONGS" IN ANY ROOM

Here is the hum-drum electric fan modernized into a thing of charm for your very loveliest room. An attractive, shapely fan, wrought in restful, harmonizing bronze or a beautiful sage green. Unobtrusive and quietly decorative, the R & M 60 modestly keeps its purely utilitarian mission in life a dark secret—until you click the switch! Then—what grand and glorious breezes pour forth without a murmur! For inwardly, the R & M 60 is one of those famous Robbins & Myers Fans, noiseless in their well-made excellence, which never seem to wear out. It is sold at all good stores selling electrical appliances at the same price as ordinary fans—$14.00 for alternating and $15.50 for direct current.

Robbins & Myers also manufacture standard fans, both desk and oscillating, in styles and sizes for every purpose

The R&M 60

"BIDDY"

A double-duty help about the kitchen. Extracts the morning's orange juice *instanter*. Beats eggs, whips cream, mixes salad dressings, malted milks and performs all sorts of useful tasks quickly and cleanly. Electrically operated—$14.95.

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Fans *and Motors*
HAND AND ELECTRIC HOISTS AND CRANES

ROBBINS & MYERS, INC. Springfield, O., Brantford, Ont.

THIS SUIT WILL BUY YOU ANOTHER . .

Yes sir, what you save on the price of a Palm Beach Suit will pay for a second. That's why it's wise to buy two at the start—a light one for the day; a dark one, with vest, for evening wear. And . . . . .

You're all set for the summer! Two suits for less than the usual price of one! Two suits . . . with more comfort, coolness and service per square inch, than in any other washable summer garment. Two suits . . . with smart shapely style and splendid drape in every line. . . . . Sponsored by the moderns, in their search for cooler clothes. Sponsored by Fashion.

Sponsored by your clothier — where you'll find them . . . . See the new Palm Beach cord weaves, in blues and browns . . . . Quite different—very smart.

The Palm Beach Mills, Goodall Worsted Company, Sanford, Me. . . Selling Agent: A. Rohaut, 229 Fourth Ave., New York.

Remember that the tailoring determines the price you pay; and always be sure to look for this label in the garment, before you buy!

Palm Beach
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
THE GENUINE CLOTH
MFD. ONLY BY GOODALL WORSTED CO.

PALM BEACH SUITS

Whether these Mexicans are in Texas or in Illinois, they invariably lower labor standards. But they do much more. For one thing, like the Japanese, they remain completely foreign. They also breed an immense number of children who often become charges upon the community. About 10 per cent of California's total appropriation for education is expended for Mexican offspring. In counties of the lower San Joaquin Valley and Southern California from 12 to 15 per cent of the total school registration is Mexican, while in certain towns and communities the percentage runs to 40 and 50 per cent.

Their disease record is bad. The report of the Commissioner General of Immigration for 1929 shows that Mexicans constituted a large portion of the deportees in that year, including 37 per cent of those convicted of crime, 50 per cent of those criminal at the time of entry, and 75 per cent of the immoral class.

Obviously, as the figures for legal entry show, the majority of Mexicans such as I have described have beaten the immigration gate. This brings us to the second point to be emphasized—namely, the necessity for curbing further inroads, on the one hand, and for deporting the undesirables, on the other. In a word, we must keep them out and ship them out.

Not less than 200,000 deportable aliens are added to our population each year. Robe Carl White, Assistant Secretary of Labor, stated before the House Immigration Committee, in 1928, that there was an alarming increase of deportable foreigners in the United States, and that the department could use $10,000,000 annually to remove them. In 1928, with an appropriation of $925,000 for this purpose, 11,265 aliens were formally deported, while 20,000 were induced to leave without order, or expense to the Government. Last year, with an expenditure of $1,125,000, the deported numbered 12,908. In addition, 25,880 undesirables left voluntarily. This means that every twelve months approximately 170,000 deportables manage to remain in the country, and for two reasons.

The first is the inadequacy of the funds for deportation, as I have just pointed out. This financial deficiency applies to the border patrol as well. In 1928, the amount available for coast and land border watch—this includes both the Mexican and Canadian lines—was $1,600,000; for 1929, $1,755,000; and for 1930, $1,918,440.

The Need for Alien Registration

In 1927, 13,759 Mexicans were apprehended by the Immigration Border Patrol, while 28,805 were caught in 1929. This increase shows that the net is tightening. But with an 1800-mile Mexican border line, guarded by only 747 patrolmen, many gaps necessarily exist, despite the unquestioned vigilance and efficiency of the force.

Mexicans comprise merely one type of offender. The patrol deals with violators of the Chinese Exclusion Act and other immigration statutes. Alien smuggling has become a profession, mobilizing every agency, including the aeroplane. Aliens, mainly Chinese, are paying from $100 to $1000 apiece to the smuggling rings for entry into this country.

The second reason why the number of undesirables piles up is our failure to have compulsory alien registration. Like every immigration restrictive step, the movement for it has been obstructed at every turn. Sentimentalists oppose it on the ground that it is espionage and reeks of czarism. Gradually, sentiment is changing. For years the American Federation of Labor opposed the registration plan, but at the last national convention, held in Ontario, it voted unreservedly for it, having at last realized the menace to employment in the undercover alien.

The opponents of compulsory registration quite forget that practically every European nation requires aliens to register with the police or give some official cognizance of their presence. In Britain, for example, every foreigner who remains more than sixty days must secure a so-called identity book from a police station and have it stamped when he leaves and reenters the country. Beginning as a wartime precaution, it was made permanent in 1919.

Compulsory alien registration would set up a necessary and indispensable means for securing the apprehension of those who enter the country illegally, and establish a tab on enemies of our political institutions. It would further enable us to know precisely the whereabouts of every foreigner who comes in, regardless of his means of entry. The suggestion has also been made for a periodic census of the unnaturalized.

The absence of compulsory alien registration is entirely responsible for a little-known but considerable addition to the ranks of illegally entered foreigners. I refer to the seamen contribution.

Fully to understand it, you must be told that seamen who desire to sign off—that is, leave their ships upon arrival in the United States—are only required to pass a physical examination. Our law enables them to remain in the country sixty days; ostensibly to sign new articles and leave on another vessel. Instead, many thousands sign off and remain in the United States, taking jobs which our own citizens might fill. They hide in the slum burrows of our congested city districts, each national being sheltered by his own kind. Many change their names. It is, therefore, impossible to ferret them out. These thousands are augmented by the even larger number of deserters.

The Deserting-Seaman Problem

Official investigations show that many seamen shipping in foreign ports on American-bound vessels do so with the sole intention of remaining permanently in the United States. It has been disclosed that certain vessels make a practice of taking on aliens abroad, signing them on as seamen, to be discharged on arrival here. A charge of from $50 to $100 is made in each case. These men serve as coal passers, cooks, waiters, and as assistant machinists and carpenters. All are permitted to land under the sixty-day clause. Many musicians play their way across the Atlantic in ships' orchestras, merely to get a chance to reach New York or some other American port. Once they set foot on Yankee soil, they stick.

The extent to which seamen, real or camouflaged, are absorbed in our labor machine may be gathered when I say that, during 1929, 1,155,825 alien sailors arriving from foreign ports were examined by our immigration officials. This ended official scrutiny. They were then free to go ashore and swell the working population without the slightest legal right to do so. After the sixty days' leeway they are lost in the crowd.

Between 1923 and 1925, 77,917 seamen deserted in American ports. The number reported to the Immigration Service as having deserted in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1929, was 11,324. These comprised only a small part.

A check on the deserter reports of shipmasters to ten consuls in New York alone showed 7000 more desertions than had been officially reported to the authorities. If this happens in a single port, you can well imagine what the sum total of all the American ports is. Counting both deserters and signed-off seamen, a conservative estimate of these so-called jumpers for 1929 is not less than 35,000.

The Immigration Service does the best it can, in the circumstances, to round up the deserters. In one New England shipyard seventy-five deserting seamen—most of them German machinists—were located and deported. Following a railroad strike in Pennsylvania, 289 Turks—all deserting sailors—were found among the strikebreakers. These men had to be run down on leads furnished in the main by private individuals; in some cases, American workers who had been forced out by the foreigners. A registration system would make for a strict watch on the interlopers.

(Continued on Page 157)

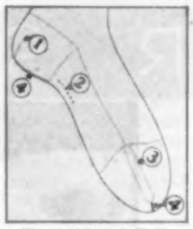
Full-fashioned Socks...
for that smart "Made-to-Measure" fit

For men who prefer plain colors Monito gives superlative value in Silks, Lisle and Rayon . . .

FULL-FASHIONED SOCKS are the nearest approach to "socks that are made to your measure." No other socks can equal them in fit, for only Full-Fashioned Socks are actually knit to conform to the contour of heel, foot and toes.

No other socks can equal them in appearance, for the finer, more elastic knitting of the fabric enables them to hold their shape throughout an unusually long life.

They cost more? Yes! Yet when you consider that the average man buys but ten pairs of socks a year, there is no really well dressed man who cannot easily afford them.



How to identify Full-Fashioned Socks

(1) Heel narrowing marks.
(2) Arch narrowing marks.
(3) Toe narrowing marks. (All these conform sock to contour of foot.)
(4) Loopings at heel and toe to eliminate seam where pressure occurs.

Full-Fashioned Socks retain their perfect fitting qualities

Note the snug trimness of foot, ankle, heel and toe—the absence of even a suggestion of wrinkle at the instep.

The Monito Stylist has created an outstanding array of exclusive designs in Full-Fashioned Socks for Summer wear.

We call them the aristocrats of the Monito Line. Only the finest silks are used in their making, and the beautifully embroidered clocks lend them unusual distinction. They look what they are—the finest products of a recognized leader in the men's wear field. And they wear as well as they look.

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CREATORS OF ADVANCE STYLES IN MEN'S SOCKS

Monito
—ADVANCE STYLE—
SOCKS

The master's bath in cream and black and crystal is modern and spacious. Adjoining this one is a spirited little dressing-room in French red and grey. The bathroom tissue is Zalo.

"FLUFFING" MAKES THESE NEW BATHROOM TISSUES SAFER AND PLEASANTER IN EVERY WAY

Examine a sheet of Zee or Zalo. Note how the "fluffing" process has softened the surface without lessening the strength of the paper.

Rub a sheet on the back of your hand. How fluffy, gentle—and clean it feels.

Homes in which the appreciation of fineness is inbred are quick to welcome these two new and finer tissues. Their "fluffed" surface, their hospital cleanliness, have made Zee and Zalo tremendously popular in a few short months.

They are made for people who can judge quality . . . . even when it is divorced from a high price tag.

FLUFFED FOR SOFTNESS!

ZEE "FLUFFED" IVORY TISSUE *gives you 750 sheets . . . 100 more sheets than you usually get on a similar roll, yet you simply can't find a firmer, softer bathroom tissue at this low price. Each tissue has been gently "fluffed" to give it a suede-like softness . . . to keep it from being glazed or flimsy. You'll appreciate the over-all tucked-in wrappers that keep Zalo and Zee as clean as hospital gauze until they reach your bathroom.*

SINGLE ROLL, **10c**

ZALO "FLUFFED" WHITE TISSUE *. . . is finer in every way than any bathroom tissue you have ever bought before. If you were to unwind a roll to the end, you'd find each sheet soft as a cotton puff . . . white as your snowy bath linens . . . petal thin, yet firm and quickly absorbent. Both Zalo and Zee are absolutely pure . . . soft enough to touch a baby's tender skin. That means they're safe for anyone! Single roll of 1000 sheets, 15c.*

TWO ROLLS FOR **25c**

ZEE
Ivory Tissue
750 SHEETS
Zalo
Tissue

Both Zee and Zalo fit all standard projecting and built-in fixtures

NATIONAL PAPER PRODUCTS COMPANY · DIVISION OF CROWN ZELLERBACH CORPORATION · NEW YORK · SAN FRANCISCO · CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 154)

One further immigration menace remains to be recorded. It is from a source seldom taken into account by the average American.

We are so apt to look upon the Filipino as a little brown brother and special ward of Uncle Sam that we fail to appreciate his qualifications for penetration. Though his intrusion is more or less localized, it is symptomatic of the ever-widening foreign displacement of American workers. With the Filipinos, as with the Mexicans, you have the elements for racial difficulties.

In 1910, our Filipino population, according to census figures, was 160. In 1920, it had only increased to 5603. Today it aggregates 60,000, of whom 40,000 are in California.

There are colonies of a few thousands each in New York, Chicago and elsewhere. The total arrivals at three Pacific ports in 1929 were 11,572. The fact that only 3 per cent were females constitutes one of the many perils of the situation.

The Filipino invasion followed Japanese exclusion and is now stimulated by the threat of Mexican exclusion. Contrary to popular belief, persons born in the Philippines do not automatically become citizens of the United States. Filipinos are barred from naturalization by the same section of the law which bans Japanese. Both come under Asiatic exclusion. The only Filipinos who can become American citizens are those serving in the United States Navy or Marine Corps for a period of years. An alien ineligible to citizenship is not admissible as an immigrant. Despite this fact, Filipinos are beginning to disrupt the labor situation to an increasing extent.

The Commonwealth Club of California made an exhaustive survey of these conditions and published the results. Some of the findings so clearly disclose the economic objections to the Filipinos in relation to employment that I reproduce them herewith:

"Agricultural laborers form a shifting element in our population. The same tendency is found among the Filipinos. In the winter, when no work is available in the country districts, numbers of them come to the cities. They are generally improvident and inclined to indulge in extravagances which they cannot afford. Their wages are often squandered in gambling and dissipation. Our charitable organizations support them when they are sick or out of funds."

California Complains to Congress

"They do not wish to return to agriculture. Many obtain employment in the cities as waiters, bus boys, elevator operators and hospital attendants. Some have taken positions in the merchant fleet; others enter domestic service. Department stores and light manufacturing establishments have employed a number. The employment of Filipinos has resulted in the displacements of other workers. Women have been eliminated in hospitals and restaurants. The eight-hour law for women has caused some employers to avoid this regulation by the employment of Filipino boys.

"It is becoming increasingly difficult for men over forty years of age to obtain any kind of unskilled employment. If some of the positions now filled by Filipinos were open, more light work would be available for our own people. The general question of unemployment has engaged public attention for several winters. It cannot be said that Filipino immigration is more than a contributing cause of this condition. Nevertheless, if the work now done by the Filipinos were available to others, the situation would necessarily be less acute."

Just what Filipino diffusion means may be gathered from the California plea for its arrest made before the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization by V. S. McClatchy, secretary of the California Joint Immigration Committee. In summing up, he declared, in part:

"It has been shown that continued Filipino emigration to the United States is unwise for both peoples; that immediate remedy must be applied if conflict in California is to be avoided; that, in addition to unassimilability, common to other Asiatics, absence of women adds a danger to the Filipino situation; that no effective remedy has been suggested by either party except (1) independence, which would convert Filipinos into aliens and automatically bar them as immigrants, (2) an exclusion measure; that our responsibilities to the Filipinos can be fully discharged by caring for them in their own land where ill results will not ensue from contact with citizens of this nation; that California, in this matter, as on previous occasions, is seeking to protect the nation, as well as itself, against the peaceful penetration of another colored race; that the fate of Hawaii, now lost to the white race, must in time be the fate of California and, ultimately, of other states, if the present unrestricted immigration of Mexicans and Filipinos be permitted; that the entrance of Filipinos is not only opposed to the basic principle of exclusion of aliens ineligible to citizenship, adopted formally by Congress in 1924, but is considered discriminatory and an affront to the Japanese nation, whose nationals are barred only because they are similarly aliens ineligible to our citizenship."

New Quotas for the New World

The nationwide state of affairs that has been disclosed obviously leaves no logical alternative other than still more restriction, including a quota system for the countries of the Western Hemisphere, with Mexico as the principal objective. To single out Mexico and leave all the rest on a nonquota basis could only be construed as an unfriendly act. Hence, the various immigration bills before Congress play no favorites.

The Bacon Bill cuts Mexican immigration to 2500. The Box measure gives to New World immigrants "who do not habitually speak the English language" annual quotas equal to 3 per cent of the average admitted between 1924 and 1929, with a maximum total of 50,000 for the whole Western Hemisphere. This would make Mexico's allotment about 1500 a year.

Some of the features of the Box Bill have been incorporated into the Johnson Bill, which was reported favorably by the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization. Under it, the Western Hemisphere is divided into immigration units. Fixed quotas are made for all the Latin-American countries except Cuba and Mexico. Argentina's quota is 375, Colombia's 548, Panama's 355, Venezuela's 586, Peru's 305, Chile's 230, and Brazil's 517. I have only given the more important nations. There is a minimum quota of 100 for each republic.

Canada and Newfoundland—they are regarded as a single entity—Mexico and Cuba are not allocated flat quotas. From these domains may be admitted "four times the number of American citizens departing thereto for permanent residence during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1929." On this basis, Canada and Newfoundland receive a quota of 67,556; Mexico, 2900; and Cuba, 860. To aid readjustment, Mexico is allowed 11,021 immigrants for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1930, and 6961 for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1931. Thereafter the permanent quota of 2900 holds. By the Johnson plan the total immigration for the Western Hemisphere is 75,000.

That every legislative effort is being made to close up all the immigration gaps is indicated by a resolution introduced by Senator Shortridge, of California, to restrict migration of citizens of the Philippine Islands to the continental United States to students, temporary visitors for pleasure and business, and to representatives of the Philippine Government and their wives, servants and employes. The law, if enacted, is to remain in force five years from its passage, and is to be continued indefinitely thereafter if, in the meanwhile, Congress shall make definite provision for independence of the Philippine Islands. Filipinos are permitted to migrate to Hawaii, but

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There are Biltmore Covers for all automobiles, from the largest to the smallest, from the highest priced to the least expensive. There are colors for every scheme of car trim, patterns to suit every taste, fabrics . . . from the beautiful Deluxe weaves that look like tapestries, to the marvelous Aerocloth, a special Dupont fabric that can be washed right on the car.

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Try the "Slap Test." Note the difference between the dust and grime in an unprotected seat cushion and the cleanliness of any cushion with Biltmore Covers.

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Coupes	$4.20 up
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may not go from there to the mainland. The only Filipino immigration barred from the United States by this bill is that which leading Filipinos themselves wish to have excluded because it is discreditable to the race and productive of social antagonism and worse.

The provocation for this article was panic-bred unemployment and the relation of the alien to it. Now, at the close, we can get the point of view of the man who was field marshal of the forces mobilized by President Hoover for the action against reaction.

I asked Julius H. Barnes, chairman of the National Business Survey Conference, to state the larger case against immigration. This is what he said:

"Today, in the world, three separate dramas of human progress fix public interest. Public authority, government, politics, as never before in history, must find their proper relation to the business world. Russian politics attempts this relationship through grandiose blue-print plans which assign the employment and define the relations of 150,000,000 individuals. No criticism, whether written or spoken, is allowed. A small autocracy overrides individual judgment, individual aspiration and individual genius. Italy today is a single will made effective by a society flaming with national traditions of ancient grandeur to be recreated by single-minded devotion to the state. This single will imposes rules of conduct between industry and finance and between employer and employe.

"Against the background of these examples of state authority enforced upon the individual rises the great experiment of the American commonwealth. Its corner stone is a fundamental faith in the intelligence, fairness and self-restraint of the individual. As a result, we have general possessions and living standards which are the amazement and envy of the globe, and a stimulated productive effort which records half the annual work of the world done by one-fifteenth of the population. The recent national effort for business stability rested, not on administrative or legislative remedies but on the voluntary acts of informed industrial leadership, and on the orderly living habit of all our people, preserved against panic dislocation by discussion and understanding.

"In America, this faith in individual judgment and individual action has justified itself. In Europe, recourse is instinctively to acts of government. The European tradition, from the days of feudalism, has been to look for public guidance, control and aid. In this new land the tradition, instead, is to rely on the resourcefulness of the individual pioneer. These two theories conflict at vital points.

"If the American conception has recorded itself in living standards and human security beyond that of the rest of the world, it has something precious to preserve. We have a right, then, to examine how fast we can absorb in our social structure, without injury, those aliens who bring to us a tradition of government relation which runs counter to our own proved philosophy. Too rapid a dilution would hamper or defeat the individualistic American reliance in politics and economics.

"We still have remnants of imported social theories that propose governmental ownership and operation in transportation, power generation, distribution and communication. These fields, essentially servants of all industry on which the employment and earning power of our people rest, are the last from which should be taken the stimulant of individual energy and genius attracted by opportunities in them. By test, the American philosophy of private enterprise has justified itself beyond the state comparison of any land. We must, therefore, soberly consider the rate of admission of those who enter with worn-out traditions of paternalism, and be certain that we can assimilate them."

One final moral may be pointed. Competitive warship building, with its strain on budgets and good will, brought forth the decision for an early naval holiday. This is a step toward international peace. We may well emulate the idea in another direction and take a vacation from immigration. Therein lies one guaranty of our social and material stability.

AMERICAN BUSINESS AND BUSINESS MEN

(Continued from Page 35)

always be enough to prove entirely satisfactory to the seller if it's accepted by the buyer."

• • • • • • • • •

A century of business—this is still a novelty in America; though, to be sure, there is a hundred-year club in Philadelphia which has an annual dinner, with a membership limited to those whose businesses have passed the century mark. With the American Republic only now one hundred fifty-four years old and with the machine era hardly dawning in 1830, it is not surprising that the number of companies that can point to a hundred years of achievement should be relatively small. Two anniversaries marking the passage of a hundred years are being celebrated in 1930—that of the Fairbanks-Morse Company and that of the International Harvester Company. Both companies owe their origin to inventions.

Thaddeus Fairbanks was weighing hemp in Vermont when he began thinking of an easier method than the old-fashioned Roman steelyard, which was suspended from a gallows frame. After developing several types of machine and satisfying himself that he had a practicable device, he set out for Washington on horseback to file his claims for a patent. It was before the Erie Canal had been opened, only four years after the friction match had been invented, and less than three years since Stephenson's steam locomotive had made its initial trip. The sewing machine was invented some years later, and the first railroad of America had just begun operations. The McCormick reaper came about that time, and only a few years after that the telegraph, and then the daguerreotype. The original designs of Thaddeus Fairbanks have had a wide influence on scale building all over the world, and today there are twenty-five different scale companies building devices more or less along the same line. His two brothers, Joseph P. and Erastus, entered into partnership with him shortly after his patent was granted. Thaddeus stuck to his inventions, while his brother Erastus headed the firm. On his ninetieth birthday, Thaddeus was still active, for he received a patent for a feed water heater. The business remained in the family for many years, until it was enlarged in the 70's through the efforts of Charles Hosmer Morse. He died, at the age of eighty-eight, in 1921. As a boy, Mr. Morse had bound himself out as an apprentice in the Vermont scale works for fifty dollars a year. He attracted the attention of the management, and it was through his influence that ultimately the company entered into other fields, with factories in the Middle West.

Many hundreds of thousands of patents have been filed and granted since the Government was founded, but out of the creative minds of the many came only a few which had a profound and lasting influence on the industrial development of the republic; and the success of most of the companies now celebrating their hundredth anniversaries may be traced to an original grant of a patent. In years gone by, just as today, patent rights formed one of the bases of industrial expansion.

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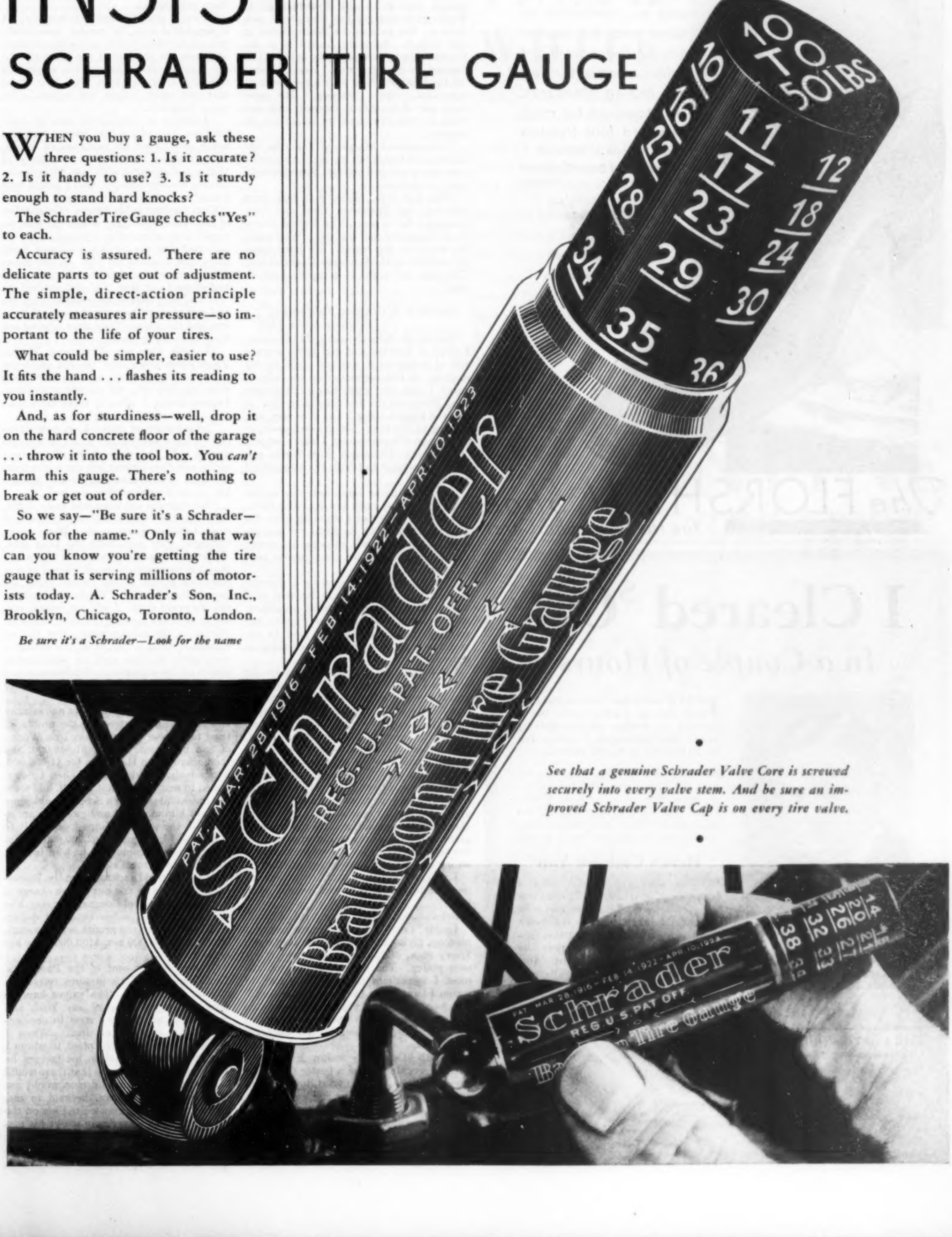
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THEY TOLD BARRON

(Continued from Page 21)

"Morgan said he did not see how the President had anything to do with a business proposition. But it was finally arranged that Frick and I should go to Washington and get the President's permission. We were at the White House at nine o'clock. Secretary Loeb told us the President never saw anybody until he had finished his morning mail. I said, 'Please tell the President that we are here on most important, urgent business.' He came right out of breakfast, listened, and said while he was President we would not be troubled.

"I telephoned Morgan at 9:45; he was holding the telephone for me. Announcement was made and matters began immediately to improve.

"The fact was, Moore & Schley were carrying the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company for a pool. The United States Trust Company had the loan. We bought the stock for our bonds. We have spent $18,000,000 on the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company and made it a paying proposition."

ABOARD S. S. OLYMPIC, EASTBOUND,
February 10–14, 1923.

Charles M. Schwab said: "At seventeen I lived at Loretto and had never worn a suit of clothes that was not made by my mother. As I swung around on the railroad curve I saw the great Edgar Thompson Steel Works for the first time in my life. It was the biggest thing I had ever seen, employing 10,000 men. Yet in seven years, or at the age of twenty-four, I was president of the Edgar Thompson Steel Works and a few years later had built the Homestead plant.

"Carnegie never came near the works, but I live to visit them and deal with them. For years I have had a standing offer of a gold watch suitably inscribed for any superintendent that will make such a record that I cannot show him where to save anything more.

"I was recently stumped by a superintendent who invited me in for that gold watch. His place was perfectly organized, twelve men at work with twelve lathes, one working the crane overhead, and he superintending the shop, and everything in order.

"It looked like a tough proposition for me and I had to think quick. I said, 'Did you ever run a lathe? Could you run one now?' He said, 'Yes, and a damn sight better than anyone here.' I said, 'What do you get?' He said, '$300 a month.' I said, 'If I induce Mr. Grace to raise you $100 a month, could you be superintendent and run a lathe also?' He said, 'Of course.' I said, 'There, I have you.' My watch was saved and he is now running that lathe. I always drive by encouraging words of cheer and commendation. If I go through a plant and haven't a word of approval for the superintendent, he knows something is wrong and I don't have to say anything."

I said, "What do you do with that superintendent? Don't you reason with him?"

Schwab said: "No, we get rid of him."

I said, "I don't; I believe in shaking that man up, giving him a jolt and a new start. Every man, of course, must work by his own policy. The men who love me the most I sometimes think are the men to whom I have given the biggest shake-up."

Schwab replied: "For twenty-two years I never spoke a harsh word to anybody in the entire organization of the Carnegie Steel works."

Schwab said: "My feeling is that the average workingman is a better man than the rest of us. He is a good, loyal citizen and family man. During the war it made me hot to hear hired speakers address workingmen and urge them to be patriotic. The workingmen knew they were just as patriotic, if not more so, than that speaker. They only want to be led and shown how. You can't express yourself to workingmen and get the best out of them unless you feel in your heart the sympathy for them you express.

"I study my cost sheets thoroughly. It is wonderful how, by mental association, you can develop so as to memorize columns of figures. In one hour I can memorize all my monthly cost sheets. It is something to be able to say to a man, 'Jim, your bricks cost you eight dollars last month.' He never forgets it.

"I believe in stimulating men by competition. One of our best furnace men was never able to get his heats above fifteen, when I knew there was a possibility of thirty, so I arranged with him, without disturbing his organization, that I would take a hand in it. With a piece of chalk I marked '15' on the floor in big figures—the number of heat turns that day. When the men returned they asked what it meant, and were informed that the big boss had been down there and chalked up '15' on the floor. When I came around the next day the men had crossed out that '15' and chalked up '16,' and they continued chalking it up until I had to stop them, for they would have wrecked the plant. They were turning out more than thirty heats.

"I built the new Thompson Works. Twenty-five years later the old employes gave me a dinner there, and of 10,000 there were only 800 left. Of the 800 with whom I shook hands, I called by name more than 500.

"In my younger days—I am now sixty-one—I have worked 100 hours on a single stretch. At the time of the Homestead strike and riots I never left the works from the sixth of July until Christmas. A blanket on the floor was often my bed.

"We organize our labor into units of 300, and then the representatives of these 300 meet together every week. Then, every fortnight, they meet with the head men. Although we are only twenty or thirty and they 300 representatives, all elected as representing groups of 300 behind them, we never allow dictation. We discuss matters, but we never vote. I will not permit myself to be in the position of having the labor dictate to the management. But the remarkable thing is that in all the sifting of complaints through such an organization and in all the adjustment of differences and grievances, we find that in 70 per cent of the cases the workmen are right.

"I pay my executives nominal salaries and give them an interest in the profits. I tried to dispose of the Union Iron Works, of San Francisco, first at $1,500,000, and then offered it to Harriman for $1,000,000, but nobody would take it. Then I determined to make good on it myself, and went out there and selected a Scotch bookkeeper and put him in charge and gave him an interest in the profits. Since I offered it to Harriman I have made $52,000,000 in that plant and the people who had an interest with me have grown rich.

"I took Arnold Jackson from the Bethlehem Boston office and put him in charge of the Pneumatic Tool Company, giving him a living salary of a few thousand dollars and 5 per cent of the profits, which meant, later, on $2,000,000 net, $100,000. He has made good.

"I own 60 per cent of the Pneumatic Tool Company. It is in some respects a difficult proposition. The valves have to work without packing of any kind, and that means working our steel to one-ten-thousandth part of an inch. When I showed a friend over the plant to whom I had recommended that in his factory he paint the corners white, so that there would not be any dirt there and men would not spit tobacco juice there, he said to me, 'Why do you have these white lines on the floor?' I said, 'Every man works his machine in a space marked off by these white lines, and it is his business to keep the space within his lines clean.' We haven't, in the whole establishment, any man to clean up. Every man keeps his own space clean."

All the important men in the Bethlehem Steel Works have small salaries, but draw big profits when they make them.

Schwab said: "I never allow any of my relations to work or be connected with any of my organizations in any capacity. I believe it is injurious to themselves as well as to the organization. I wouldn't even have my own brother associated in any of my enterprises. Neither do I ever go outside of any of my organizations for men to fill a vacancy, but take them right from the inside. People often ask me, 'How do you know which men to promote?' I tell them: 'I don't have to know; their associates pick them.' A worker always creates a distinct atmosphere in his department and stands out from the others, and his associates will class him as such."

Apropos of Schwab's power as a salesman, E. V. R. Thayer says: "I think the most remarkable recent case of Mr. Schwab's sales ability was the Stutz bonds. We sold those to a Philadelphia banking house, and they could not do anything with them. I told them to summon their salesmen and let Mr. Schwab talk to them. We went down there and met forty of their forty-eight salesmen. Schwab told them how much better these bonds were and how much easier they would sell than the Bethlehem bonds they had once sold for him. When he was through talking, they went out and sold the whole lot in an hour."

Schwab had this to say on the same subject: "The toughest case I ever had was in a coal-mining area where Bethlehem owned both sides and a Dutchman owned the middle. It was necessary for us to connect underground. Many of my men tried to reach that Dutchman and get a price on his land, but he would say nothing. Then I took hold with Grace and Johnson. We wrestled with him by the hour, but he would say nothing. Finally I said, 'Grace and Johnson, you clear out and leave it to me.' I sat there and told him stories and talked with him, and then he straightened up and said, with his thumbs running up and down between his waistcoat and his armpits: 'Mr. Schwab, you get the coal, but I am damn glad I am not a woman.'

"When I needed some money, I went to Harvey Fisk, explained the situation and arranged to sell the bonds through him. Then he said, 'Now, just as matter of record, form, and that we may know the facts clearly, what you have said to me you put down on paper, and send it over.' I did. Then the telephone rang, and he said, 'Schwab, that isn't what you told me at all.' So I went right over and showed him, point by point, that that was exactly what I told him. He said, 'It doesn't sound the same. I think I shall have to have you say it all over again in a phonograph, and then I can sell those bonds.'

"My experience teaches me that men fail by going outside their lines or by lack of attention to detail.

"George Westinghouse lived and slept with the airbrake, but when it came to other things he could not give them his attention in detail. Had he devoted himself the same way to the Westinghouse Electric, he would have made the same success, but a man cannot follow the details of many things."

Schwab said: "When Carnegie put me in charge, he said, 'You can make as many mistakes as you like, but don't make the same one twice.' Carnegie never wanted to know the profits. He always wanted to know the cost.

"One day Morgan asked me to dine with him, and I excused myself by saying that it was Carnegie's birthday and I must dine with him. He said, 'How old?' I said, 'Mr. Carnegie is sixty-two today.' Morgan said, 'I am sixty-one, and he must be much older.' I said, 'Mr. Morgan, I have been trying to find out for some time how to get together two important men, and now that you are the younger, suppose you call on Mr. Carnegie.' I took him up there to call. Out of that contact came United States Steel."

Discussing old times, Schwab said: "At the dinner where I first met Mr. Morgan I outlined what ought to be the future of steel in the United States. Morgan was so impressed that through John W. Gates he asked me to come and see him. As Carnegie and Morgan had not spoken for twenty years, I declined. Gates said, 'If you should run into Mr. Morgan accidentally, would you talk with him?' I said, 'I would be delighted.' Gates had Mr. Morgan at a Philadelphia hotel and I met him. Then we returned to New York and talked all night. I went to Carnegie and got the same option that Frick had had—$320,000,000, plus the additional money put in since the Frick option. You know the rest. When it came to make up the board, Morgan said it was necessary, in the public eye, to have Frick on the board. I said, 'Count me out.' He said, 'Will it be all right if Frick doesn't attend the meetings?' And while I was president of the United States Steel Corporation, Frick never attended a meeting.

"Although Frick enforced, literally, the Carnegie contract against four of his associates, he could not understand when Carnegie enforced it against him.

"In the Steel Corporation I had to fight the directors all the time, until one day I said at the board meeting, 'I believe I am the only man on this board who has not something to sell to the Steel Corporation.' Even Marshall Field complained to Morgan that I was rude to him because I would not listen to plans for a steel plant in Chicago. I said, 'Never while I am president. It isn't the place for one.' But Field wanted to build up Chicago. Morgan bought for the Steel Corporation the Rensselaer Coal and Iron Company from H. H. Rogers for $15,000,000. I sat down on it, and the trade never went through while I was president. Afterward it did. I determined to retire from the Steel Corporation and bought Bethlehem Steel Company, but Morgan induced me to remain, and took the Bethlehem Steel Company off my hands and held it for nearly two years as his individual investment.

"The story that Morgan cabled me at Monte Carlo, 'Stop gambling,' is without foundation. No such communication, directly, or indirectly, ever passed between Morgan and myself. In fact, J. P. M. has been with me himself at Monte Carlo."

In the evening I played bridge, five cents an actual point, with Schwab, Pillsbury, of Minneapolis, and F. H. Prince. Schwab took thirty dollars from me and Prince sixty-two dollars from Pillsbury. I redeemed myself when I doubled Schwab and made 300 above the line. I said: "Schwab, you play a very direct, simple, straightforward game." He said, "You are dead right. I don't believe in any funny business. Even Count Bernstorff told me he doubted the wisdom of a finesse."

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, June 26, 1926.

Notes of conversation with Ernest R. Graham:

"I did business for both Carnegie and Frick, and there was no comparison between the two men. Carnegie was a lovely fellow, and I have spent many an evening with him and his Scotch associates."

COHASSET, September 4, 1926.

With Gov. W. P. G. Harding of the Federal Reserve Bank at the Scituate Horse Show.

He said: "H. C. Frick was a great believer in Birmingham, Alabama. The Avondale Mills have the largest bank in Alabama at Birmingham. The Avondale Mills are as big as the Amoskeag. The stock sells at one thousand dollars a share and pays ninety dollars a year.

"Judge Gary, of the Steel Corporation, wanted to build wire mills in Birmingham and have a town built up around it, the town to be run by private enterprise. I rounded up local capital. We bought the

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HOW MANY PEOPLE, for example, will see this question?

How many will read from here down?

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And when they receive the big friendly envelope, how many will tell their friends and neighbors that they are now authorized to represent the subscription interests of *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman?*

And of those who do follow through, how many will make an extra $10.00 within the next 30 days? How many $20.00? How many $50.00?

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land and proceeded to sell lots. Just as the wire mill was being finished orders came to suspend operations. Gary would offer no explanation, and we were all up a tree. This was in 1913.

"I went to Gary, and he said that if I could get the Government at Washington, or Attorney General McReynolds, to say that the finishing of those mills would not prejudice the case of the Steel Corporation in its defense against the government trust proceedings, he would resume construction on the mills.

"I went to other steel companies and asked them, as chairman of the Chamber of Commerce at Birmingham, to build a wire mill, and they all responded by letter that they could not afford to, with the Steel Corporation holding there an unfinished wire mill. This was, of course, what I wanted.

"With these letters I went to McReynolds and told him what Judge Gary said, and he replied: 'If they don't build that mill, it will prejudice their case a sight more.'"

PALM BEACH, FLORIDA,
March 28, 1927.

Mr. Replogle said: "I am changing the Replogle name to the Warren Company. The Warren Foundry Company made money fifty-eight out of the sixty years of its entire existence. I am retiring from business under doctor's orders.

"Coleman du Pont is, I think, worth $100,000,000. He had 400,000 shares of General Motors, and is probably the largest individual stockholder.

"One of the most amusing incidents was the appeal of the corset manufacturers for steel, which, during the war, I had cut off as not an essential industry. They showed $42,000,000 profit per annum and the use of 28,800 tons of steel a year in the manufacture of women's corsets, or enough to build two battleships. I telephoned Alice Roosevelt and she said steel corsets were not an essential industry. I cut them out."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of reminiscences by Mr. Barron, as edited by Mr. Pound and Mr. Moore. The next will appear in the June twenty-first issue.

OUT-OF-DOORS

Avance Donc!

OLD Ezra Meeker, in his youth, migrated by covered wagon to the Oregon Country. At seventy-six he hitched a team of oxen to such a wagon and began plodding back and forth over the old Oregon Trail. His object, he said, was to perpetuate that momentous highway in the memory of Americans, but when the imperishable Meeker turned up as regularly as the dandelions, reporters suspected that he really was intent on his own picturesqueness.

Meeker was taken ill on his last trip and died, at ninety-eight, in his Seattle home two years ago, but his soul goes marching on. By sheer showmanship he caught the imagination of a public that always takes its past for granted. To him almost alone is due the credit for the fact that the Oregon Trail will be marked at every strategic point and that we are observing this year the centenary of that path by which some 350,000 men, women and children crossed the mountains, and alongside which 20,000 died.

This was the Oregon Trail of the Mountain Men, of Marcus Whitman, of the Mormon migration to Utah and the Argonauts of '49, of the Donner Party, of Francis Parkman, of Emerson Hough's and James Cruze's Covered Wagon, even of Frémont, who was led across the Rockies, almost by hand, by Kit Carson and Bill Williams, and whom Hough called the most overvalued explorer of all the West.

The First Wheels on the Trail

Although the trail is both older and younger than 1830, that year has been fixed as its beginning, because it was in April, 100 years ago, that Jedediah Smith, David Jackson and William Sublette, St. Louis partners in furs, cracked their bull whips, cried "*Avance donc!*" and led a train of ten wagons and two dearborns and eighty-one men on muleback out over what had been a bridle path—the first wheels ever to turn on the Northern route.

They went only as far as the foot of the Rockies, but Jed Smith, who had seen Great Salt Lake and crossed the Sierras in midwinter before any other white man, said the wagons could have gone right on to the Coast. Six years later, Dr. Marcus Whitman and the Rev. Henry N. Paulding and their young wives proved it, journeying through to Fort Walla Walla, where the British Union Jack then flew. In 1843, Whitman returned and led out a train of 200 wagons—the advance guard of the emigration that won the Oregon-Washington country to the United States.

It was Francis Parkman, an invalid New England youth, who wrote the first and probably the best book about the Oregon Trail. With his fellow Harvardian, Quincy Adams Shaw, he took the trail in 1846, met the Donner Party at Fort Laramie, there joined an Ogillallah tribe and lived among them for a time, and passed Doniphan's Mexican expedition on the Upper Arkansas on his return.

Changes Parkman Saw

The words he wrote in 1872, as a preface to the fourth edition of his book, make a better editorial than can be written today. In part, he said: "I remember that, as we rode by the foot of Pike's Peak, when for a fortnight we had met no face of man, my companion remarked that a time would come when these plains would be a grazing country, the buffalo give place to domestic cattle, farmhouses be scattered along the watercourses, and wolves, bears and Indians be numbered among the things that were. We condoled with each other on so melancholy a prospect, but we little thought what the future had in store.

"We knew that there was more or less gold in the seams of those untrodden mountains, but we did not foresee that it would build cities in the waste. We knew that a few fanatical outcasts were groping their way across the plains to seek an asylum from gentile persecution, but we did not imagine that the hordes of Mormon would rear a new Jerusalem in the bosom of solitude itself. We knew that, more and more, the trains of emigrant wagons would creep in slow procession toward barbarous Oregon or wild and distant California, but we did not dream how Commerce and Gold would breed nations along the Pacific, the screech of the locomotive and women's rights invade the fastnesses of the Arapahoes."

Before he died in 1893, Parkman saw more changes. What would he say today of riding by air from Westport to the Pacific between sunup and sunset, of cavalcades of motor tourists and auto busses on the Lincoln Highway, of a Los Angeles of well more than 1,000,000 population?

Avance donc! —WESLEY STOUT.

★

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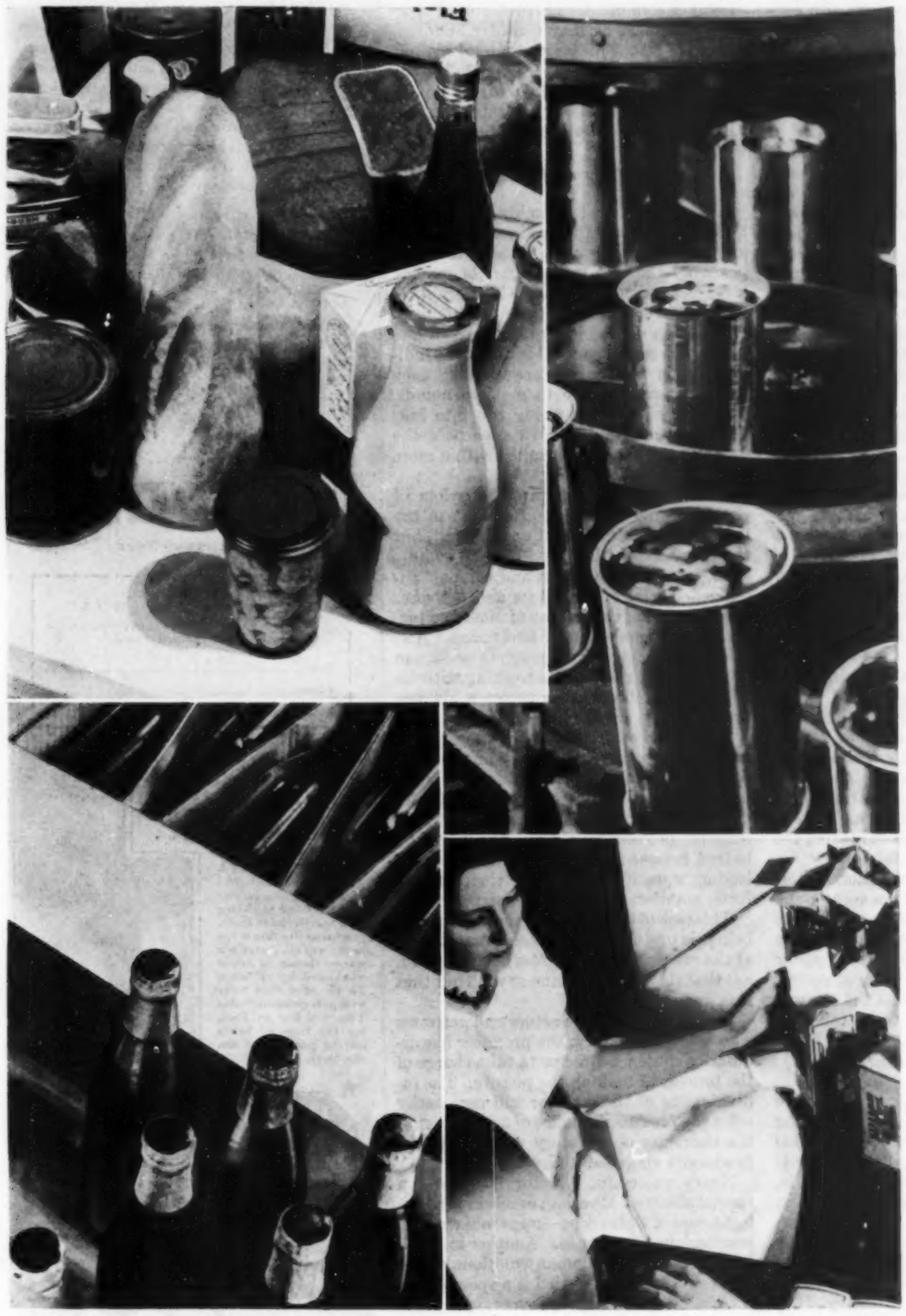

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The highest standards of quality are maintained in all Wyandotte products through company ownership of the sources of basic materials and complete control over manufacturing processes.

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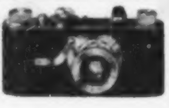

LETS AND HINDRANCES

(Continued from Page 11)

But the limitations of the theater and the characteristics of the audience are only the final hurdles which the producer must surmount. Before his picture is delivered to the theater it must be recorded on the film. The moving-picture story must not only be told, it must be manufactured. And the film on which the story is told is an article of commerce, requiring for its production intricate machinery. The industry itself is only a little more than a quarter of a century old. The machinery of production is still imperfect and subject to error, and the introduction of sound has tremendously increased the mechanical difficulties involved in the process of making a moving-picture story. The eye of the camera is limited in its vision; it cannot see outside the lines which bound its range, and it cannot see through a wall. So, when the moving picture dealt only with visual things, it was relatively easy to make sure that the camera saw only those things which it was meant to see. But neither artificial lines nor canvas walls can curtail the range of the ear; therefore, the location where a sound-recording machine is at work must either be insulated against outside noises or it must be surrounded by a zone of silence. When this protection fails, when outside sounds intrude, the scene is ruined. A passing street car, an airplane overhead, a carpenter's dropped hammer, a noisy camera motor, a sneezing spectator, a barking dog—a thousand things can nullify the day's work of a moving-picture company.

The failures and deficiencies of machines and operators enhance the difficulty of making good pictures, and there is a further mechanical limitation through the fact that the story must be told either to the eye or to the ear. The camera can record anything which may be seen, if it be properly lighted, but even though this is the case, the eye of the camera is not equal to the human eye. The human eye, for instance, sees a man a quarter mile away as a man, and in some detail. The camera sees the same man only as a dot upon the landscape.

Also, the camera knows no weariness, but this is not true of the human eye. The eye demands variety. It wearies of looking too long at the same background; and it demands movement by the characters. Thus the camera versions of a given scene must be combined by cutting from one to the other, in order that the attention of the eye may be held without fatigue. The cutter must be an expert in the science of optics; he must know exactly how fast the eye will work, exactly how much it will retain.

Eye and Ear Specialists

So the recording of his moving-picture story on the film, in order that it may be presented to the eye and to the ear of his audience, is a mechanical problem presenting sometimes grave difficulties. But it is, in the last analysis, a matter of mechanics. The good cameraman is an artist. The expert sound mixer is an artist too. But these men are no better than their tools; so the success or failure of the recording process depends primarily upon the efficiency of the recording instruments. This efficiency has been developed, and is being developed, by the experimental laboratories which every major studio maintains, but there is still far to go to reach perfection.

In order to record his story on moving-picture film, the producer must enlist the services of a cast of actors. He has, in this respect, a wide field for selection; for he can draw almost at will, not only upon the vast field of moving-picture talent but upon the legitimate, musical comedy and vaudeville stage.

Also, he may enlist his actors from nonprofessional spheres. Not only are the studios persistently besieged by those who seek to make a career in the films, but also the roster of picture actors is constantly recruited from the numbers of those who had never considered such a career. The producer is struck by the countenance or figure of a man or woman whom he sees upon the street. He may invite this individual to the studio for a test; and if this test proves satisfactory, the producer may persuade his new recruit to sign a contract.

So, in arranging his cast of characters for any given picture, the producer can draw upon an almost unlimited field. But this very fact complicates his problem. For an important part he may consider hundreds of individuals. This long search takes time; nor is it sure of success. He may in the end be compelled to choose an actor for a part, not because he is exactly suitable, but because there is no better to be found.

Directory of Directors

Also, while there is, roughly speaking, no limit to the salary the producer can offer a given actor, yet there is a practical limit imposed by the fact that the art of moving pictures is also a business. The producer may spend half a million, or a million, or two million dollars in making a given picture; yet even though his total expenditures upon the picture are colossal, they must be proportioned to many demands. The salary of the star may run into four figures a week, but the salaries paid the lesser actors must be curtailed within more economical limits.

So the producer's apparent freedom of choice is only apparent. He must in the long run be content to get not the best, but the best he can afford.

The particular abilities and the particular deficiencies of his actors and actresses present, during the process of making a picture, a continual series of hindrances. And also, in telling his story through these human mediums, the producer is working with individuals, each of whom presents his own problem.

To solve these problems requires, on the part of the producer and the director, not only artistic judgment and business ability but sometimes the utmost tact and diplomacy. Jealousies may arise; resentment may be provoked; a suddenly maturing hatred between the leading man and the leading woman may, despite their best efforts, manifest itself upon the screen.

This task of telling a story through human beings is one of long patience. A spectator at the process will sometimes be astonished, not that the picture is done so well, but that it is done at all.

Before he selects the actors and actresses who will tell his story, the producer has ordinarily chosen a director to take charge of the process of making the picture. The individuality of the director will necessarily color the producer's choice of actors, just as the character of the story will dictate the producer's choice of a director.

Every successful director has his own special abilities. One man excels in presenting scenes of wide scope—mass movements, tremendous panoramas. Another is at his best in portraying human emotions of the more subtle sort. A third is a specialist in sophisticated comedy; a fourth, in rougher forms of humor; a fifth, in delicate and moving pathos. One depends, for his effects, upon bold strokes, upon action and movement; another on deft suggestion. One is a human mirror, able to reflect a story so that it may be seen by the eyes of the audience, but without originality or invention of his own. Another is a creative artist who will never be bound within the limitations of any story, who will color and intensify every scene by his own personality.

Thus the selection of a director to tell a given story requires, on the part of the producer, an understanding of the capabilities of each director in his organization and a just appraisal of his powers. If his choice be wise, the success of the finished film is reasonably assured. If he make a wrong selection, he is beaten before he begins.

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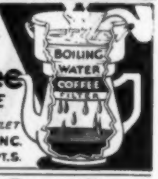

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But before the producer chooses his director and his cast, before he begins his work of photographing the moving-picture story which shall presently be submitted to the judgment of the moving-picture audience, he must not only find a story to be told but he must also adapt it to narration in moving-picture form.

This task of getting a story for moving-picture telling is not so simple as at first glance it might appear. There are many great works of literary art which are wholly unsuited to moving pictures. It may be that they deal with a sophisticated psychology of a sort which would be meaningless to the moving-picture audience. It may be that they deal with thought, rather than with action; with emotion, rather than with the manifestations of that emotion.

The moving picture is an art which appeals essentially to the eye. Even since the addition of dialogue this is still true. A moving-picture scene or sequence which presents two characters standing quietly in conversation very quickly wearies the audience, no matter how brilliant the dialogue may be. Dialogue supplements the moving picture; it may add to the effectiveness of a given film. But it can never take the place of visual action.

Every Picture Tells a Story

So the moving-picture story—to find which is the producer's first task—must be a tale capable of being told through the medium of action; it must be sufficiently simple to be readily comprehensible by every individual in a tremendous audience; and it must be sufficiently fundamental to have an appeal to each of these individuals. Finally, it must be of a character which will not offend the censorship; either that imposed by the industry itself or that imposed by legal agencies.

The difficulty of the producer's task is increased by the fact that he must keep to a production schedule. He cannot wait until the story he desires comes ready-made to his hand. The conditions of his business, and the necessity of supplying his market in order to keep it alive, require him, if he be at the head of one of the leading studios, to produce from forty-five to fifty-five moving pictures every year. Most of these pictures must have a story. So the producer is under the necessity of acquiring, from one source or another, four or five dozen suitable stories every twelve months.

It is not only necessary to find stories, but it is also necessary, having found these stories, to put them into proper form for moving-picture narration. So this problem of discovering a source of supply from which he may derive stories suited to his needs has a dual character. This difficulty of finding stories and shaping them to his own uses haunts the producer's dreams.

The making of moving pictures dates back a little more than twenty years. In the beginning, the picture of motion was sufficient in itself to entertain. The chase was the readiest device to provide that entertainment. It was used for comedy, for drama, and for tragedy; it reached perhaps its highest form in The Birth of a Nation, with the unforgettable pageant of the white-robed riders galloping through the night.

But as the first novelty passed, mere movement was no longer sufficient to hold the audience which had at first been content with that and nothing more; and the demand for stories was born.

The coming of sound and dialogue threw the motion-picture industry for a while back to its beginnings again. Just as anything that moved was at first considered good picture material, so now was anything that made a noise. This development had been anticipated by the era of orchestrations and of sound effects; it reached its full flower in the first year of talking pictures. The theme song came into its own, and the revue.

But the lesson which, in the case of moving pictures, took long to learn was remembered more quickly in connection with the talking pictures. The studios recognized the desirability of having a story to tell. They approached the problem in one of two ways. They bought the moving-picture rights of a completed story and then proceeded to tell it in moving-picture form, or they engaged the services of the story-teller himself, not only to write the story but to coöperate with them in its production.

The professional story-teller has usually been ready to attempt this coöperation; and not only because the opportunity was a profitable one, but also because he was interested in any medium through which a good tale might be told. So there began a migration of authors to Hollywood. And there began almost at the same time a steady eastward flow of writers coming back from the studios to their own desks again. Some of them returned because they had been found incompetent to write for this new medium, but at least a considerable number demonstrated in the studios a sufficient ability so that they were urged to prolong their stay, or to return. Of this number whom the studios would have been glad to keep in their service, a considerable proportion refused every inducement offered them to stay.

Thus there was presented a curious commercial phenomenon. On the one hand, a tremendous business requiring for its very existence a certain raw material, and willing to pay high prices for it; on the other hand, a group of men and women whose profession it was to produce this raw material, yet who, in the aggregate, declined or failed to sell their abilities in the market which was best able and most willing to pay.

Now why do professional story-tellers fail to write good moving-picture stories; or if they succeed, why do they refuse to continue permanently in this field? To answer these questions it is necessary to ask another. What is it which inspires and stimulates the author to his best work; what are the rewards upon which he lives?

Obviously, the financial reward is not the only consideration in his mind. If this were the case, he would sell his stories without hesitation where they fetch the largest price.

But the writer of stories for publication in book or magazine form has a further reward, tangible and definite, and in his eyes desirable. He has the pleasure of turning out a finished job, of knowing that the job is done as well as he can do it, and of being sure that whether that job is well done or badly done, it will stand or fall as a unit, subject to no amendments, contractions, expansions or modifications by any other mind than his own.

Rewards of Authorship

He has perhaps the additional reward of seeing his typewritten manuscript presented in printed form, either as a story in a magazine or as a book, or perhaps in both these guises. But this is a secondary consideration. It is the very nature of the curious creature to derive satisfaction from the manuscript itself. There are authors who have never sold a story, who nevertheless find a secret and continual pleasure in writing. There are other authors who have sold many stories, but who find more satisfaction in a piece of work which contents them, even though it pleases no one else, than in a story with which they are not contented, yet which earns a large sum of money.

And finally the author's reward may be financial. If he be dependent on his profession for a living, the money he may receive for his work is welcome, but rather because it confirms his good opinion of his own story than for the sake of the money itself.

These, then, are in general the rewards of the author: First, the satisfaction of doing his job and knowing that it is well done; second, the confirming satisfaction of selling his product in a profitable market; and third, the satisfaction of seeing his story in a more or less permanent form. And the first is the chief of these. Probably the delight of turning out a finished job of which he can be proud is the keenest which an author knows.

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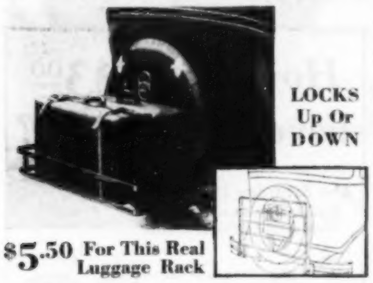

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The writer for the magazine or book market, if he be successful, receives all three of these rewards. But the writer who sells his product in the moving-picture market, although he derives from the sale a financial return equal to or greater than that which his other markets pay, is denied the primary satisfaction of finishing his job and knowing it is done, and well done.

Herein lies a primary reason why authors fail to do good work for the moving-picture studio. A written manuscript, finished and ready for the market, is the result of long and meticulous labor. The author will have devoted to every paragraph, every sentence, every phrase in the story, and perhaps to every word, a thoughtful and solicitous attention. He will have sweated to attain perfection within the limit of his powers. And he has put into his work this scrupulous and relentless effort because he has been able to look forward to the moment when he could say: "It is done!"

But in the moving-picture studio the author will not be long in discovering that no such reward awaits him. From the moment when his manuscript passes out of his hands until the finished film is released, his story is subject to constant change. To the author, his story is a compact and perfect whole; the loss of any of its parts is a physical hurt to him. But the repetition of this injury inflicts upon him a decreasing amount of pain; he becomes calloused, and his work is likely on this account steadily to deteriorate. Because he is given no just cause for pride, his pride in his own work disintegrates. He learns to compromise, to say indifferently: "It is good enough," when every other man at work upon the picture, from the cutter to the producer, fiercely demands of himself the best that he can do.

Thus the very fact that the studio does not offer the author any opportunity for pride in his work is responsible for a growing indifference on his part, and his eventual failure. And this denial of his first and most treasured reward is responsible likewise for his refusal—even if he succeeds in doing good work for the films—to continue in that field.

The author in other mediums has a fierce pride in his work, because it is his own, and his alone; so the circumstance which, above all others, makes the moving-picture market unattractive to him is the necessity for accepting collaboration.

Unwanted Collaborators

In some respects this necessity is a very real one. The author must have the collaboration of the actors, because, even though he be an actor, he cannot take more than one part at a time. He must have the collaboration of technical experts, because it is manifestly impossible for him to operate even one camera and a sound-recording device and a set of lights at the same time. He must have the collaboration of scene designers and painters and carpenters.

But the author finds himself compelled to accept other collaborators too. Perhaps in the remote and ideal future this will not be the case. In isolated instances it may not be the case even now. There are individuals who can conceive a story, write it in screen form with proper dialogue, direct the making of that story as a moving picture, and perhaps even act a part in the picture. These individuals are rare. They are also eminent, and justly so.

Yet under present conditions, the ordinary run-of-the-mine author in Hollywood finds himself forced, by his own limitations, to accept collaboration. He must accept and profit by the advice and suggestions of the producer, and for the very definite reason that if he does not, his picture will not be made; but also for the more valid reason that the producer knows his business better than the author does. Through long experience the producer has learned how a picture story may most effectively be told; and he will often prove to be a better judge of the strength and weakness of the author's story than the author himself.

The untrained author must accept the collaboration of the scenario writer, who will know how to reshape his fictional narrative into those brief and episodic scenes through which a moving-picture story must be told. And he must accept the collaboration of the director, for the director is the mainspring of the organization which makes a moving-picture story. It is he who tells the story. He has the trust and confidence and backing of the producer, and he has demonstrated by previous performance that he deserves this confidence.

Why Authors Return Home

So the author must accept these collaborations. In doing so, he finds himself in the grip of that studio institution known as the story conference. The story conference has done good service in the past and will again, but it is nevertheless and inevitably abhorrent to the author. The author is an individualist; he is, if he has proved his abilities in the open market, used to work alone, and to trust his own judgment. He knows that collaboration has seldom produced a great work of art; he knows that genius is seldom twins, and never quintuplets. So he mistrusts the story conference, foreseeing—sometimes justly, sometimes unjustly—that the story itself must suffer from this collaboration.

Yet the necessity for the story conference follows from the fact that the author, trained only in his own medium, is fundamentally incompetent to tell a story in pictures until he has familiarized himself with the limitations of the films. An author can lock himself in his study and write a story which, till it is completed, is seen by no other eye than his own, and still produce, perhaps, a work of art; but in order to learn how to do so, he has first studied the great literature of the world. Yet the studios expect, and the author who goes to Hollywood must attempt to write, a screen story without this preliminary study. He may have seen moving pictures in the theater, but he has seen the bad ones with the good, and often in a frame of mind of lofty superiority or indignant scorn. So he is, when first he goes to Hollywood, unfitted for the task of writing screen stories, and his own inadequacies must be supplemented by the collaboration which he abhors.

Hence the author bungles for a while; he sees his story modified almost out of recognition by other minds; he is denied the prize he most desires—the right to look upon a finished piece of work and claim it as his own. And so, sooner or later, he turns his face toward home.

It is a question whether the moving-picture companies can, even if they wish to do so, change this situation. The writer of the screen story of the future will have been developed in the studios, just as the playwright learned his business behind the scenes, the writer of fiction at his desk. But the talking motion picture is scarcely two years old; writers who will serve this form exclusively are not yet sufficiently numerous to meet the demand. So for a while the studios must borrow from the stage and from the ranks of fiction writers.

If they can enlist permanent recruits from these sources of supply, their problem will be solved the sooner. The employer of labor learned long ago that it was wasteful to hire men for a week, or a month, or for three months, and let them go just as they began to master the tasks demanded of them. So it is manifestly poor economy for

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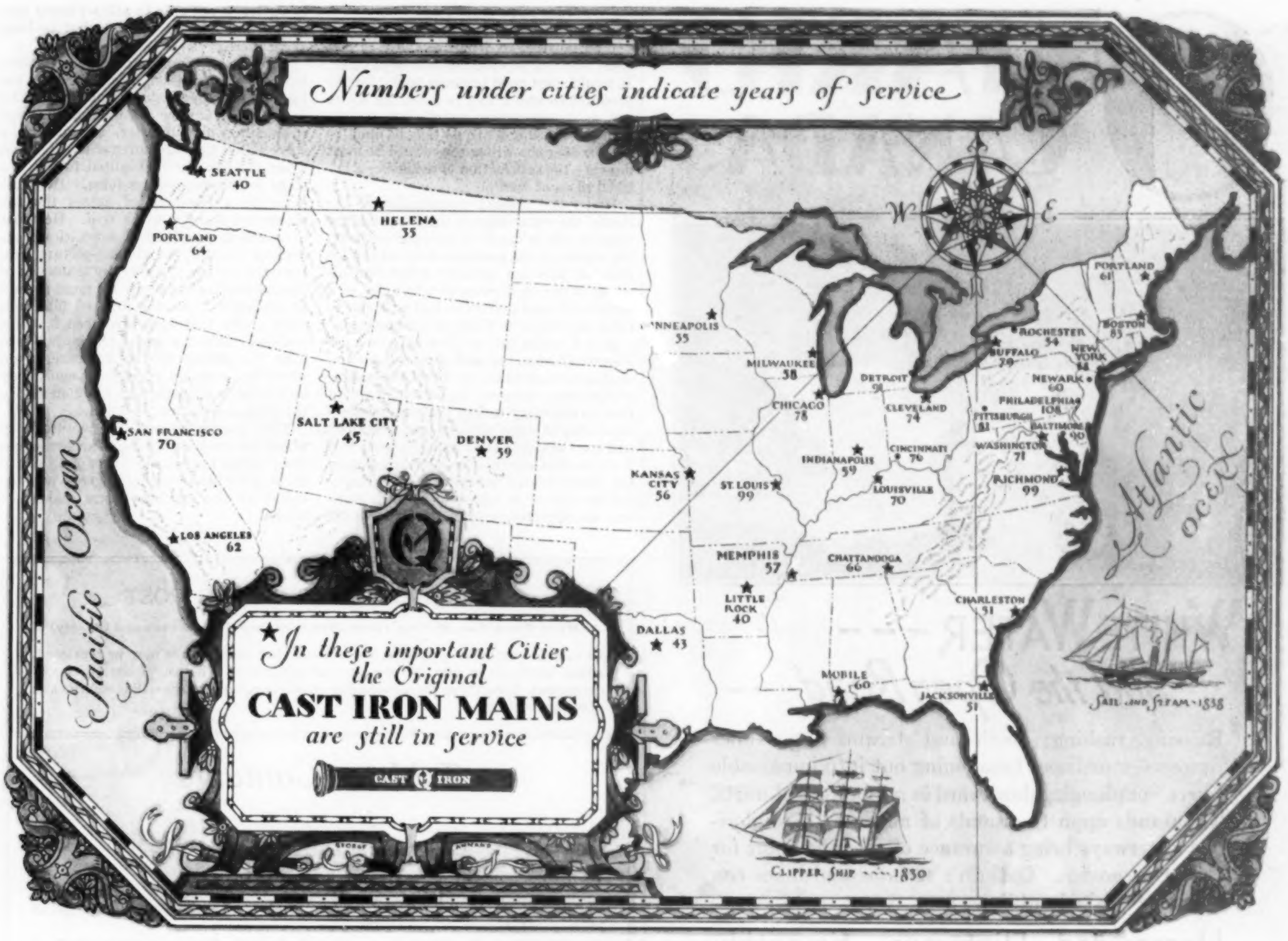
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a motion-picture studio to engage a writer and permit him to depart at the very moment when his services begin to be of value. It would seem good business policy for the producer to seek a way to enlist the writer not as a temporary recruit but permanently. But in order to do this, he must be able to offer the writer the reward he most desires—the satisfaction of achieving a finished piece of work.

Under the present organization of the studio, the writer writes a story, but it is the director who tells it in motion-picture form. So, whenever the producer discovers an individual who can combine writer and director in one—a director able to write, or a writer able also to direct—he has begun to solve this major problem of his business.

In a Utopian future there may be a deliberate effort on the part of motion-picture studios to train writers to direct the making of their own pictures. To do this, it would first be necessary to find professional writers willing to forget all their preconceptions and start afresh in the primary grade. But if the studios were able to offer as a reward for demonstrated ability an opportunity for the author to translate his own story into moving-picture form, the bait would be sufficient not only to attract many professional writers to the field but to keep them there.

The process of making a moving picture is like a steeplechase. From the time the task begins, the producer encounters first one and then another hurdle which he must surmount or meet disaster. He must find a story suited to his requirements. He must select the director best suited to tell this story in moving-picture form. He must assemble a company of actors through whom the story is to be told. He must overcome the mechanical difficulties of recording the story on moving-picture film. He must sell his story to the managers of moving-picture theaters. He must attract an audience to see his finished film, and must please that audience when it is assembled. And any one of the individuals, from the author to the audience, upon whom his eventual success depends, may by failing in his particular function nullify the producer's labors in the end.

That in so many cases the picture story which the producer at length achieves does come within the fair definition of a work of art is a tribute to the intelligence and the ability of the moving-picture makers of today.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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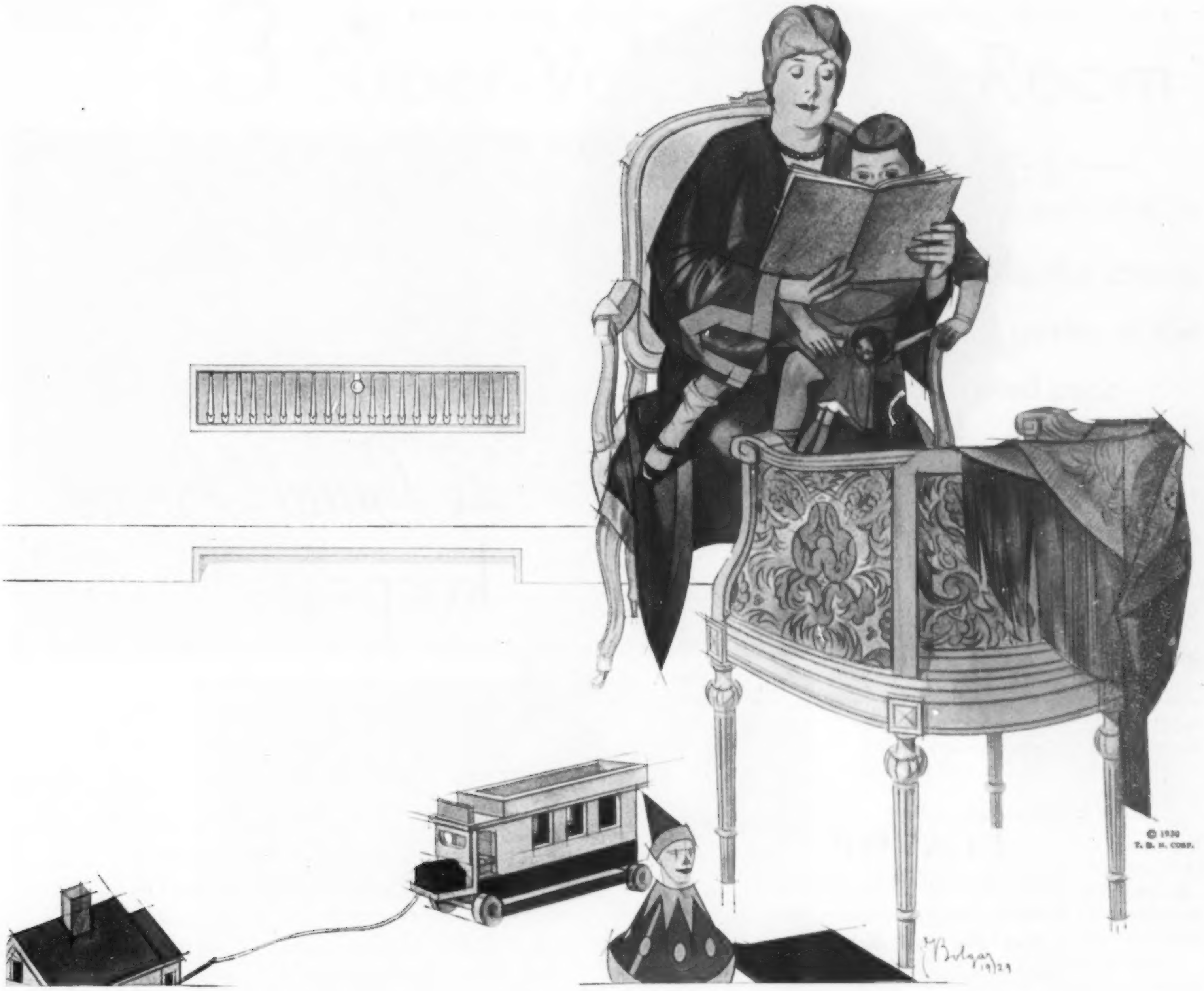

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No. 237—Typical two piece suite from the Standard Quality group. Large sofa of serpentine design and extra deep cushioning. Smart button-back chair to match. Covered all around in rich taupe mohair with reversible cushions of colorful jacquard moquette. Same suite available in many other beautiful colors. Kroehler non-warping hardwood frame and patented Spring Steel Underconstruction. Davenport bed in place of sofa at small extra cost. The two pieces priced at only $150. Extra chair to harmonize, where three pieces are desired, $48.50 . . . . .

$150

All prices slightly higher in Western Canada

STANDARD QUALITY SUITE
No. 237—2 PIECES—$150

CUSTOM-MADE SUITE
No. 939—2 PIECES—$230

No. 939—*Kroehler's finest quality.* Luxurious sofa and button-back chair to match. Covered all around in rich, silver taupe mohair. Reversible cushions of jacquard moquette. Kroehler non-warping hardwood frame. Patented Spring Steel Underconstruction. Davenport bed in place of sofa at slightly higher cost. May also be had in a choice of many other attractive coverings. The two pieces, $230. Lounge chair No. 8956 in figured green tapestry, $75.

$230

PERHAPS you are considering your need for new furniture in the living room—and hesitating because of the expense. If so, the Kroehler dealer in your locality has a surprise for you.

He is displaying Kroehler's new value standards—three new and amazing groups of Living Room Suites *at standardized prices*—which have completely revolutionized "values" in living room furniture of recognized quality.

Each of these groups represents the utmost in good qualities at the price quoted. Never before has such value-per-dollar, in style, comfort and long wear, been offered.

Famous Kroehler Features

Each of these fine looking suites, regardless of price, has the two features upon which Kroehler's reputation for sturdy construction has been built. (1) A non-warping frame of finest hardwoods (2) The patented Kroehler Spring Steel Underconstruction in place of ordinary webbing.

Only Kroehler's vast resources, purchasing power, and modern manufacturing program could offer so much fine furniture quality at these decidedly moderate prices.

One typical suite from each price group is illustrated, described and priced here. Many other styles are being offered by your dealer.

Make these new value standards your buying guide—your standards of comparison. See them today. If you do not recall the location of a Kroehler dealer, write us at once. We will send the name and address promptly—also a copy of our booklet, "Enjoyable Living Rooms by Kroehler."

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Bessie R. Murphy *of Memphis, Tenn., Southern Food and Household Efficiency Expert, Food Editor for twelve outstanding Southern newspapers*

Sarah Field Splint *Director, Department of Foods and Household Management, McCall's Magazine*

This *Much Simplified* Recipe for Orange Cream Cake Is One of The 15—Given You Inside Every Sack of Gold Medal *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour

It is altogether the most remarkable set of recipes ever as yet, we believe, offered women.

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This Orange Cream Cake is one example. Of 176 women trying it, only three failed in getting perfect results the first time!

It and 14 other greatly simplified recipes are being distributed in every sack of GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour. *You'll find them all in any sack of this flour you buy.* (And the recipes are changed every 3 months.)

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By the development of a new-type of flour—GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour—baking has been remarkably simplified for the housewife. *And the cause of most baking disappointments banished*—lack of uniformity in the flour used; the chance of two sacks of the same brand varying greatly in result.

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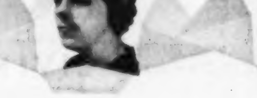

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